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BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

—o—

Saturday Review.

"One of the completest histories that we ever saw of any country..... Mr Burton's merits as a historical writer are great.....When he has to deal with the great case of Queen Mary, his treatment of the subject becomes a model of argument, at once clear and powerful, but at the same time never overstepping the bounds of the judicial function of the historian. This last portion is the gem of Mr Burton's book.....We confess that, great as were the merits which we saw in Mr Burton's book throughout, yet the earlier portions did not lead us to expect anything like the impressive grandeur of this last chapter."

Athenæum.

"The great work undertaken by Mr Burton has been brought to a deservedly successful conclusion. It closes with as much freshness, vigour, and picturesqueness as marked its opening chapters.....Mr Burton has the highest qualifications for the task. In no other History of Scotland with which we are acquainted are there the especial attractive graces which distinguish these volumes of national history."

Times.

"They contain, for the period embraced by them, the best account that has yet been published of the national being and life of Scotland. Mr Burton's knowledge is varied and deep; and his chapters upon the antiquities of Scotland, the prehistoric and Roman eras, the different races that held the country, and the gradual development of Scottish nationality, collect all that is known on these subjects. He has thrown much new light on the early political state of Scotland, and on her more mature institutions; and he has traced with real precision and learning the character of her ancient monarchy."

Examiner.

"His work will long remain a monument of the painstaking research of the nineteenth century, and must be regarded as the most satisfactory History of Scotland which has yet appeared."

Standard.

"Mr Burton has now completed a great and noble work with the same impartiality, vigour, and clearness which characterised the opening volumes. To be impartial in such a case is a high claim to well-deserved success, and our author is not merely impartial, but eminently readable. His general style is at once bold, simple, and brilliant. His pictures are never overlaid with colour, though always truthful and picturesque; and the reader, consequently, is carried on from page to page, and chapter to chapter, in deep and unbroken interest with the romantic fortunes and misfortunes of a country so long a rival of England in her days of stormiest trouble, division,

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS—Continued.

and debate. After Mr Froude's glowing eulogiums on the reign of Elizabeth, and his bitter and one-sided pictures of her hapless opponent Mary, it is pleasant to turn to these calm and impartial records, and gather for ourselves a truthful picture of real events; of actors in the great and tragical drama, such as we feel to be true portraits, undistorted by exaggeration, or by any leaven of prejudice. And Mr Burton's treatment of this portion of his history is but a type of the manner in which he handles all its prominent points."

Scotsman.

"We have here a History of Scotland—*the* History of Scotland—from 84 to 1745, which will furnish Scotland with as full and faithful a record of seventeen centuries as is possessed by almost any other country in Europe."

Blackwood's Magazine.

"We do not remember to have read so reticent, so calm and dispassionate a history—a quality all the more remarkable, that it is his own country of which the historian treats, and latterly of a period which still rouses a warmth little short of passion in partisans on either side. Mr Burton's book fulfils the first and greatest requirement of historical teaching. He deals not with opinions, but facts. What *was*—the acts accomplished, the attempts made, the actual doings of our remote predecessors on this great stage—he sets before us with unquestionable care and pains. As for the inferences, he leaves his readers to draw them for themselves. When it is the Pictish question that is concerned, a certain humorous contempt for a great deal of solemn nonsense is in the manner of the setting forth. But when we come as far as Mary, there is no longer any room for humour. Grave as life and death can make it grows the story, but not less calm, unbiassed, and purely historical. We do not know what higher praise could be given to a national history."

Revue des Deux Mondes.

"Son livre est une grande et belle histoire qui a les proportions et la grâce sérieuse d'un monument; mais je n'en aurai pas diminué le mérite lorsque j'aurai montré qu'il a profité çà et là de l'occasion pour une riposte heureuse ou habile.....

"Erudit avec la sagacité d'un habile avocat, historien avec la méthode précise du jurisconsulte, champion fidèle de l'Ecosse sans excès ni passion, tel est M. John Hill Burton. Ses qualités d'écrivain résident surtout dans le tour d'esprit que nous avons essayé de reproduire; en lui, le légiste et l'érudit sont aussi agréables et de la même manière que le narrateur."

British Quarterly Review.

"As a repository of the learning with which modern research and criticism have explored the national life of his countrymen, Mr Burton's history stands alone, and without a parallel."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

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HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

THE

HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

FROM AGRICOLA'S INVASION TO THE
EXTINCTION OF THE LAST
JACOBITE INSURRECTION

BY

JOHN HILL BURTON, D.C.L.

HISTORIOGRAPHER-ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND

NEW EDITION

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

—o—

In revising this book for a new edition, it has been my endeavour to achieve to the extent of my capacity the two fundamental qualities of a serviceable History—completeness and accuracy. In an attempt to follow the destinies of a nation through seventeen hundred years, rendering an account of the remarkable events, tracing the changes gradual or convulsive, and unravelling, or rather endeavouring to unravel, whatever mysteries and difficulties obscure the sight, is a task that appeals to the reader—and in this instance has appealed successfully—for a charitable estimate of its execution. I have obtained, both through the kind attention of private friends and the criticisms of the public press, many corrections of inaccuracies and suggestions for improvement; and these, I am bound to say, with scarcely any exception, have been made not in the spirit of detecting ignorance or exposing presumption, but with the worthy intention of helping me to cleanse my work from errors and imperfections.

In readjusting the first volume I have endeavoured to adopt the advice of friends for whose archæological attainments I have a high respect. They considered that it would require, in some parts, reconstruction and fuller information to accomplish the object it professed. Being

a first attempt to connect with a narrative history, knowledge of a kind that had been separately pursued by a distinct class of inquirers, I could only concur in the view that, in common with many other first attempts, it was but a partial success, and endeavour to give effect to the suggestions I received for its completion and improvement.

The continuation of the History, in this edition, down to the conclusion of all internal warfare within the island of Britain, may justify a word of explanation. This part of the book is recast from two volumes published by me in 1853, with the title, 'History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection.' The period thus adopted was dictated rather by external conditions than by choice, since my studies had fallen among the earlier ages. I was warned, however, that no one would listen to anything said about Roman castrametation, the site of the Mons Grampius, the Picts and Scots, the Dalriads, the kingdom of Strathclyde, and the other topics that inspired the wrath of the combative antiquaries of the previous generation. The later period was in the hands of Patrick Fraser Tytler, with whom I had occasional communings on matters of literary and historical interest. Like all who had similar opportunities, I felt the influence of his fine intellect and genial nature; and though our manner of dealing with history differs, to go over again his scarcely finished task was a thing not to be done.

In the civil wars of the seventeenth century all that was necessary was believed to have been effectually done by Malcolm Laing, with many of whose contemporaries and admirers it was my privilege to be acquainted. My reading about the period thus left had impressed me rather with the historical features of the British Empire as a whole

than with those of Scotland in particular. Still it was easy to separate and follow the detached thread of events in Scotland. Perhaps, indeed, the easiness of the task rendered its fulfilment less distinct than the recording of impressions made emphatic by long study and contest with difficulties. At all events, on looking back upon my earlier effort, I was not content to accept it as the continuation of what I had since done. It remains to be seen whether increased experience in historical composition, and the fitting of the revised effort into its proper place in a complete narrative, will render it more worthy of acceptance.

As years passed on, heaping over every existing history of Scotland a mass of fresh material for its reconstruction, the desire to contribute to literature something drawn out of the old favourite studies revived. It was by degrees, however, that any such project took the dimensions now realised. For any great effort completely to interpret the past of Scotland to the world, I became accustomed to look to the old companion of many archæological rambles and investigations, Dr Joseph Robertson. He was more ardent in the pursuit, and had a far more precise and scientific command over all its parts than I could claim. The more he acquired, however, the less he seemed inclined to make a general survey of his knowledge, and arrange its several parts into a systematic whole.

If my designs, however, may have in the mean time gradually and almost insensibly enlarged, it was only under the counsel and encouragement of the leader in the eminent publishing house who have taken my work in hand, that I found courage to look in the face the project of a complete History, beginning with the earliest identification of each of the scattered districts that, one by

one coming together, made up the kingdom of Scotland, and ending when the kingdom, that had thus grown, became, both in form and in substance, completely fused into the great British Empire. He knew better than I did the availability to a distinct and useful object of the materials collected through long periods of devious research. As it has often happened to such projects, the contemplated size of the work increased as it went onwards; but on every occasion when I felt alarm at its waxing bulk, he whom I expected to find more alive to the necessity of retrenchment than myself, was always ready to bid me be of good cheer, and to assure me that the matter was not unworthy of the many pages it threatened to fill.

EDINBURGH, 1873.

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THE

HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ROMAN PERIOD.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF SCOTLAND IN HISTORY — THE INVASION BY AGRICOLA—THE BATTLE OF "THE GRAMPIANS"—FRUITLESS SEARCH AFTER ITS SITE—THE NAME "GRAMPIUS" AN INVENTION OF A MORE RECENT AGE—OTHER DIFFICULTIES IN ROMAN TOPOGRAPHY—THE ACCEPTED ROMAN GEOGRAPHY OF BRITAIN FOUNDED ON A FORGERY—THE NAME "CALEDONIA"—HADRIAN AND THE GREAT WALL—NATURE AND PURPOSES OF THE WALL—ANTONINE, LOLLIUS URBICUS, AND THE NORTHERN WALL—HISTORY OF ITS CONSTRUCTION—FEATS AND CHARACTER OF MARCELLUS ULPIUS—AUTHORITIES ON THE HISTORY OF THE ROMANS IN SCOTLAND—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE GIVEN BY THEM—LUPUS—MARCH OF SEVERUS—CARAUSIUS—CONSTANTIUS—BEGINNING OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY—QUESTION HOW FAR SCOTLAND CHRISTIANISED UNDER THE ROMANS—FALL OF THEIR POWER—ATTACKS ON THE EMPIRE BY THE NORTHERN TRIBES.

It is in the year 80 of the Christian era that the territory in later times known as Scotland comes out of utter darkness, and is seen to join the current of authentic history. In that year Julius Agricola brought Roman troops north of the line which, hundreds of years afterwards, became the border dividing Scotland from England. The achievements of that general hold a greater place in history than they would have reached had they not been told by his son-in-law Tacitus, the most powerful of Roman historians.

The light thus cast on Scotland for a time is more remarkable for its brightness than for its clearness. The time was brief, but sufficient to show to Rome that there was work in a distant land for the imperial troops. Of their later struggles and achievements in North Britain we have occasional glimpses in contemporary literature. These are feeble and fragmentary. By scrupulously collecting them, however, adjusting them to each other, and interpreting them through such other aids to history as may be found, it is possible to see in outline at least the place held by Scotland in the eyes of the Empire from the days of Agricola downwards. In this way, looking from without, we may in some measure trace a historical continuity until the time when we can take up the threads of an internal national history, and follow the destinies of the inhabitants of Scotland until they and their country became, by a long process of growth and articulation, consolidated into a sovereign European state.

Of such previous events as bear on the invasion of Scotland by Agricola, it need only be said that the various warlike operations of Julius Cæsar in the south had been invasion, and no more. The successful general, and his assistants in the creation of the Empire, had other things to think of for many years to come. It was not till the reign of Claudius, and the invasion of Aulus Plautius in the year 43, that the actual process of the annexation of South Britain to the Empire began. This was nearly completed, in a superficial way at least, in the summer of 78, when Agricola landed. The territory still standing out was North Wales, and that was at once subdued.

According to Tacitus, when the general had completed his conquests, he set to the task of subduing the hearts of the conquered people by assimilating them to the Roman civilisation. The method in which this end was usually accomplished, was a frugal distribution of the municipal privileges proper to incorporated Roman states. We are told that before the third season he had, by the conciliatory wisdom of his administration, given currency among the natives to the Roman dress and literature, and stimulated them to build temples and improved dwellings—and

all within two years, a rather brief period for so great an achievement. The assimilation laid still stronger bonds on the natives by infecting them with Roman luxuries and vices. This is said in a spirit that would reveal the heartless cynic, were it not clear that it is a passing hit at the social condition of Rome and the morals of the imperial court.

We do not know where he crossed the Border, though an examination of the vestiges of the Roman progress in Scotland renders it likely that he marched along the east coast to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.[1] The inhabitants were warlike and accustomed to bloody battles,

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[1] The ordinary editions of Tacitus say that in its third year the expedition found itself among new tribes, and wasted the country as far as the estuary of the Taus. Hence it has been written in history that Agricola in that year devastated Scotland as far as the Firth of Tay. It is probable that the name of the Tay is derived from this Taus of Tacitus. In the search among existing local names for the origin of names used by authors such as Cæsar or Tacitus, it will be seen that the etymological process has sometimes to be suddenly reversed, and it is found that the modern name is derived from that of the classic author. Should it be found that the usual editions of such an author are in error—that from a blunder of an editor or a compositor in an *editio princeps* the world has missed the name for nearly four hundred years —a grand new element of confusion is cast in among the etymological and geographical difficulties. That is exactly what has happened to the Taus Æstuarius. Dr Karl Wex edited the "Agricola" of Tacitus in 1852, comparing the usual text with the best extant manuscripts. Among other corrections, for *Taus* he reads *Tanaus*. This opens up questions about the English and Scots Tynes, and the corrector tries to settle the difficulty he has started by the rather strong supposition that the Scots Tyne had an estuary in the time of Agricola. There will be other questions, however, to adjust with other waters on the east coast, the Touai, the Taoua, and the Tinna of Ptolemy—all already sufficiently perplexing to the geographer. On one point, however, Dr Wex makes satisfactory use of his discovery. By the history of the war, as usually founded on Tacitus, we are perplexed by finding that in the third year of the expedition Agricola fought his way rapidly to the Tay, and that two years afterwards he made his way, as it would seem with much more difficulty, to the Forth. Having commented on this discrepancy, the corrector goes back and comments on his own commentary, saying that those who believe Agricola to have fought a great battle in Aberdeenshire "tamen tertio jam anno Agricolam usque ad Taum progressum putare, quem errorem supra castigavimus." —Wex, Prolegomena, 105.

but they had never experienced anything like the relentless pressure of a Roman invasion. If they suffered a defeat one day, they expected to retrieve it by a surprise on the next. Hence, driven before the compact legionary force in the summer, they expected to starve it out in the winter. But now they had an enemy who, when not upon the march, was sheltered by the intrenchments of an impregnable camp; and when the winter came, it found the invading army distributed in strong and comfortable fortresses amply victualled.

The next season was occupied in bringing under subjection the people of the territory occupied by Roman troops. The neck of land between the Firths of Clyde and Forth appears to have been the boundary where the general found that the outer line of Roman acquisition could be most effectually marked; and this line is identified by the descriptive remark of Tacitus, that the natives, when crossing it, were driven, as it were, into another island. He drops a reflection on the aptness of such a boundary for the Empire, if the bravery of the Roman army, and the far reach of the Roman ambition, could contemplate a permanent boundary. Agricola ran defensive works across this line; and these were the beginning of the fortified rampart, renewed and strengthened from time to time, of which some remnants may still be seen. In the fifth season we are told that the general had several conflicts with the natives, and that he lined the coast opposite to Ireland with troops, not so much for the protection of the British territories, as with a view to further conquests. Ireland was a desirable acquisition, as it lay between Britain and Spain, and would finally round off the Roman Empire in the north-west. Even in the possession of barbarians like the British, its harbours were frequented by many traders. Agricola cultivated the acquaintance of a certain regulus, prince, or chief of Ireland, driven forth by political animosities; and the general, probably founding on the information so obtained, often remarked to his son-in-law, that with one legion and a few auxiliaries Ireland might be annexed to the Empire.

Meanwhile sinister rumours reached the general about the movements of the natives and their leaders. It was said that they were organising a great confederacy to drive out the invaders. A sixth season—the third of the war in Scotland—was approaching, and the general resolved that a wiser plan than abiding within the fortified line would be to advance northwards, and let the Caledonians feel the weight of the Roman arms in their own strongholds. While he marched northwards, apparently by the east coast, the fleet of transports attended, crossing the firth and creeping along the coast. This gave the barbarians the sight of a new symbol of Roman power. Tacitus has left us a lively picture of camp-life, showing how closely the fleet and the army co-operated. The soldiers and mariners would meet together in camp, and tell each other the adventures they had encountered, and the marvels they had seen—the one set discoursing of the forests they had penetrated, the rugged mountains they had scrambled over, the barbarians they had fought; while the others dwelt on the dangers of the deep and their nautical triumphs.

The barbarians were driven nigh to despair, but they still determined to resist. They made a sudden attack on some of the stations, and so shook the confidence of the Roman army that some of the prudent counselled an immediate retreat behind the line of forts stretching from the Forth to the Clyde.

The Roman general broke up his army, and moved it in three divisions. He had doubtless sufficient reasons for this tactic, but they are not made quite clear by his biographer's statement, that he had heard how the enemy were to fall upon him in several separate bodies, and that he looked with some alarm to an attack by overwhelming numbers having a superior knowledge of the ground.

The divisions do not seem to have been far apart; for one night, when the weakest of the three—being the ninth legion—was suddenly attacked, Agricola himself came to the rescue. The affair was memorable, since the barbarians fought their way through the guards and ramparts into the sacred precincts of the Roman camp. When day dawned, the barbarians had to fight the ninth legion on the

one side, and the reinforcements on the other. The chief struggle was at the gates of the camp, where those who had entered seem to have been forcing their way out. The Romans were the victors; and the historian says that, but for the help which the marshes and forests gave the barbarians in their flight, the affair would have ended the war.

The historian next gives a lively sketch of the effect of this success on the demoralised Roman army. It caused a revulsion from despondency to exultation and bravado so extravagant as to be little consistent with our notion of the disciplined stoicism of the Roman soldier. Those who were the most dubious before were ready for anything, and demanded to be led to the farthest extremity of the island. Still the barbarians were not tamed; and it was known, as the season passed, that they were combining from various quarters to strike a great blow, while they were removing their wives and children to a place of safety. So stood both armies when winter came on.

The next season was to be the decisive one. The Roman army marched onwards to a spot called, in the usual editions of Tacitus, the "Mons Grampius," and there they found the enemy, upwards of thirty thousand strong, under a leader whom the historian calls Galgacus. They occupied a rising ground, whence they spread down upon the plain. Agricola, afraid of being outflanked, stretched his line till it became thinner than some of his advisers thought prudent. He laid his plan of battle so as to aim at the great boast of a Roman general—a victory without the loss of Roman blood. In the centre and front were eight thousand auxiliaries, including some Romanised Britons from the south. The legions were drawn up in rear of the camp as a reserve. The natives are described as riding furiously about with chariots in the space between the two camps. Their weapons were arrows, small shields, and large pointless swords. While the fight was one of mere missiles, the natives held their own; but Agricola directed three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge them with the gladius. For this sort of contest the weapons of the barbarians, and their method of fighting,

were unsuited. They gave way, while other cohorts pressed on. The British chariots, it would appear, routed the Roman cavalry; but when they dashed at the infantry, the vehicles got embarrassed in the broken ground, and a scene of ruin and confusion followed, in which they were more mischievous to the charioteers themselves than to the Romans. The Roman general, seeing some of the enemy descend from the hill for the purpose of outflanking him, successfully competed with them in that tactic, and attacked them in the rear. It was, in short, a complete victory; and its historian in the usual manner describes the field covered with blood and broken armour—with the dead and the dying. There was a great slaughter in the retreat. Ten thousand is the number of slain set down to the barbarian side; three hundred and forty to the Roman. Next morning all was solitude—no enemy was to be seen; and Caledonia might be counted as annexed to the Empire. There was, at all events, no more to be done by Agricola, for after the next winter he had to return to Rome to face the jealous Domitian.

Such is the substance of the narrative given by Tacitus. It is the only distinct account of the wars of the Romans in Scotland, though they long struggled for the annexation of the country, and were perhaps for three hundred years in occupation of more or less of its soil. Commander after commander brought over troops and fought battles north of the Tweed, but none of them had a Tacitus for a son-in-law. The life of Agricola, eulogised by Gibbon as "the most early of those historical compositions which will delight and instruct the most distant posterity," is clear and sparkling to perfection, and yet it is far from satisfactory for the purposes of true history. One feels how much better it would have been told to that end by a homely narrator like Herodotus, inquisitive about small matters, and telling all he knew. Tacitus did not write to instruct the world about the Britons of the north, but to create a sensation at home, where his parent's fame and merits were overshadowed by the gloomy jealousy of Domitian. He had to paint up to such a purpose, and make his hero victorious in the stricken field in the face of a large army of

disciplined troops. To bring the conventional character of the narrative to preposterous completeness, the leaders must each make a speech. It was the fashion of historical literature: all Livy's generals made speeches; and the leader of the barbarians must give his contribution as well as the cultivated Roman. How much more valuable would it have been to us had Tacitus deigned to tell us something about the tongue in which the leader of the barbarians spoke, or even his name, and the name of the place where he fought, as the natives uttered it!

Yet, for the great interests of its day, the speech of Galgacus was far removed from a mere feat of idle pedantry. It was a noble rebuke to the Empire and the Roman people, who, false to the high destiny assigned to them by Virgil, of protecting the oppressed and striking down the oppressors, had become the common scourge of all mankind. The profligate ambition, the perfidy, the absorbing pride, the egotism, and the cruelty of the dominant people —how could all be so aptly set forth as in the words of a barbarian chief, ruling over the free people who were to be the next victims? Accordingly, Galgacus speaks out with heart and will and power. So the noble savage tells his people to think well what the nature of the enemy before them is. They have not to deal with a nation like themselves, who may be victors to-day and defeated to-morrow, but with the conquering Empire which has doomed all the world to slavery. If they would forecast their fate under the Empire, let them look at the enslaved nations of the south. Unconquered as yet, they are the last refuge of freedom, which will be extinguished by their subjugation. What will be the fate of them and their sons? Abject slavery in distant lands — slavery in the haughty Roman house, where the awkwardness and ruggedness of the new-caught barbarian make mirth for the older slaves, whose happier lot it is to have been reared in servitude. For their wives and daughters there is a lot more terrible still. The produce of their frugal industry will be reft, to add to the swoln stores of the rich oppressor. What a noble destiny not only to defy such a fate, but to be the first to stem the tide of universal conquest—to be the avengers

of past oppression, the liberators from present slavery! And what had such an enemy, in all the splendour of their martial array, to match a band of freemen struggling for all that freemen love? They were a gathering of mercenaries and serfs from all the ends of the world, held together by greed and tyranny, and ready to scatter before the first disaster. Down upon them then, and let each man fight as if the fate of his country and the liberties of the world depended on his single arm.

Such were the leading points of the barbarian chief's oration. They were so richly adorned with trope, climax, and antithesis, as to furnish many of those sentences which for their aptness and brevity are employed to give point to the aim of composition in the modern languages.[1] In later times, when the terrible retribution it received has given emphasis to the cruel injustice of Roman domination, no one has given such expression to its character as he who threw his rebuke right in the face of his offending fellow-countrymen. Even those noble lines in which Byron makes the dying gladiator ruminate over the coming vengeance for his fate, lag far behind the fiery eloquence and concentrated invective with which the great historian endowed his British chief.

There was a strong temptation to teach the Roman citizens to behold a glorious career in the services of Agricola, when it became safe to do so after the slaughter of Domitian, who was more than the rival—he was the natural enemy—of Agricola. This emperor was not content with the sacred attributes of the purple, but in his wayward

[1] For instance, in the following passage more than one current quotation will be recognised :—"Nos, terrarum ac libertatis extremos, recessus ipse ac sinus famæ in hunc diem defendit: nunc terminus Britanniæ patet, atque omne ignotum pro magnifico est. Sed nulla jam ultrâ gens, nihil nisi fluctus et saxa, et infestiores Romani, quorum superbiam frustra per obsequium et modestiam effugeris. Raptores orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere terræ, et mare scrutantur: si locuples hostis est, avari: si pauper, ambitiosi: quos non Oriens, non Occidens satiaverit: soli omnium opes atque inopiam pari affectu concupiscunt: auferre, trucidare, rapere falsis nominibus, *imperium*; atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, *pacem* appellant."

ambition had a craving for military glory. He would be the general of victorious armies—a real Imperator, like the first Cæsar. He demanded, and of course obtained, a triumph. When Tacitus has exhausted the glories of Agricola's career, he tells, with epigrammatic mockery, how for this triumph the emperor bought slaves in the Roman market, and disguised them so that they might personate German warriors conquered and dragged captive at the heels of the victor.[1] The whole story of the campaign in Scotland must be taken with the caution that it rests entirely on the authority of one author, that this author was a great artist, and that he had powerful inducements to employ his art in glorifying his hero.[2]

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[1] Emptis per commercia, quorum habitus et crines in captivorum speciem formarentur.—Agric., c. 39.

[2] The life of Agricola by his son-in-law is an eminent practical commentary on the text of Horace, about the many heroes whose fame is lost, "carent quia vate sacro." The last words of the biography are, indeed, an application of the text, "Multos veterum, velut inglorios et ignobiles, oblivio obruet—Agricola, posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit." The latest editor of the book vehemently warns his readers against the natural inference that these words are egotistic, expressing the self-congratulation of Tacitus, in seeing his hero carried down to the fame of ages. But this has been the fact, whatever were the expectations of Tacitus. He is the maker of Agricola's place in history. I cannot recall any other author during the fourteen centuries afterwards by whom Agricola is mentioned, unless it be Dion Cassius, whose history, written more than a century later, has been imperfectly preserved. What he says is what Tacitus says, abbreviated and obscured except at one point, where he plainly asserts that Domitian put Agricola to death.

It might be open to question whether the life of Agricola really is the work of the great historian, or a fabricated story "after the manner of Tacitus," were it not for the almost impossibility that any imitator could have uttered that flow of proud and bitter eloquence dedicated to the virtues and the warlike genius of its author's beloved patron and parent. We may easily believe that other Roman commanders of the day fought as well as Agricola, but not that there were other authors who could write like Tacitus. It is to be noted that the early annalists of England—Gildas, Nennius, Bede, the Saxon chroniclers, and others—are as ignorant of Tacitus as their Scots brethren. Hence they give the British wars of Julius Cæsar, Claudius, Nero, and Vespasian, but nothing of Agricola. They omit, evidently not knowing, the two eminently dramatic and popular stories of Boadicea and Caractacus, to be seized on, as we shall see, by Scotland. One of the damning blots on the pages of the monk Richard

So much for the campaign of Agricola from the imperial side. Let us now see how it was treated by native authors. It is only after several centuries have passed that we shall have to deal with the fabulous history of Scotland, in connection with the national conditions attending its origin and growth. But the influence in Scotland of the great Roman's life of his father-in-law would not be completely told without anticipating in some measure the achievements of the fabulous school of Scots history. From the detailed matter in the note below, it will be seen that Tacitus was an unknown author to the early annalists of Scotland, and also of England. That his life of Agricola was a recent acquisition of the restorers of the classics may be inferred from this, that of the works of Tacitus, so far as they had been recovered, one edition, at least, was published before the Agricola was included among them. It came first to light about the time when Hector Boece was a student at Paris; and if he was then fostering those dreams of a heroic and romantic destiny for his native land which he embodied in his history, the acquisition must have alike delighted and surprised him. Here was a great imperial army fighting in his own distant land, under one of the most illustrious of Roman generals. Among the mountains of Scotland a battle was fought, in which the fate of the Empire itself was at issue, and a Scots leader delivered an address that rivalled, if it did not excel, the most brilliant efforts of classic oratory. In the age when all that was classic had a title to adoration, there was no historical distinction that a nation could possess beyond this. The good tidings fell into hands able to spread them with emphasis. True, there was no trace of a Galgacus in the native chronicles; but in making up their fragmentary lists of names into a systematic hierarchy, there was an opportunity for correcting this defect. There were two Corbreds, both illustrious kings. Corbred the second, being the twenty-first of the line of kings from Fergus, had a surname—he was called

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of Cirencester, is his intimate knowledge of Tacitus, shown in quotations which contain the printer's blunders in a bad edition of the Agricola.

Corbred Gald, latinised Corbredus Galdus; such was the monarch whose name, through the haughty carelessness of the Roman, was written "Galgacus." There was another difficulty—the new hero thus discovered was a defeated commander. But if the Roman historian did this injustice, it became the proper duty of the Scots historian to find the remedy. This duty was accomplished with great skill and success. According to a practice not unknown in the military history of our own generation, the battle of the Grampians was made one feature in a long contest, and was preceded and followed by so many brilliant affairs, and so many feats that covered Galgacus and his army with glory, that the small check or reverse was lost in the blaze. Galgacus at last drove the enemy forth, and passed the evening of his days in the midst of a free, prosperous, and peaceful people, to whom he was the idol and the Father.

Boece was not content to take only this episode from the works of Tacitus. Beside it were two very tempting stories. The one brought out Caractacus, the immortal picture of the barbarian hero, in the full grandeur of nature, towering over the sins and follies of a conventional civilisation; the other presented the terrible tragedy of Queen Boadicea. Hector found that both of these episodes were admirably adapted to his bold and picturesque style of historical art, and he took possession of both by an adroit touch. Caractacus was, in fact, king of the Scots, the eighteenth in number, the nephew of King Metelanus, to whom he succeeded, and the grand-uncle of Corbred Galdus. Boadicea was sister to Galdus, otherwise Galgacus, and the careless Roman had to be corrected again as to the name of the royal sister, who among her countrymen of Caledonia was known by the name of Voada. In the hour of danger to the whole island, both in the south and in the north, Caractacus was for his valour and wisdom chosen commander-in-chief of all the British tribes, to lead them in their great struggle for freedom against the aggressive Roman.[1]

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[1] The military policy and tactics adopted by Caractacus are set forth with much precision by the Scots historian, after the method

If we take the narrative of Tacitus as sufficient evidence that Agricola fought a decisive battle in Scotland, no one has yet succeeded in showing where it was fought. General Roy, a critic whose authority should be highest, as he brought the experience of an engineer officer to aid his knowledge as an archæological scholar, has fixed it at Ardoch in Perthshire, a short way northward of the border of Stirlingshire. At all events, the Romans have there left ample traces of warlike operations. From these and other remains General Roy has tracked through Scotland as far as the borders of Aberdeenshire the progress of Roman troops, sufficient to make an army of 30,000 men, of whom he supposes that 26,000 might have been engaged in the

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of the following specimen :—"The army of Caratak at this time was nummert at 40,000 men, and was arrayet in such manner, that all their backs were set contrair ane deip river, but any ford, to that fine, that nane of them may have esperance to flee. Then was all the aged women whilk come in great noumer to visie the chance of this field, set on ilk side of the battall—to rais the spereits of men with their clamour, and to cast stanes at their enemies, and slay them when they fell. All other women that were young and weicht were arrayet with armour and wapons among the men."—Bellenden's Translation, i. 109.

In the same storehouse of fabulous history, we have the account following of the later years of the hero's life :—"Mony prodigies and uncouth marvels were seen in Albion, that year that Caratak fought with Romans. Ane great battle of horsemen were seen arrayet in the field ; and soon efter with huge noise and murder on either side joinit togidder, but they evanisht so suddenly that na manner of sign appeared in the field where they were first seen. In the night after the battle, appeared to the watch ane multitude of wolfes, and took ane of them that were at the watch away, and brought him with them to the next wood ; but on the morrow, as soon as light appearit, they brought him again—but any harm of his body. In Carrick was ane child born with ane raven head. Thir uncouth signs appeared to na less terror than admiration of the people. The deviners interpret them to signify great trouble and danger appearing to Caratak, the head of the realm. Nochless, seeing him return fra Rome without any displeasure, they began to interpret them to ane other face. The people rejoicing at Caratak's returning, received him with excellent honours, and conveyed him to the town of Carrick. This town, by command of the emperor, was restored to him, with Brigance, Kyle, and Cuningham. Caratak passed the remnant of his life in tender amity with the Romans, but any uncouth or domestic wars."—Ibid., i. 111, 112.

great battle.[1] But this opinion has been vehemently disputed by persons who, with inferior qualifications for the task, have with far more dogmatism found other sites for the Mons Grampius. The question, in fact, occasioned a contest as memorable in literature as the battle itself in history. It is remarkable in the absoluteness with which each champion maintains that he has removed every particle of doubt that can affect the spot favoured by himself. In this way the reader of this special literature finds the field of battle shifting like a chessman over the several parishes of the northern counties as far as Inverness and Aberdeen. About a century ago, when the Itinerary attributed to the monk Richard of Cirencester was believed to be the real work of his hand, and was admitted as the conclusive authority on all questions as to Roman geography in Britain, this question appeared to have been finally settled; for there, in the route of the ninth iter, the "ad Montem Grampium" is set down between the Ithan and the Cullen, and therefore close to Knock Hill in Banffshire.[2] But the critics found inconsistencies in this identification, and instead of inferring from them doubts about the genuineness of the Itinerary, they started the ingenious theory that Richard did not intend this to stand for the place where the battle was fought. It was merely a Roman "Station," named in commemoration of the great victory, on the principle followed by ourselves in such names as Blenheim Terrace, Trafalgar Square, and Waterloo Place.

Unfortunately this dispute has been barren in result, on account of a small specialty neglected by the disputants—a negligence which has compelled them to reason in a circle. They have taken it for granted that the "Mons Grampius" of Tacitus and the Grampian range of mountains in modern geography are the same thing; in other words, that the range was called the Grampians in the days

[1] 'The Military Antiquities of the Romans in North Britain, and particularly their ancient System of Castrametation, illustrated from Vestiges of the Camps of Agricola existing there—hence his march from South into North Britain is in some degree traced.'

[2] Richard of Cirencester.

of Tacitus, and that he merely latinised it. The great chain of hills stretching from the estuary of the Clyde to the mouth of the Dee, which throws out laterally the group of mountains forming the north-west Highlands, is now known by the name of the Grampians. The name is no older, however, than the revival of classical literature, and was adopted from Tacitus when his works came to be read by the chroniclers. It is unknown in old documents, and indeed achieved an ascertained place in geographical books long before it was sanctioned by local use. In early ecclesiastical literature part of the range now called the Grampians is expressively called "Dorsum Britanniæ," the back or backbone of Britain. In the later centuries of the middle ages its western portion was called Drum Albin. Through east and central Scotland, where it makes a distinct division between north and south, it was long termed the "Month" or Mount. To cross the Month was to pass from the southern to the northern province of Scotland.[1]

Hence, instead of the Roman author taking the name of the battle-field from the native name of a chain of hills, we have given the chain of hills its name from that by which the Roman author was supposed to have designed the battle-field. We thus lose any guide which the geography of the Grampians might afford us for the discovery

[1] Trans Britanniæ Dorsum iter agens. — Vita Columbæ, Reeves, p. 64. And of a pestilence devastating every land, "exceptis duobus populis, hoc est Pictorum plebe et Scotorum Britanniæ, inter quos utrosque Dorsi montes Britannici disterminant."—Ibid., 184.

Fordoun tells how Fergus extended his rule "ultra Drumalban, hoc est ultra Dorsum Albaniæ," Skene's edition, 88. Wynton uses the term Month, as in the flight of Macbeth,—

> "And owre the Mownth thai chast hym than
> Til the wode of Lunfanan."

And again, when King Alexander held his Christmas in Aberdeen,—

> "Oure the mowynth theyne passyd he sene,
> And held his yhule in Abyrdene."

There is still one spot retaining the indigenous name of the great mountain-range. The "Cairn o' Mont" is the name of the highest level on the ancient road leading across the Month or Mount by Brechin and Fettercairn. There are people still living who remember there the ancient hostel where for many centuries the travellers going southwards had met those on their way "benorth the Month."

of the site of the battle. It may have been at any elevation sufficient to be called a Mons, according to the Roman notions of topography. If we ask what sound of a native name might have run in the recollection of Tacitus when he expressed the battle-field as "ad Montem Grampium," we are entirely helpless. But even if the disputants had been successful on this point, the correction of the text of Tacitus would have swept away the foundations of their triumph. The latest editor of the Agricola has discovered that Tacitus wrote not "Grampius" but "Graupius," and that the word Grampius is an editor's or printer's blunder more than three hundred years old.[1] If the quantity of disputative learning dedicated to the old reading was worthily, though, as it happened, uselessly uttered, the work ought now to be recommenced, and we should have the old etymological jugglery dealing with "Graupius" or "Graup."[2]

In dealing with a country, bearing the marks of re-

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[1] C. Cornelii Taciti de Vita et Moribus Cn. Julii Agricolæ Liber, ad fidem codicum denuo collatorum, recensuit et commentariis enarravit Fr. Carolus Wex (p. 194). This editor's reliance on the accuracy of this altered reading is all the more emphatic that the recent origin of the term Grampian seems not to have been known to him. He thinks, in fact, that there was in the days of Agricola a range known as the Grampians, but the battle was fought elsewhere, at a place called Graupius. Hence, as by a misprint they were led to search in the wrong quarter, he has a sympathy with those zealous disputants, rather than with *Walterus Scottus*, who, *in fabula sua* THE ANTIQUARY, *lepide eos cavilletur, qui in pugnæ loco inquirendo operam consumant.*

[2] It may interest some readers to see the words in which it was announced that Scotland possessed so large a national feature as the Grampian range of mountains. After describing Loch Lomond with its floating island and its finless fish, Boece says :—

"Situs autem hic lacus est ad pedem Grampii Montis Pictorum olim Scotorumque regni limitis, qua ab ostiis Deæ amnis latera Aberdoniæ abluentis mare Germanicum prospectans incurvus, asper atque intractabilis (quod et nomen ejus vernaculum Granzebain significat) per mediam Scotiam in alterum mare tendens obvio hoc lacu excipitur sistiturque. Meminit montis hujus et Tacitus. Cæterum, quoniam de finibus Pictorum mentio incidit, illud non silentio prœtereundum, Pictos non quicquid citra Grampium montem agri est olim tenuisse, sed Scotos, qua lacu Loumund prohibente ulterius excurrere Grampium, via, ad littus in citeriores agros patet egressos, littori adjacentes has fere regiones quas nominavimus occupasse, illicque, inter utrosque

peated shiftings in the races that lived in it, and in their respective languages, it is necessary to trace the pedigree of words closely home before they can be trusted with any historical interpretation. There is, in tracing to its home the renowned name of Caledonia, the same difficulty that was found about the Grampians before it was revealed that the search, in this instance, could not have succeeded. Caledonia, however, cannot, like Grampius, be lost by a correction of an inaccurate reading, since the use of the name in Latin literature is not peculiar to Tacitus. But though we find earlier mention of it in

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populos limites certos constitutos."—Descriptio, 1st ed. fol. 8; 2d ed. fol. 4.

This vernacular adapter of Boece's story seems to have been startled by this novel announcement, for he gives it much less prominence: — "This loch standis at the fute of the montanis of Granyebene, quhilkis wer sum time the gret marchis betuix the Scottis and Pichtis, and gangis fra Lochlowmond to the mouth of Dee. The Pichtis had na landis beyound the montanis of Granyebene nor yit lyand to the Ireland seis; for thir boundis wer ay inhabit be Scottis."—Bellenden, Cosmographia, xxx.

In the History of John Major, published in 1521—five years earlier than Boece's—I can find nothing of the Grampians, of Agricola, or of Galgacus. He evidently was unacquainted with the Agricola of Tacitus. He seems to have taken his knowledge of the Roman wars in Britain from Bede, and tells how Cloudius invaded Scotland and annexed the Orkney Islands. Buchanan was well versed in Tacitus, as in all the higher classics, but he found much less than Boece did in the Mons Grampius. He seems to have supposed it a separate broad-based hill, and to the great chain now identified with it he seems inclined to restore the old name of Drum Albin. He says of the Lennox, "Tandem in montem Grampium desinit ad cujus radices per vallem cavam Lominius Lacus se explicat. . . . Qua Grampius mons humilior est et majus pervius, Braid Albin regio vocatur, hoc est quasi altissimam Scotiæ partem dicas, ac ubi maxima pars illa attollitur Drum Albin, id est Scotiæ dorsum, vocatur—nec omnino sine causa, ex eo enim dorso flumina in utrumque mare decurrunt alia in septentrionem alia in meridiem."—Ed. 1582, fol. 7. This dubiety is puzzling when we remember that Buchanan was born in the district he describes. Holinshed briefly follows Boece. "The Lake [Lomond] is situat at the foot of the Hill called Granzeben, which were sometimes the march or limits betwixt the Scots and Picts, and are extended from Lochlowmund to the mouth of Dee."—Edit. 1806, p. 7.

Scotland as in the middle of the seventeenth century was well represented in the great Atlas of Blaeu of Amsterdam. The map puts the Grampius Mons where the topographer of the present day would. But

Roman literature, it was the career of Agricola, as told to his countrymen by Tacitus, that gave it a place at the imperial centre as a new field of conquest and annexation.[1] The name of Caledonia, thus published by Tacitus, took rapid currency in Rome. His contemporary Martial alludes to the Caledonian Bear as if it were

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in a commendatory poem by Andrew Melville, called "Scotiæ Topographia," the old names linger beside the new :—

> "Lorna hic Argatheliæ adjacet imam
> Abriam ad usque, ferax frugum regioque jacentes
> Qua juga demittens in campos Grampius et Mons
> Pervius atque humilis magis hæc Braid dicitur Albin ;
> Albii enim pars est latissima, verum ubi in altum
> Maxima se attollit Drum Albin, Dorsum indigitatur
> Scotiæ : et excelso sua per declivia multa
> Magnaque devergit de Dorso flumina utrinque ;
> In mediumque diem pars, pars septem inque Triones
> Imprimis Taus ipse ingens, et pulcher Ierne."

John Home did something to strengthen the hold of the new name. His tragedy of "Douglas" was received with so vehement a popularity by his countrymen, that they shook hands in the streets of Edinburgh in congratulation that a new Shakespeare had arisen, and he was a Scot. When the shepherd's foundling reveals in his heroic deeds the lost heir of an ancient warlike house, his story begins, "My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flock—a frugal swain." A small item was afterwards added to the popularity of the term by a poem called "The Grampians Desolate," by Alexander Campbell. It bewailed the emigration of the Highlanders, who, however, were unlikely to recognise their own country in the name of the desolated district, if we take for truth, as we safely may, the concluding words of the following Protest by a very accurate antiquary against the usurpation of the Grampians :—"The name of Grampian, so improperly introduced, has not only superseded the genuine name of the *Mounth* with most people who derive their knowledge from books, not excepting even the most strictly critical of our writers, but has also spread over all the mountains from Perth to Inverness, though it is still unknown to the vulgar, who retain the names used by their ancestors."—Geographical Illustrations of Scottish History, 1796 ; article "Mounth," by David Macpherson. He treats this as an example of what he calls "Agricolamania." The recent inroad of tourists has no doubt changed all this, and at last convinced our mountaineers that they inhabit the Grampians.

[1] As to earlier allusions to Caledonia, the elder Pliny, killed by the celebrated eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, refers to geographers who speak of Roman conquests going "non ultra vicinitatem Sylvæ Caledoniæ" (Hist. Nat., iv. 15). A geographer, Caius Julius Solinus, supposed to have been contemporary with Pliny, tells us of an altar with a Greek inscription at the furthest corner of the island, com-

known in the gladiatorial shows, and vividly describes the robber Auriolus, nailed to the cross, torn by the brute, like Prometheus by his vultures.[1] When Quinctus Ovidius is banished to the province of Britain, the poet becomes sentimental on his friend leaving the cultivated leisure of Italian life for the stormy seas, and the island where he will behold the Caledonian Britons.[2] The term, however, until recent times, was exotic. There are no traces of it in old native literature and documents. As Tacitus had applied it to the people north of the Forth and Clyde, so, on the revival of classical literature, it came into use like the term Grampian Mountains, and obtained, indeed, much more ample popular acceptance, insomuch that it is difficult to shake the natural impression that it is of native growth. It is not to be found in the Chronicles earlier than the days of Boece. The old native name for Scotland was Albin. From what native word, if any, the Roman author latinised Caledonia, or whether it was coined out of some mere caprice, are now vain questions, on which the expounders of true history had better keep silence. Etymologists no doubt there are who profess to tell with absolute scientific certainty the native word from which the name was latinised. But to clear the path of history it is necessary to sweep away such conclusions, along with a heap of others equally ingenious and equally unprofitable.[3]

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memorating the arrival of Ulysses in Caledonia. (Monumenta Historica. Excerpta, x.) It is a step in the acknowledgment of a nationality when we give a name to a people, instead of calling them the inhabitants of a territory, like the "Caledoniæ inhabitantes" of Tacitus, who generally, however, calls them "Britanni," in common with their southern neighbours. Ptolemy, in the next generation, seems the first to speak of the Caledonii, or, in his own language, Caledonioi, Καληδονιοι. Northward of the Caledonians themselves, he places the Caledonian forest.

[1] Spectacul., epig. vii.

[2] Epig., x. 44.

[3] There are, no doubt, many other instances of the same kind. The name of the place at the present day sounds like its name in classic literature. Naturally it is supposed that the ancient author found the name, and gave it Latin or Greek inflections; while on inquiry it will be found that the classic name found in the ancient author has

In the introduction to the Life of Agricola, it is casually said that the fleet, sailing round by the northern coast, discovered what had not been known, that Britain was an island, and found and annexed the Orcades. The name remained steadily in use, and is represented by the Orkneys of the present day. Their name immediately swelled the list of Roman triumphs.[1] There certainly, however, have been no vestiges of a Roman garrison found in these distant isles, and the conquest must have been merely a symbolical annexation of some barren and

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been given to the place in modern times. How little likelihood there is of an identity between ancient Roman names and the indigenous modern names of the same places, we may find by comparing the old names with the modern names of the stations on the Southern Wall. The data for such a comparison are on the one side the names given in the Notitia Imperii, and the identification of their actual sites by inscriptions; on the other side, the known modern names. The arena here is so small that it gives no room for etymological escapades. In each instance we have the place and we have its name, ancient and modern. There does not seem among these to be a single modern name having any resemblance to, or connection with, the Roman name. Roman Procolitia is now Carrawburgh; Borcovicus is now House Steads; Hunnum is now Halton Chesters; Amboglanna is now Birdoswald; Vindobala is now Rutchester—a name which sounds as of Roman origin. For the ingenious process by which the ancient names are identified with their places, see Bruce's Roman Wall, 63 *et seq.* If these identifications should be declared unsuccessful, we have still the fact that the ancient names belonged to the Wall, and that along it there are no modern names akin to them. In the authentic geographical authorities, Bremenium appears conspicuous as a fortress or city somewhere on the north side of the Wall. In Dr Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, it is said "Name for name, Brampton coincides with it." But it has been identified with High Rochester, about eight miles south of the Border. The identification is in this instance particularly distinct. Not only have the remains of great buildings been found on the spot, but among many sculptures and inscriptions two altars were excavated, announcing themselves as raised at Bremenium. (Bruce, 314, 315.) Perhaps the nearest "name for name" similarity of a Roman to an existing name is in "Corstopicum," supposed to be Corchester, near Corbridge.

[1] "Littora Jubernæ promovimus, et modo captas
Orcadas, ac minima contentos nocte Britannos.—Juv. Sat., ii."

The tenor of this satire makes it a question whether the capture is spoken of in earnest or in ridicule.

scarcely-inhabited rocks. On this occasion the fleet got sight of Thule, usually hidden by winter and night. This has been a fugitive name, the geographers never having fixed on a permanent abode for it.

Of the camps and other remains of Roman occupancy in Scotland, many are set down as the work of Agricola, but only because they are claimed for no other. Neither in England nor in Scotland is he commemorated by coins and inscriptions such as those that tell us of the officers who served in Britain under Severus, Trajan, and Antonine. On the other hand, such is the fleeting and capricious nature of the testimony to this part of British history, that, as we shall see, such contemporary testimonies to the services of these officers as have reached the present day seem faint and fragmentary beside the brilliant sketch—for after all, though so conspicuous, in the dearth of other testimony about the Romans in Scotland, it is but a sketch—of the career of Agricola.

The next point in which Roman history touches the northern part of Britain, shows how little had been done for the annexation even of the district immediately to the south of Agricola's line of forts—the Lothians and the Border counties of the present day. The reign of the active vigorous Hadrian, breaks in upon the history of the folly and profligacy that were eating away the strength of the Empire. He cared less for sounding conquests than to round off a compact empire, shutting out what he could not hold, rather than nominally claiming the subjection of the whole world. Accordingly, he raised a barrier at the boundary of the Empire in Britain about the year 120. So much the early authorities have told us in the fewest possible words, leaving us to discover where he raised it.[1] Coins, inscriptions, and other testimony have enabled laborious investigators to decide beyond any question that the defensive work built by him ran along the line of the famous Roman Wall from the Tyne to the Solway. Thus far, and no farther, did he consider it

[1] Ælius Spartianus; Monumenta Historica Britannica, lxiv., and Julius Capitolinus, ibid., lxv.

prudent to count Britain an integral part of the Empire. How much of this work was raised in the reign of Hadrian, is, as we shall see, a disputed question. That it was begun, however, in his reign, cannot be questioned; and being thus brought to the commencement of the work, we may follow it to its conclusion as well as we can, before turning to other historical events, which, however important they may have been in their time, cannot be so easily realised now.

If we could find any history of the construction of this great work, or any account of it when completed, in the literature of its day, it would be proper to use the information so obtained as material for the early history of Scotland. The work was raised to protect the British part of the Empire from the inhabitants of this country, and in its costliness and strength was a measure of what Rome had to fear in this direction. True, it was not intended as a final boundary—as a line of frontier fortresses; for the Empire did not contemplate final boundaries. But if we take it as, in military phrase, a base of operations—a support to armies conquering northwards—this makes it none the less a great piece of military engineering, in which the fate of the territory now called Scotland was deeply concerned. As we have, however, no contemporary history of the progress of the works, or survey of them when completed, we must be content with such information about their progress and completion as their fragments tell us.

Perhaps in no other way can one so realise the difficulties to be overcome, and the persistency of the Empire in overcoming them, as by actually following the track of the Roman Wall. It is more than seventy miles long. It consists of several lines of works, besides the stone wall, which, when all were complete, must have been by far the most conspicuous. Where the nature of the ground permitted, the succession of the works taken in a section, as architects term it—the profile, in the language of the military engineer—was thus: On the north, towards Scotland, was a great ditch or fosse. On the southern edge of this was the stone wall. To the south was an earthen mound or rampart, then a second ditch, and, still south of

this, two minor earthen ramparts. All along, at intervals of about a Roman mile, were towers between fifty and sixty feet square. At larger intervals were the stations, fortresses, or barracks—about twenty in all,—groups of buildings, each within a strong well-fortified wall.

How such a multiplied line of works was necessary for the intended object, we cannot now exactly judge. Knowing the Romans to be a wise and skilful people, we must suppose that each portion of the great work had its proper object. It stood alone. There were no other works of the same kind to make the raising of them a practice and a science. Hence the books devoted to military affairs, which tell us of the economy of the camp and the organisation and discipline of the army, give us no account of the principles on which a fortified wall should be raised across a country from sea to sea. It is indeed a work in many ways antagonistic to the military policy of the Romans, which was to trust rather to the discipline of the legionaries and the resources of their generals than to permanent fortifications; and history, down to the most recent times, has justified this policy by the destiny that, by whomsoever raised, the fortress shall in the end belong to the stronger party in the war where its possession is at issue. On the other hand, the Roman engineers were expert in throwing up temporary works for the protection of forces requiring such protection; and how great the scale and complicated the mechanism of such works might be when raised on the march, and in the face of an enemy, we may see in examining Cæsar's defence of Alesia against Vercingetorix.[1]

Even in those places where the stone wall is invisible, and the plough has crossed the profile for centuries, the work leaves its stamp on the physical geography of the district. The appearance on the surface of the land would at once provoke inquiry of one coming on it by surprise, and ignorant that he was on the site of a work of ancient

[1] Bell. Gall., vii. 68 *et seq.* For a very distinct modern account of these works, see the 'Histoire de France' of Henri Martin, vol. i., liv. iv.

engineering. The succession of ditch and mound, smoothened into hill and valley, stands forth on the scale of natural scenery, yet cannot be reconciled to natural conditions, which will nowhere show us a succession of such curves running straight onwards in parallel lines out of all harmony or co-operation with watercourses and other natural causes of inequality. On uncultivated ground the features are of course stronger, and especially where they have to be carried through trap-dikes or other masses of irruptive rock. Here the sides of the ditches are precipitous, and the masses of rock—some of them many tons in weight—lie thrown on the edge like portions of those great gatherings in mountain districts which geologists tell us are the moraines of ancient glaciers.

The remains of the stone wall, still to be seen over long ranges of country, show that it varied between six and nine feet in breadth. Before the days of artillery this afforded superfluous strength. The perfection of the workmanship gave it far greater strength and durability than ordinary buildings even of the present day. It was laid down in courses of square-hewn freestone, of a peculiarly compact and durable quality. The facings were of that perfect kind which, among modern stone buildings, is only to be found in those aiming at high excellence in the hewing and the laying of the courses. Where the wall passes from sandstone deposits there would have been a temptation to employ the limestones or trap boulders lying abundantly around; but still the fastidious Roman engineer brought with him the square-cut blocks of freestone. Even the present remnants show that he was right, if it was his design to raise a fabric that, with a little attention, might be kept in perfect order and condition for unknown ages to come. On precipitous storm-swept ridges of rock, where ordinary buildings would have left mere shapeless heaps of stone, we see the horizontal courses lying in clean rows one above another; and when the wall has to mount a hill, each successive course stands out horizontally at an angle to the hill, the edge making the steps of a stair.

We have no means of proving the original height of the

wall. The most complete remnant is about eight feet high. Erdeswick, an English antiquary of the sixteenth century, found it sixteen feet high; and his estimate is virtually confirmed by Camden, who visited the wall in the last year of the same century, and found that "within two furlongs of Carvoron, on a pretty high hill, the wall is still standing, fifteen feet in height and nine in breadth." If we suppose it to have been from eighteen to twenty feet high, and allow from ten to twelve feet for the ditch which accompanies it on flat ground, there was here some thirty feet of perpendicular rampart facing the barbarian who came to assail the marches of the Empire.

The wall differs from other Roman military works in courting rather than avoiding rugged heights. The Watling Street, which, crossing it at right angles, passes on into Scotland, goes onwards in a straight geographical line, descending and ascending as the country sinks and swells. The wall, on the other hand, deviates to seek heights, some of them very high and steep. But in this, too, there is a persistency of purpose. The object is to command every rising-ground on the side of Scotland. Thus from the wall there was a full open view northwards: if at any one point it were interrupted by some height, yet from a little to the right and a little to the left of that point the lines of vision would meet, sweeping the districts behind the interruption.

At Chollerford the wall is cut by the river Tyne. Here late searches have brought to light the massive piers of a bridge; one is under water, the other was deep hidden in the earth, a clump of trees growing above it. When the covering that had thus hidden it was removed, it was revealed in its powerful proportions. In the geometrical accuracy of its lines and angles, and the precision of its cutting, it is very like a piece of modern harbour engineering. It is constructed of large rectangular blocks, closely fitted and clamped together by iron rods fastened with lead. If we judge from the strength of its foundation, the bridge itself must have been a noble structure. But this work, expressively as its vestiges testify to its greatness, must have been but supplementary to the bridge over the Tyne

farther down the river, where it gave to the old city now represented by Newcastle the name of Pons Ælii, as a memorial of the Ælian Gens or house to which Hadrian its founder belonged.

It is in this great process of engineer-work, crossing the country from sea to sea, that we must look for the barrier erected about the year 120 by Hadrian, to mark and defend the boundaries of the Empire for the time being. The question remains, How much of the line of works was completed under his auspices? It is known that the Emperor Severus, about a century later, left his mark upon the works, and was honoured for doing so. It was thence an opinion long accepted that Hadrian had merely raised the earthworks which form the southern department of the process, and that the stone wall, with its northern fosse or ditch, were the work of Severus. There are reasons, however, for believing that the whole design of the wall goes as far back as Hadrian's time, and that nothing remained to be done to it in the reign of Severus beyond restoration, and perhaps improvement in detail. Hadrian's energies were especially thrown into works of building and engineering. For these throughout the Empire generally his name was commemorated. He took among emperors the distinguishing title of Britannicus. It was first awarded to him, and for his actual achievements; to others it was given afterwards out of mere precedent, like the titles apt to cluster round royalty after the realities they represent are gone. What he accomplished in Britain was recorded in the current money of the Empire by at least two issues of coinage. One commemorates his arrival in the distant island. It has his profile on the chief side, and the ceremony of inaugurating a votive altar on the reverse. The other coin has a peculiar interest. Again the Emperor's likeness has the side of distinction, and on the other is Britannia—a draped female figure, seated, holding a spear, and by her side a round shield, with a spike projecting from its centre. What was symbolised in this has been a puzzle to the valuable class of archæologists who deal with coins. One interesting fact seems certain, that it is the precedent from which the Britannia

on the later copper coinage of the British Empire has been copied.

None of the inscriptions found near the wall give a distinct record of those who made it, and we shall find that of the northern wall there is a record of that kind in a very distinct shape. But use has been made even of this want of testimony. The practice of making such records had not, it is said, arisen in the time of Hadrian—it was in full fashion in that of Severus; and yet in such vague memorials as there are, the name of Hadrian is the more frequent of the two.

Stronger far, however, than testimony of a kind in which one incident may upset another, is the general knowledge of the disposition of the Romans to do a thing completely and in a special way when they were at it. They hated patchwork and makeshifts, and rather than take advantage of any imperfect work to complete that on hand, would reject it, and do the new work from the beginning. Hence, that in one reign a stone wall should have been built in conjunction with the mound raised in a previous reign, and in the view of converting it into an effective bulwark, is inconsistent with Roman sentiment and practice.

Though we may not be able to tell how the works were to assist each other, no one who sees them can doubt that they were adjusted to each other with that design. It may be remarked that the earthworks are frequently laid on a southern slope, which is commanded by the stone wall, and would be commanded from its site were no wall there. That the earthworks were subservient to the wall is as nearly proved as such a thing can be, by the two never crossing each other. The earthworks all along have their proper side on the south, towards the country to be defended; while the stone wall, with its ditch, faces the enemy. These, with other tokens of less moment, are thus summed up by the man entitled beyond every other to give a judgment on the matter with authority: "After all, the works themselves furnish us with the best proof that the whole is one design, and the production of one period. It is difficult to conceive how any person can traverse the line of the barrier without coming to the

conclusion that all the works, vallum, wall, and fosse, turrets, castles, stations, outposts, and military ways, are but so many parts of one great design, essential to each other, and unitedly contributing to the security of a dangerous frontier."[1] And again, speaking of the wall near Homesteads, where the remains are peculiarly ample and distinct: "The vallum also is boldly developed, and runs for several miles in the valley below, at a considerable distance from the wall, completely commanded by the hill on which the wall stands. This is surely fatal to the theory that the vallum was reared as an independent barrier against the north."[2]

In later times the science of fortification has revelled in complex subordinate works, the services of which are a mystery to the uninitiated. The Roman engineer perhaps had his mysteries too. Since the use of artillery the subordinate outworks have stretched towards the enemy to keep him from the centre. Some other maxim may have been the sound one for a defence against the Caledonians. The full strength of the wall faced Scotland. The subordinate works were towards the settled Roman district of the Brigantes. But even on this side it might be well to guard the approaches to the wall. Here were the garrison and all the population connected with it. It has been suggested, too, that as the inhabitants on the south side of the wall were not the natural enemies of those on the north, it might not be expedient that the Brigantes had immediate access to it on the one side, while hordes of wild Caledonians were assailing it on the other. "The murus," says our great authority, "comes up to the north rampart of the station or the northern pier of their lateral gateways; the vallum falls in with the southern rampart or northern pier of the gateways. Thus the vallum and the wall bind the whole fortification together, and enable it satisfactorily to resist aggression from whatever quarter it may come."[3]

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[1] Bruce, The Roman Wall, 2d edit. 364. [2] Ibid., 201.
[3] The Roman Wall: a Description of the Mural Barrier of the North of England. By the Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D.,

But whether he completed this great process of fortification or not, it is certain that in the reign of Hadrian, and about 120 years after the birth of Christ, a barrier was raised on the line now followed by the works. This leads us to a significant historical position. We have seen that Agricola carried his victories to the Tay or farther, and deemed that, leaving a margin of chastised and frightened barbarians outside, he could safely draw the boundary of the settled Empire from the Forth to the Clyde. But within forty years the most energetic and warlike of emperors has to bring the boundary southward to the Tyne and the Solway, and there to prepare against attacks from the north by a line of works of memorable strength.

How such a work as the great wall was manned and held, naturally calls for such explanation as can be given. The wars of the Romans during the period of the imperial conquests are those of a power possessed of stupendous resources, and of a resolute will that when the occasion calls extracts them all with remorseless precision down to the last available man. When familiar with the instant concentration and rapid removal to some distant region

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F.S.A. Third edit. 381. The literary history of this book is peculiar. The author sought to unite the resources of general scholarship and of close investigation to the elucidation of a great work of the days that are past. Great as the work was, however, it had become provincial and obscure, and the first effort was a modest plea for the attention of the curious. The world saw, however, that a noble work of men's hands had been well appreciated, and then came encouragement for the book in an expanded form. Now in its third edition it is a stately quarto, amply interpreted and munificently adorned by the artist. The plates realise to a reader many discoveries made since the book first appeared, and prominent among these is the foundation of the great bridge over the Tyne. But the fireside archæologist may not be aware of the full extent of Dr Bruce's services to the cause. When he has filled his mind with expectations and hopes by the wonders displayed in the quarto volume, 'The Wallet Book of the Roman Wall' will lead him infallibly and easily to every one of them. What a blessing it would be to those who desire to spend their leisure in rambling about notable spots in other parts of the world, could they find such a "guide, philosopher, and friend"—such a delightful substitute for that combination of ignorance, arrogance, vulgarity, obsequiousness, and general power of tormenting, which is provided for the traveller in the person of the commissioner or local guide!

of an overwhelming force thoroughly organised and fully equipped, we are prepared not to be too sceptical about the size of the army they could pour into distant and barren Caledonia. Subjugation was a principle, a creed—it might be aptly enough called a fanaticism—running through the whole system, from the Imperator to the legionary; and it required no legitimate ground of quarrel, nor even a dishonest hankering after a rich and valuable province to give it inspiration. It was not that the spirit of conquest was fed by disinterested sacrifices from central Rome. The wealth of the provinces was remorselessly extracted to maintain the military establishment; and if Caledonia were, on the whole, an unprofitable field, its deficiencies would be more than compensated from the fertile provinces round the Mediterranean. From the tenor of the Roman accounts, the more worthless territories of Northern Germany and Caledonia were the more costly in troops. We have nothing but the vague enumerations of those writers, and the questionable calculations from the remains of military works, to tell us the numbers, from time to time, in the service of the Empire in North Britain. The movable force would fluctuate with the condition of the provinces. But the destiny of fortresses always to fall to the stronger party in a contest must have required permanent garrisons in the strongholds, and especially in the strongest of all, the great wall. Unless it was so garrisoned as to render capture hopeless, the command of the district might be reversed any day. It need not, therefore, cause either scepticism or astonishment that the historian of the wall should estimate its necessary garrison at from ten to fifteen thousand men.[1] We know more distinctly the composition of the garrison, and it is significant of Roman policy. It consisted of auxiliaries drafted from the distant provinces—Batavians, Spaniards, Dacians, Moors, and Syrians; and "while these auxiliary troops were exposed to the first assault of the foe, the sixth legion, composed, it is thought, chiefly of native Italians, reposed in comparative security at York."[2]

[1] Bruce, 72. [2] Ibid., 70.

The force told off for garrisoning the wall was so important as to occupy, like the official staff of a province, a department in a Roman document which might be called a Return of the civil and military establishments of the Empire; and of the local distribution of the several parts of each.[1] We have here six prefectures, with sixteen military prætors. There still remain some vestiges reminding us of the state of affluence in which the Empire would naturally support so important an establishment. The mouldings and decorations on the fragments of buildings tell us that they were raised for show as well as use. Many pieces of costly statuary and stone have been found, with jewellery, fine Roman pottery, and other tokens of luxurious wealth. One fragment of a richly-fluted pillar reveals such skilful and costly work as we should expect to find only on a palace or some eminent public building at the present time.[2] The extent of the foundations of the garrison buildings speaks of numbers assembled within their shelter, and the pavements of the well-fortified gates of the stations may be seen worn by the traffic of busy feet.

We are not to suppose that the wall, like a private enclosure, merely kept those within it free from hostile intrusion by their immediate neighbours on the north side. It was a fortress spreading security beyond its bounds. Among other incidental testimonies to this, there are the remains of a circus on its northern side. But to preserve this security and strengthen the wall itself, there were several garrisons of support. The greatest and strongest of these appears to have been Bremenium, identified as High Rochester, about eight miles south of the Border. It has been but recently revealed by the uncovering of its buried remains. Among these are a group of buildings showing in their ruins the substantial structure and careful finish of the Roman workmen. There are elaborate arrangements for drainage, ventilation, and heating, and the arts are represented in statuary and

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[1] Notitia Imperii (see the British portion in Monumenta Historica Britannica, xxiv.) Item per Lineam valli.

[2] Bruce, 212.

decorations. The whole testimony to ancient power, comfort, and high civilisation makes a contrast of an unusual kind with the desolate wold around.[1]

After the events related by Tacitus, the next point where the history of the Empire touches Scotland affords a fugitive and tantalising glance at military operations, probably much greater than even those of Agricola. Just one of the historians of the period, known as Julius Capitolinus, mentions that the Emperor Antoninus Pius conquered Britain through his lieutenant, Lollius Urbicus, and built a second wall to keep the barbarians back; and this is said in a clause of a rounded sentence which includes his subjugation of the Moors, the Germans, the Dacians, the rebellious Jews, and a group of other nations unnamed. The diligence of antiquaries has brought forward many testimonies to the activity of this emperor's officers in Scotland, and one inscription found near the northern wall mentions the name of Lollius Urbicus; thus the stone found in a field in Scotland tells us that the name has not been mistaken by the Roman annalist, or misread by his editor, but tells us nothing more about the conqueror of Britain.[2]

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[1] See the account of the excavations at High Rochester, by the Duke of Northumberland.—Bruce, 316.

[2] Nothing is known of Julius Capitolinus except that he was the author of several of the memoirs published in the small collection called the 'Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores,' a book full of curious and significant details, which commend themselves to belief by their own internal evidence, though we know little or nothing either of the writers themselves, or of their sources of information. The passage above referred to, taken from the fifth section of his Life of Antoninus Pius, is as follows:—

"Per legatos suos plurima bella gessit; nam et Britannos per Lollium Urbicum Legatum vicit; alio muro cespititio submotis Barbaris ducto; et Mauros ad pacem postulandam coegit; et Germanos et Dacos et multos gentes, atque Judæos rebellantes contudit per præsides ac legatos."

Its importance as an item of historical evidence renders it proper to look minutely to the authenticity of the inscription in which the name of Lollius Urbicus occurs. It is on a small broken slab among the altars and other memorials of the wall of Antonine, preserved in the University of Glasgow. Gordon says of it:—

"There is another inscription in this University which is not of a

The meagreness of all ancient record of the achievements of Lollius Urbicus is worthy of emphatic mention and recollection, because his name has passed into the ordinary abridged histories, where his "campaign in the north" is referred to as if it were one of the great known events to be found in full detail in the usual sources of the history of the period. Regarding him, however, these will be found utterly dumb.[1]

The emperor's own share in the glory of the conquests of the reign of Antonine is recorded in the tawdry eloquence of the panegyrists. A more solid memorial to his name is preserved in the many inscriptions found near the rampart built by his army across Scotland. The date most prominently connected with the structure is 139. It is called a cespititious wall—that is, made of the material to be found readiest at hand, whether turf or stone, and not systematically built of brick or wrought stone.[2] Its profile

large size, being only 1 foot 8 inches long, and 1 foot broad, and not at all ornamented; yet it is the most invaluable jewel of antiquity that ever was found in the island of Britain since the time of the Romans, having this inscription, P. LEG. II A. Q. LOL. VR. LEG. AVG. PR. PR, which is unanimously read thus—Posuit Legio secunda Augusta Quinto Lollio Urbico Legato Augusti Proprætori—that is, that the second legion Augusta set up this stone in honour of Quintus Lollius Urbicus, the Legate and Proprætor of the Emperor."—Itiner., p. 63. Interpretations of contracted inscriptions are generally open to dispute, and this has not gone unquestioned (see Horsley, Britannia, p. 198), but it is sufficient to establish a reference to the legate mentioned by the annalist. It is given in No. 37 of the inscriptions in the Monumenta Historica.

It may be mentioned that the Augustan annalist Lampridius refers to a history written by a Lollius Urbicus, not now known to exist. It is a history of his own time; and from the way in which it is referred to, it would seem to be written by one who lived at the same time as the legate of Antonine, whether the legate and the historian were the same or not.

[1] He must not be confounded with the Lollius who, in the age of Augustus, was defeated by the Germans.

[2] There is, in the material of this wall, an instructive instance of the room found for wide critical induction and disputation in the minute morsels of reference to our country by Roman authors. Did Capitolinus mean another turf wall, or did he mean another wall, the peculiar character of which was that it was turf-built or cespititious? There is here much in the power of the printer unless the correction

is a rampart and a ditch, and it had been well fortified at intervals. Commencing a little way west of Blackness on the Forth, it runs across the island to West Kilpatrick on the Clyde, being at either end close to navigable waters, open to easy communication with shipping. It seems to occupy the same line that the military eye of Agricola caught as the most available for cutting off communication, by keeping the barbarians of the north, as it were, in another island. It became long afterwards the natural line of contest when the north and the south were divided. Many critical battles were fought close to it, and it became proverbial as a check on the inroads of the northern people, by the old expression, "The Forth bridles the wild Highlandman." More cheerful tokens have marked the importance of its topographical character. The two chief towns of Scotland have arisen at either end of it, and a canal uniting the two seas crosses it, side by side with the first great trunk line of railway laid down in Scotland. Such was the line of defence taken up a second time by a body of Roman invaders.

A paved military way followed the line of the wall. The works have suffered much recent obliteration, but in the latter end of last century they existed in sufficiency to enable the Engineer officer, General Roy, to lay down the plans of ten forts more or less entire.[1] He gives it as his opinion, and the result of his minute survey, that there had originally been nine other forts. Looking on them with a military eye, he admired the skill with which the existing forts, without being separated from the wall,

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is made by an observant partisan. With no punctuation to the clause "alio muro suspeticio subjectis barbaris ducto," we may take either side: a comma after suspeticio gives us the former, but another comma before it reverses the meaning. What depends on all this is the question whether the great stone wall then existed. If a second turf wall was built, the position taken is, that only the vallum or mound of the southern wall existed in the days of Antonine.

[1] They will be found in a long folding-plate in his great work, along with a general plan of the wall. The names of the forts, passing from east to west, are Rough Castle, Castlecary, Westerwood Fort, Barhill Fort, Achindavy Fort, the Peel of Kirkintilloch, Bemulie Fort, New Kirkpatrick Fort, Castlehill Fort, and Duntocher Fort.

found sites affording an ample survey of the neighbouring country, especially towards the north, whence the enemy might be expected. He noticed, too, that the Roman engineers had contrived, "as often as circumstances would permit, that a river, morass, or some difficult ground, by way of obstruction and additional security, should extend at some little distance beyond their front." "Another principle," he tells us, "which the Romans have observed with regard to the situation of their forts, and which is perfectly consonant to the modern practice, is that of placing them at the passage of such rivers as crossed the general chain of communication. Thus a fort seems certainly to have stood at Inner Avon, though now washed away by that river, which is one of the most considerable that cuts the wall. A brook passes by Rough Castle, and another by the station at Castlecary. The Peel of Kirkintilloch commands the passage of the Luggie and its junction with the Kelvin. The passage of this last river is defended by the Fort of Bemulie; and Duntocher Fort has secured the communication across the small river of that name."[1]

A work like this seems to have been an object of pride to those concerned in it, from the emperor, under whose auspices it was undertaken, down to the humblest auxiliary who handled a spade. It is fortunate for historical precision that the practice of recording such works by inscriptions was then in full fashion. Inscriptions, from time to time found near the wall, account by items for the greater part of the work. It is important to look into these items, not for any interest we can now have in the legion which completed any specified portion of the work, or the centurion who helped in planning it, but because the close fitting of these minute particulars gives us a warrant for fixing the various broader conditions under which the boundaries of the Empire were, with a view to permanence, established so far within the territory of existing Scotland. We learn that three legions, each holding celebrity in its day, were engaged in the work,—the

[1] Military Antiquities, p. 154.

second, named "Augusta;" the sixth, "Victrix;" and the twentieth, "Valens Victrix." A separate inscription tells that the first cohort of the Gugernians, or allies from the Lower Rhine, now the neighbourhood of Cleves, executed 3000 paces. The first cohort of their neighbours, the Tungrians, did a portion, not quite so clearly ascertained. The items specifically accounted for make a total of 34,467 paces; in round numbers, thirty-four Roman miles, or about four-fifths of the total length.[1] The legion Augusta made more than 11,000 paces. It seems to have been entirely devoted to the work, and is supposed to have been on a reduced establishment. Of each of the other two legions a detachment only was employed; hence it may be inferred that the chief body was otherwise engaged. Of the length of time occupied in this work we have no means of judging.

After the brief notice of Lollius Urbicus, none of the contemporary historians say a word that can apply to Romans in Scotland for forty years. In the reign of Commodus, and the year 181, the same when Christianity is supposed to have taken its first hold on South Britain, there was a great outbreak in the north. The barbarians broke through the rampart separating them from the Romans, killed a Roman commander, whose rank is not particularised, with his followers, and committed other mischief. We have no means of determining which of the walls was carried on this occasion, and it has, indeed, been thought that the terms used might rather apply to the garrison of a Roman station than to either of them.[2] The brief narrative of the event has come to us in conditions signally unsuited to afford conclusions from minute verbal criticism, since it is only preserved in an abridgment of a now lost history, made when it was eight hundred years old. From the same

[1] Compare the survey in Horsley's Britannia with the revisal of it by Roy, Mil. Ant., 165. Roy brought 29,815 paces, and to these 4652 have been added by the recently-discovered inscription noted further on.

[2] The rampart they got over is described as τὸ τεῖχος το διοριζον αυτους τε καὶ τὰ των Ῥωμαιων στρατοπεδα.—Ex Xiphilino. Mon., lix.

source we may learn that the troubles in the north were suppressed by a certain Marcellus Ulpius—not to be confounded with the eminent jurist of that name—who is rather broadly and coarsely drawn as one of those ascetic and rigid leaders who allow little rest or enjoyment either to themselves or others. The feature in his conduct most fully dwelt on is, that he got all his bread from Italy; and lest this should savour of a fastidious, if not a luxurious table, it is explained that his object was that the staleness of the food might prevent him from over-eating himself.

In these exceedingly fragmentary and imperfect glimpses of the efforts of the Romans in the north, it is necessary to bring in the narrator as part of the story, to give it anything like a distinct character.[1] The outbreak just mentioned, and some incidents to be presently referred to, were first related by Dion Cassius, who was born at Nice, and died some eighty years old at the conclusion of the

[1] If this, and much that precedes and follows it, be held to be inconsistent with history, as a succinct narrative confined to the country of which it is the history, the only excuse to be pleaded for it is that of poverty. The practice has parallels in other branches of literature. As history condenses the results of archæological research into a distinct narrative, so a writer on physical geography condenses the facts of various topographers and scientific investigators into a system. When dealing with districts fully examined and often traversed, he will not break in upon the systematic arrangement of his ample materials, by dilating on the adventures and character of the many persons who have collected them. But when he comes to the scanty notices provided by some adventurous explorer of a district full of wonders, the man who provides it becomes part of the material —the question of his opportunities, his sagacity in perceiving, and his fairness in narrating, along with many others, comes into the process of estimating the character of the phenomena he announces. So in an account of the state of any science, it will be away from the purpose to notice all the eminent men who have concurred in making that science; but should there be an announcement that some unexpected discovery has been made by one man, his character, his capacity, and the way in which he has set about his discoveries, will be a natural feature in the rendering of them.

The author pleads, moreover, for some toleration of discursiveness in these earlier chapters, since the materials whence they are extracted, however interesting and exciting to the initiated, are, he suspects, condemned by the rest of the world as about the most dreary and unreadable matter in all literature.

third century. He held many offices, and reached the consular dignity. After having written some pieces of contemporary history, he began the ambitious project of a history of Rome from the Siege of Troy down to the year 229, when he retired from public life, to spend his remaining years in his native Nice. The work was distributed over eighty books. Only a small portion of these now remains. It happened that an ecclesiastic of the Eastern Empire, of the eleventh century, undertook the task of abridging the eighty books. All that is known of him is, that his name was Xiphilinos, and that he was the nephew of a patriarch of Constantinople of the same name. Those who profess to have critically examined his abridgment in parts that can still be compared with the original, report him as a faithful drudge, whose work is to be depended on, unless where he happens to mistake his author's meaning. It is in this condensed shape that we have the part of the work most valuable in this country—Dion's Contemporary Notices of the Wars in Britain.

Dion had a mind saturated with credulity and superstition. This is at once visible in the avidity with which he luxuriates on the portents and auguries that are referred to by his contemporaries with decorous gravity as if in a sceptical homage to the accepted belief of their social circle. Supernatural meteors appear in the air, strange beasts walk the earth, statues are cast down by no hand of man, the names of emperors are struck by lightning out of inscriptions,—such are the portents occurring at every turn before some event of his eventful period. It is proper to note this, as the spirit of the narrator was likely to tinge even the brief story he has to tell of our remote country.

Such is the authority on which we must take our knowledge of an invasion of Caledonia by the Emperor Severus, in the beginning of the third century. We have first a description of the country and the people. Two tribes are of chief mark among the Britons, the Mæatians and the Caledonians; if there have been others, their names have become subsidiary to this great division. It is not

meant that the Mæatians filled all Britain southward of Caledonia; on the contrary, we are told that they only occupy the country near the wall. The Southern Britons were, it must be supposed, so thoroughly Romanised that they would not be called tribes. The Mæatians as a tribe were under Roman dominion, and it has been conjectured, on tolerably good grounds, that they were the inhabitants of the territory between the two walls.

Of the Caledonians living beyond the northern wall we have something like the usual rhetorical account of a people tameless and warlike, inhabiting a country congenial to their nature in its ruggedness. Where it is not marshy it is mountainous, and the mountains are censured as unwatered—a character wide of the truth. The inhabitants have no towns or houses, but live in tents. They go naked, and can stand a wondrous amount of hardship and fatigue; and as a special manifestation of these powers, they get credit for hiding in the marshes many days together, so buried in the mire that their heads only are visible. They have no cultivation, but live by pasturage, the chase, and the wild produce of the earth. It is a peculiarity in their feeding that they eat none of the fish at hand in inexhaustible abundance. They fight with chariots drawn by short fleet horses. When on foot they are rapid runners, and desperate fighters if taken at bay. Their arms are a shield and a short spear with a hollow ball or rattle at the end, which they shake to frighten their enemies. Another contemporary annalist, Herodian, gives an account of them corresponding to this in its formidable outlines; and he adds the specialty that their bodies are painted, and that they are chary of donning any clothes that would conceal the pictures on their skin, or of doing anything that would efface them.

The events immediately preceding the invasion by Severus, show how important a province Britain had become. Albinus was aiming at the Cæsarship. He was too powerful in his distant command to be openly put down, and Severus professed to make overtures to take him into partnership as joint emperor. Albinus, however, had his reasons for distrusting the proposal; and, resolved

to strike a blow for himself, he crossed the Channel with his troops. Between him and the emperor a great battle was fought near Lyons. It was a protracted contest, and a considerable body of Britons in the army of Albinus got the credit of its stubborn resistance. It was at last, however, defeated, and the Emperor Severus had his hands free for foreign conquest. He sent over Lupus to take the command in Britain; but that officer, bribing instead of beating the Mæatians into conformity, appears to have been far from giving satisfaction to his ambitious master, who resolved to go to Britain himself with an overwhelming force, determined to annex the whole island.

His health was wretched, and the announcement of the auguries was, that he would never return from his expedition; but he was not to be shaken, and he marched northwards in the year 208, leaving his son in command of the troops in the Romanised south of Britain, while he fought in the north. The two authorities are nearly alike in saying, that in forcing his way through Caledonia his army encountered incredible hardships, and was sorely harassed by the people, who fought from ambushes and cut off detached parties. Woods had to be cut down and streams to be bridged, roads to be made and hills levelled. Making his progress thus with slow determination, he came almost to the extreme end of the island, where he must have remained for some time, since he noted the great difference between the length of the day in summer and in winter. This representative of the patient determination of character which carried Rome over the world, was so infirm that he was borne on a litter; and it is recorded that, although he never had an opportunity of fighting a battle, he lost fifty thousand men in the expedition. He secured to himself the rank of Britannicus, and the coinage represented him laurel-crowned, with the winged figures of Fame exulting over the representation of two captive Britons. The auguries were, however, to come true; he died at York. His ashes were taken back to Rome, and his sons, who were supposed to have hastened his death, commemorated him in a very pompous symbolic funeral ceremony. The wall between the Tyne

and the Solway has got the name of the Wall of Severus. It is not mentioned by the chief authorities about his actions, but elsewhere it is casually said that he built a rampart across the island. It is only in the compilations of later writers directly asserted that he raised the great wall. The reasons for attributing this work to Hadrian have been already noted. We can believe that it would not have suited the ambitious projects of Severus to draw the boundaries of the Empire so far back.

The notices of the northern part of the island by contemporary Greek and Roman writers become henceforth scanty. What we have of them, seconded by the remains found in Scotland, leaves the impression that the actual bounds of the Empire were for some time the northern wall, and that no serious attempt was made to annex the Caledonian territory beyond it. It is stated in the monastic compilation attributed to Nennius, that in the year 293, Carausius refortified the northern rampart through Scotland; but none of the contemporary annalists seem to attest this statement.[1] The history of this same Carausius shows the importance acquired towards the end of the third century by Britain as a province of the Empire. He was admiral of the fleet of galleys sent for the protection of Gaul, apparently from the northern sea-rovers, who had even then become troublesome. He took his marine force into his own hands, concentrating it round him on the coast of Britain, and setting up there as Cæsar. He held independent rule for about eight years, when Allectus killed him, and became his successor as emperor within Britain. Two years afterwards, Constantius Chlorus, representing the central government, recovered the province of Britain to the Empire. The Roman world was then undergoing the great disunion which gave to subsequent history the Empire of the East and the Empire of the West. The latter fell to Constantius, who kept the

[1] The series of extracts in the Monumenta Historiæ Britannicæ enables one to draw such general conclusions more decisively than he otherwise could, by giving the passages in which Britain is referred to side by side. It is difficult to estimate the full value of this volume for historical purposes.

seat of his government mainly in Britain. He had the reputation of strictly maintaining authority within the fully annexed territories; while Eumenius, the panegyrist, tells us in his inflated periods, that the emperor disdained to admit the forests and marshes of the Caledonians and other Picti within the boundaries of the Empire. A convenient form of speech was then coming into use. It spoke of the whole world as the inheritance of the Empire. There were portions of territory, however, not admitted to the privileges of imperial rule; there were others, again, so remote and savage that it was not etiquette for the imperial authorities to know anything about their geographical conditions, or the people who lived in them.

About this period scraps from the ecclesiastical historians, or the works of the fathers of the Christian Church, meet those dropped from the later of the heathen classic writers. The great event of the imperial adoption of Christianity by Constantine bears date in 313. He is spoken of as a conqueror of Britain, but this must refer to the acceptance there of his claims to the purple, and of the policy which he pursued. The troops stationed in Britain were the earliest to back his claims; and when the ecclesiastical historians record the triumphs achieved by Christianity under his rule, they repeatedly mention Britain as specially distinguished by a speedy adoption of the truth. That record of the early councils of the Church which has got currency as the most authentic, states that in the Synod of Arles, which sat in 314, there were present the Bishops of London and York, with certain British clerks.[1] Representatives from Britain are also recorded as present at the Council of Sardica, in 347.[2] These are but vague and unsatisfactory hints, but there is little more to be got. Of all the annalists of a later date who go back to the period of Roman Britain, Bede is the most to be depended upon, and by him we are in few words told that Ninian was the apostle of the south of Scotland, and that he built a church for himself on the promontory of Whithorn in Galloway, the remains of which might be seen when

[1] Labbæi, Conc. ap. Monum. Hist., xcix. [2] Ibid., xcv.

Bede wrote, some two hundred and fifty years afterwards. He takes note that it was called Candida Casa, or the White House, because it was built of stone, a material which we shall find was not in common use until long afterwards, even for ecclesiastical edifices. On other authorities Ninian is said to have been by birth a Briton, and to have been ordained to his mission just at the close of the fourth century.[1]

In every effort to get at the facts through such sources as these, there is a rather unequal struggle with the powerful and compact literary organisation to carry back into remote times the evidence that the Bishop of Rome exercised supreme authority over all the Christian Church. It would have gone far to clear up difficulties, had testimonies to the presence of Christianity been found among the statuary or inscriptions belonging to the Roman period, as conclusive as those extremely curious relics which speak to the homage offered by the legionaries to the deities or entities worshipped by the people of the country. But works which are both classical and Christian are not abundant anywhere, and their absence in Britain would have no weight against good affirmative evidence.[2]

Meanwhile the tide of conflict in Roman Britain had entirely changed. It was no longer the conquerors keeping in subjection the districts they had annexed, and striving for others, but a thoroughly Romanised province, with dangerous neighbours among the wild tribes around it left unsubdued. South Britain was a Roman province longer than the Britain of our own day has been a Protestant country, and the character of the people must have been thoroughly moulded by so protracted a political influence. Through the mists which conceal from us the details of events, we can yet see the large fact that the Romanised Britons were a debased and feeble people. Races moulded by the influence of others generally are so. The system of the Empire was to place absolute trust in its wonderfully

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[1] Mon. Hist., p. 176.

[2] See this discussed by Mr Wright in 'The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon,' chap. ix.

trained and organised military force. In this there were courage, frugality, and hardy training. Elsewhere the Epicurean principle prevailed, and the duty of life was to enjoy as much animal luxury as the human frame could absorb. The British seem to have provided valuable troops, though their fellow-countrymen were enervated and defenceless. The province of Britain supplied soldiers above the average proportion of its population, if we may judge from the frequency of their use. They were, however, entirely at the command of the Empire, or of any of those adventurers, named Tyrants or otherwise, who held power for the time being. There was no military organisation for local self-defence. Embodied legions, as the provincial soldiers came at last to be, they were marched to the place where they were most needed; and far away there were contests more vital to the Empire than any that could disturb this distant island. So difficult was it for them to return, that the fact has found its way into history—though only on the authority of the later annalists—that a large body of them settled in Gaul, where they founded the province now known as Bretagne.

The later history, therefore, of the Romanised Britons, is a series of petitions and wailings for help, to which the Empire occasionally responds by a sordid supply of legionary forces.

In the midst of so wide a field of contest as the overthrow of the mighty Empire, the historians of the day could afford little attention for the special disturbances of a distant province. We have thus hardly any account of the details of the scuffle in so remote a corner, but that of the monkish annalists of a subsequent age. The earlier and more truthful of these give us merely an indistinct view of the independent tribes of Britain assailing the province from within, while the coasts were swept by the pirate seamen of the north. Yielding, however, by degrees to the craving of their auditors for distinct narratives of valour and endurance, the annalists, as the lapse of time was making the affair ever more obscure and indistinct, were peopling the haze with real persons, who at last come forth in extreme prominence and distinctness. So we have the

narratives to be afterwards dealt with, in which such persons as Arthur and Vortigern on the one side, are pitted against Hengist and Horsa on the other. There is just one contemporary writer who gives a name to the enemies with whom the Romanised Britons had to contend. This is Ammianus Marcellinus. He was a practical man, both as a statesman and a soldier; and his History contains internal evidence that he was in public life from the middle to very near the end of the fourth century. He tells us how the Emperor Julian, who had just acceded to the purple, being in Paris in the winter of 360, and perplexed by an accumulation of anxieties, heard, among other sinister rumours, that a host of the savage tribes of the Scots and Picts had wasted the portion of the province nearest to their own frontiers, and spread terror through other districts, already wearied by previous contests. It was determined to send over a special force for the protection of the province, to be generalled by Lupicinius, described as a good and experienced soldier, but otherwise as a supercilious coxcomb, frantic about theatricals, and renowned for his greed and credulity. He sailed from Boulogne, and, landing on the coast of Kent, marched to London.[1] But it was among the perplexities of the imperial government that any servant sent with a sufficient force to conquer such invaders would use it for his own purposes, and set up an independent empire. It seems to have been in jealousy lest he should imitate the projects of Carausius and several others, that Lupicinius was recalled before he had accomplished anything of moment.

Four years afterwards, the same author has to tell us, with emphatic brevity, that the Picts and Saxons, the Scots and the Attacots, vexed the Britons with continued harassings. Again coming across the topic—on which he promises to enlarge in a part of his History which has not been preserved—he notes in passing that the Picts were divided into two nations—the Dicaledons and Vecturions; also that the Attacotti, a warlike people, and the Scots,

[1] Am. Mar., xx. chap. i

great wanderers, devastated the world.[1] From his frequent reference to the Saxons in the context, it is clear that Ammianus does not bring in their name vaguely, and in any supposition that they, like the others in his list, inhabited any of the unannexed districts of the British Isles. The word was used to mean people from the continent of Europe, belonging to those northern Teutonic races by which England and Lowland Scotland came to be peopled. As we shall afterwards see, they had begun that system of forcible settlement by which they gradually filled the country. It would appear as if Carausius, Allectus, and others, who, in the service of the Empire, set up independent rule in England, cultivated the wild strangers who flocked into the province, as men whose warlike prowess might be made available for their purposes. We hear of them, on the defeat of Allectus, endeavouring to sack London.

They thus knew their way to a desirable scene of plunder. London was now a long-established, affluent city; and there, at the time referred to by Ammianus, we find the mixed hordes, named, perhaps without exact discrimination, as Picts, Scots, and Saxons, with their hands full. They had slain two distinguished Roman officers, and done many other flagrant deeds of violence, when it was resolved to take strong steps for the security of the province. Theodosius, called the Elder—the father of the Emperor Theodosius—was sent over to Britain at the head of a large force. He fell on the marauders in London, where they had not only piled up a heap of movable booty for removal to their own wilds, but had taken captive many of the Romanised Britons, whom they would have taken with them as slaves had not succour arrived. Theodosius fought battle after battle, until he had driven the marauders out of the Roman province, and then began, as we are told, to rebuild the cities and forts which had been

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[1] "Picti Saxonesque et Scoti et Attacotti, Britannos ærumnis vexavere continuis" (xxvi. 4). "Illud tamen sufficiet dici, quod eo tempore, Picti in duas gentes divisi, Dicalidonas et Vecturiones, itidemque Attacotti, bellicosa hominum natio, et Scotti per diversa vagantes, multa populabuntur" (xxvii. 8).

destroyed, or had decayed. He concluded his expedition by restoring the province named Valentia, in honour of the Emperor Valens.[1]

If Valentia was, as it is supposed to have been, the district between the northern and the southern wall, the Roman Empire in Britain was then restored to its old boundary of the Forth and the Clyde. The restoration, we may be sure, was a very brief one. We hear no more of the province from the old historians, who keep up, in a monotonous repetition of the same general terms, the story of the ceaseless sufferings of the Roman Britons from their fierce neighbours. Yet there were at that time events in Britain which, in an age of less universal stir, might have been worthy of history. Then it was that another adventurer, Maximus, acquired by his local influence so much power that he carried a large army from Britain to Italy, and all but succeeded in making himself Cæsar. This removal of the army left the province more helpless than ever; and, in deference to the wailing supplication carried by British ambassadors or messengers to the imperial throne, the great Stilicho sent one legion to help them. This manifestly insufficient force must have increased, since the army was again strong enough to make local emperors, and successively set up Marcus, Gratian, and Constantine. This last is said to have been a man of humble condition, but to have been selected because he bore the name of the Great Constantine. However it was done, he made for himself a solid local power; and had his ambition been moderate, he might have changed the face of history by founding a separate British monarchy. He grasped at universal empire, however, and, like the others, took his troops across the Channel for foreign conquest, leaving the province again undefended. This occurred about the year 407. Thenceforward the Imperial Government had little to do with any part of Britain, and nothing with Scotland; and it was in 410 that Honorius wrote his celebrated letter to the cities of Britain, telling them that in future they must look to themselves for protection.

[1] Ibid., xxviii. ch. 2 and 3.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROMAN PERIOD.

(*Continued.*)

VESTIGES OF THE EMPIRE: POPULAR RESPECT FOR THEM—RELICS OF ART AND REFINEMENT—RELICS OF DOMESTIC LUXURY—ARTHUR'S OON—A ROMAN TOWN IN SCOTLAND—MONEY—ROMAN TOPOGRAPHY—THE SPURIOUS RICHARD OF CIRENCESTER—ROMAN WARFARE—THE STRUGGLE WITH THE NATIVES—NATURE OF ROMAN ANNEXATION—QUESTION AS TO VESTIGES OF CHRISTIANITY—LEGENDS—ST PATRICK—ROMAN CAMPS: THEIR ABUNDANCE IN SCOTLAND—INFERENCES FROM THE ABUNDANCE—ROMAN ENCAMPING—ROMAN ROADS.

SINCE the written annals of the sojourn of the Romans in Scotland are so brief and fragmentary, let us try what testimony of their actions and social condition may be afforded by any remains of their labours and possessions unconsciously left by them. Though these vestiges are scanty in comparison with the rich collections made nearer to the seat of empire, they have been pretty carefully treasured. With one flagrant exception, the people of Scotland, high and low, have treated the known relics of the Empire with a kind of reverential enthusiasm. Every peasant knows "the Roman camp" or "the Roman road" that distinguishes his district. Some relics more easily destructible have been preserved for a length of time, which would make them antiquities from the period of their discovery.[1]

[1] The excavation, for instance, of the remains of some Roman houses near Musselburgh in Queen Mary's reign, made a sensation even in the midst of the wild events of that short reign. In the Treasury ac-

There was nothing in the shadowy history of the Roman occupation to convey such recollections of defeat or oppression as might excite national indignation or humiliation. All was far distant from the living or traditional grievances and hostilities of the people, who, indeed, held themselves to be a different race from those over whom the strangers held rule. It was in some measure through a cultivated interest in the progress of the mighty Empire that these relics were venerated, but a good deal was also due to their excellence as works of art. It was natural, perhaps, that a progressive people should have an enthusiastic admiration for these testimonies to a civilisation much higher than their own. It must have been in some respects a mortifying homage, yet infinitely more dignified and hopeful for the future, than the stolid barbarism that in other races doomed the relics of departed art to demolition or degrading use.

One curious form taken by this appreciation of old art is in the use of intaglios to make up ecclesiastical seals. We see from the impressions that into the matrix of the seal some gem of this sort has been inserted. It is utterly incongruous with the florid Gothic of the work by which it is surrounded; yet the artist of the seal recognised in it something far transcending the skill of his own hand, and put it to the most dignified use at his disposal.

Articles of this sort, small and precious, easily shift from place to place. A travelling or foreign clergyman may have brought from France or Italy any of the gems which have decorated the ecclesiastical seals, and we are not of necessity to infer that these were among the trinkets in the possession of occupants of Roman Scotland.[1] Several

counts for the year 1565, there is an entry of the payment to a special messenger, "direct to the Baillies of Musselburgh, charging thame to tak diligent heid and attendance, that the monument of grit antiquitie now founden be not demolisit nor broken doun." The matter was so much talked of that Randolph, the English ambassador, in the midst of the grave events he had then continually to announce, mentions this discovery in a letter to Cecil, and as an affair of public moment in Edinburgh.

[1] One of the most remarkable instances of travelled valuables is the quantity of Chinese seals found in Ireland. For a full account of them

pieces of sculpture, altars, and inscriptions undoubtedly found in Scotland were preserved as architectural ornaments in buildings, sometimes of the humblest order. There they have been discovered by the several archæologists who have made it their business to search for the relics of the Roman sojourn in Scotland.[1] Until very recently a stranger sauntering down the High Street of Edinburgh might have observed with curiosity, built into the face of one of the old houses there, two heads, male and female, sculptured in medallion of rather high relief. They are very fine works of art, and they have an air that at once stamps them as classical, without leaving ground for doubt.[2]

It is from such testimonies of high art, and also from the appliances of luxury found among the Roman relics, that we can in some measure infer the rank of civilised refinement reached by Roman Scotland. Very few other specimens reach nearly the level of these sculptured heads.

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and their finding, see 'Notices of Chinese Seals found in Ireland, by Edmond Getty, M.R.I.A.' Dublin, 1850: 4to.

[1] Buchanan and the older historians mention the more remarkable of the Roman remains extant in their day. Camden gave a more special account of them. A book, very attractive to antiquaries, as the journal of a continuous search after Roman remains, is the Itinerarium Septentrionale, by Alexander Gordon. This is the identical lank folio which occupied the attention of Scott's Antiquary, and opened that acquaintance with the stranger Lovel which was to lead to so many results. The ground has been gone over more or less by Pennant, Roy, and Chalmers. A popular digest of this branch of Scottish topography will be found in 'Caledonia Romana: a Descriptive Account of the Roman Antiquities in Scotland, by the late Robert Stuart,' 1852: 4to.

[2] In the old house which they ornamented there stood between them a Gothic inscription, and the whole produced the impression as if the heads and the inscription had been together preserved from among the stones of some ruined ecclesiastical edifice. If this be so, the classic heathen sculpture with which the Gothic architect decorated his building had been piously preserved, when all that symbolised the Christian rites for which the building was raised had been lost or destroyed. These heads were first revealed by Gordon, who gave a faithful engraving of them, saying, "They are attired in Roman habits, and are indisputably works of that nation" (Itin. Sept., 186). This opinion is supported by Maitland (Hist. Edin., 170), Laing (Archæologia Scotica, iii. 287), and Wilson (Prehistoric Annals, ii. 48). The heads are now in the Museum of the Antiquaries' Society in Edinburgh.

There is, however, in the Hunterian Museum of Glasgow, a bronze flagon of the pure egg-shape, with the inward-curved neck. It has a handle covered with symbolic sculpture, representing Mercury in one compartment and Minerva in another, in work which harmonises with the beautiful form of the vessel. It is clear that the owner of such a household article must have lived wealthily, and among people who valued high art.[1]

Several fragments of earthenware have been picked up. In themselves they are mere potsherds of the most worthless aspect, yet, on close examination, they have been treasured for symmetry of form or beauty of decoration as precious relics of Roman art. Two pieces of whitish matter, hollowed out, were found near the northern wall. When cleaned and put together it was found that the one made the base, the other the cup, of a tazza cut in white alabaster. It is too much corroded to let us see how its surface may have been decorated, but its form is fine, and it is above the average size of such ornaments in the present day. The stone it is cut out of could not have been found in Britain, or probably nearer than Italy.[2]

The pieces of Roman sculpture found in Scotland between the walls number from thirty to forty. They are of various merits in art, but the greater part of them are more ambitious than successful, and have the aspect which one might expect to find in the efforts of colonists to possess something as like as may be to the amenities left behind in the mother country. Altars and votive slabs abound, with inscriptions of many kinds, among which, as in the brighter countries of the Roman dominion, one may occasionally find a few tender words commemorating sorrow for the departed, engraved on a monumental stone.[3]

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[1] The discovery of this antiquity is an archæological romance. In the parish of Lesmahago, in Lanarkshire, the natives were familiar with a convenient round stepping-stone which helped them to cross a burn. A curious phenomenon occurred—the stone became indented, and, on examination, presented the appearance of a hollow piece of oval metal. It was taken up, and found to be what is above described.

[2] It is among the Roman relics in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.

[3] It is stated by Hector Boece that Edward I. destroyed as many Roman monuments in Scotland as he could lay his hands on. This

Two elaborate and nearly complete pieces of Roman sculpture have an interesting connection with each other, though they were found apart and at different periods. They both commemorate the services of the second legion in the raising of Antonine's wall—the one, the completion of four miles and 666 paces; the other, of four miles and 652 paces. On either side of the inscription each has sculptures of a triumphal character. In one there is the eagle above an amphibious animal called a sea-calf, recognised as the special badge of the second legion.[1] In the other there is a sacrifice. A priest stands at the altar with four figures behind him. In front are a sheep, a pig, and what appears to be an ox. A boy plays on the double whistle; and whoever is familiar with the works of Raphael will have noted his classical precision in bringing the same feature—a boy performing on the *tibiæ sacraficiales*—into the picture of the sacrifice offered to Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. On each of these stones there is an equestrian Roman soldier careering triumphantly over a group of subdued natives. In the one they are bound captive; in the other they are prostrate and wounded—one of them headless. A serviceable-looking sword, with a heavy pommel and guard, lies beside them as one of their weapons. In both groups the figures are naked. But if it should be inferred from this that the British fought unclothed, it may also be inferred that as the whole group is allegorical, so the nakedness may be a personification of barbarism, degradation, and defeat. Both stones show their period by a dedication to Antonine himself.[2]

The great glory of the Roman remains in Scotland was,

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can only be held as an authority for the esteem in which all such relics were held in Hector's day. The Scots were ever prone to the tradition that whatever they themselves most valued as objects of national pride and interest became the prey of the Anglo-Norman invader.

[1] It occurs in a memorial stone of the second legion found near the southern wall, and now in the British Musem: Bruce, 115.

[2] Stuart, Caledonia Romana, 308; Proceedings Ant. Soc. Scot., viii. 109. The stone containing the sacrifice makes the nearest approach to art of any stone sculpture found among Roman relics in Scotland. It is a piece of the freestone of the district. It was found in the year 1868. It is in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in

however, Arthur's Oon, or Arthur's Oven, in Stirlingshire, on the banks of the small river Carron, near the present town of Falkirk.[1] Gordon has fortunately left an exact portrait and description of this lost treasure. It was a perfect dome, with a circular orifice at its apex, built in double courses of finely-hewn stones, laid on each other without mortar. It was small to have been so famous—twenty-one feet high, and twenty-eight in external diameter. Its purpose is not plain. It has been compared to the Pantheon in form; but the different sizes of the buildings carry them out of a common character, and there is no known Roman edifice of the same form approaching Arthur's Oon in dimensions. Perhaps it was a tomb, for the Romans were extravagant and capricious in their memorials to their dead. Through all this dubiety, when we know the history of the spot where it stood, and of the rise of structural skill in Scotland, there can scarcely be a doubt that it was built by the Romans.[2]

That the old chroniclers distinctly say it was so, will add nothing to the strength of this conviction, but they are a testimony to the renown of the building as a national distinction of Scotland. Nennius, who has little else to say about Scotland, identifies it clearly, and says it was built by Carausius when he established an empire in Britain.[3] Hector Boece enlarges on it. He speaks of

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Edinburgh. These monuments impress one as the work of men who, feeling at home, were surrounding themselves with objects of permanent interest.

[1] Diodorus Siculus is supposed to have alluded to Arthur's Oon when he tells us how the Hyperboreans—a people who had the sagacity to take up a comfortable residence at the back of the north wind—have a fine round temple dedicated to the worship of Apollo. Stonehenge, however, on behalf of the Druids, claims more loudly the advantage of this announcement.

[2] It might be argued against this conclusion, that although the greatest relic of Roman inhabitancy, it stood north of the northern wall, where Roman remains are scant. The considerable town at Camelon, however, also stood north of the wall, and both were close beside it. Whatever specialties may have brought the wall just south of the two, we must consider them, for reasons to be afterwards given, as virtually within the Roman province.

[3] "Domum rotundam politis lapidibus super ripam fluminis Carun . . construxit" (c. xix.)

its having a tesselated pavement, an altar, and a sculptured Roman eagle, somewhat defaced by time; and master of the fabulous as he was, and preposterously as he attributes the monument to Julius Cæsar, one might expect him to speak truth in a matter on which eye-witnesses could contradict him.[1] The other historians of Scotland pay it like attention, and it has been profusely commented on by the topographical antiquaries. It might be supposed that a monument so illustrious was safe in the protection of its eminence, unless some very strong motive should contend against its existence. It was, however, taken to pieces about the middle of last century, for no more strenuous reason than because its finely-dressed stones served a sordid laird for lining a mill-dam. The loud and long-continued blast of execration which followed this deed proves, even more strongly than the preservation of other monuments, how highly the people esteemed the relics of the Romans.[2]

The remains of Roman dwelling-houses and other merely useful buildings are not nearly so common, even in the south of Scotland, as in the other provinces. There is not one specimen of the beautifully tesselated floorings found in the south of England, where they testify to a people living in luxurious elegance. None of these have been found in the remains near the southern wall, speaking as they otherwise do of affluence. Perhaps this fragile work was inconsistent with the method of warming the dwellings three or four hundred miles farther off from Italy and from the sun. Some remains have led people to suppose that the luxury of the warm bath must have been largely enjoyed by the Romans in Scotland. Along the line of both walls and elsewhere there have been found hypocausts or stoves. These consist of a flooring of stone or brick, with another like flooring three or four feet above, supported by pillars, round or square. In the chamber

[1] Edit. 1574, p. 34.

[2] The author remembers its being brought, with perhaps some more effective arguments, against a candidate for the representation of a Scotch county, that he was a descendant of the destroyer of Arthur's Oon.

thus formed fires were burned, and proper provision was of course made for the entrance of air and the escape of smoke. Above such a chamber the bath and the adjoining sudatory might be kept at the proper heat.

Among the Roman remains found on the banks of the Esk, near Musselburgh, those of hypocausts seemed so extensive as to suggest that they heated the public baths of some large town; and the phenomenon was the more remarkable, as the baths found in England were generally small tanks, capable of containing little more than the bather, and had a small flue beneath. It was only in the Gallic provinces, or Italy itself, that bathing appliances on the Inveresk scale were to be found. This naturally leads to the question, whether in Scotland, or along the southern wall, these hypocausts were used for baths, and whether they did not rather show that the Romans, who had a thoroughly practical eye for comforts and luxuries, applied the apparatus which had been used at home for heating the bath to the purpose of warming their ordinary chambers? The great difference in climate between Italy and Scotland was a matter that had to be provided for; and certainly a moderate heat, radiating from the floor, would be a not disagreeable way of warming a room, while it would admit of the freshening of the air above to any desired extent.[1]

Trifling articles for use or ornament often show how far a people have risen in civilisation, but they are a capricious testimony. They ever form a stock of evidence very liable to be extinguished altogether, without leaving a trace; and when they are but rare, it is a question—as we have seen in the matter of the intaglios—how they

[1] A fragment—the only remaining one, it is believed—of the hypocaust at Inveresk may be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. It interests one to note in this accessible spot, yet so near its natural place, a specimen of the way in which the Roman officer, civil or military, made himself comfortable in Scotland. It is a slab of stone, covered with a thick coat of concrete, and supported by three small pillars. Even what remains of stone and concrete makes a floor of about a foot's thickness. We cannot suppose heat sufficient to boil water sent through this, but it might easily have been so impregnated as to radiate a pleasant warmth.

came to the place where they are seen. Fortunately there exist some specimens of work which at once profess themselves to be Roman, while they come to notice with an authentic record of their disinterment from the earth, which had to all appearance encased them since the time when their owners ceased to use them. A patera and a few bronze fragments in the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh almost rival the work of the celebrated Cambuslang flagon. A good many terra-cotta candelabra or lamps have been found, of that peculiar form which has, in a manner, become canonical through its matchless grace and simplicity, and has hence, ever since it existed in its purity, been contorted into ornamental service. Fragments of pottery, some of them of the fine red Samian ware, have been preserved, but, from all accounts, in small proportion to the quantity found and lost again. They afford traces of decoration sufficient to show an elevation in the ornamenting of common articles which the pottery of the present day is only now reaching, and that rather by slavish imitation than by original development. The Roman makers seem to have profusely advertised themselves by putting their stamp on their wares, and these stamps have been found in sufficient numbers to supply a tolerable list of the manufacturers whose goods took with the Scots market in the Roman age.

This leads to some petty articles of a very curious and suggestive kind that have been discovered in Scotland. They are the stamps themselves, or the matrices with which impressions were made, whether on pottery or other articles. The inscription is in these, of course, inverted, in order that the counterpart may be read from left to right, after the manner of European writing. Some of these are incised or cut in for the purpose of producing an elevated impression; others are in relief, for the purpose of producing an indented impression. It is the strange specialty of these matrices or dies that their makers seem only to have expected them to leave an imprint on any soft matter on which they were pressed. Had they known that any coloured liquid laid on the raised surfaces of the letters might be left, retaining the form of these letters on

any flat surface or fabric, they would have gone as far as the first block-printers in achieving for the old world the greatest inventive triumph of the new. In the presses of our museums, beside the stamps themselves, an impression from them, printed on paper, may sometimes be seen; and, as if to taunt the Roman die-cutter, the effect is shown of the one little step into a great discovery which he failed to take. One of these stamps is significant, as telling us how a practice of the Roman medical school had extended, along with other elements of civilisation, to the Lothians. It is a small bar of trapstone, with a raised inscription on each of the two sides. One of them relates to certain "euodes"—a term known in ancient pharmacy, for the cure of "cicatrices" and "aspritudines," whatever these words may have meant in that day. The other relates to a preparation of saffron for disease of the eyes. Both these patent medicines, as we may call them, were the property of a certain Lucius Vallatinus; and as he prepared each, he would stamp the case containing it with its appropriate name. This valuable little stone was found among tiles, brick-dust, and other Roman rubbish, at Tranent, not far from the Roman buildings excavated on the banks of the Esk. Had the cases of medicine with the stamps on them been found, they might have left a doubt whether the palliatives were made on the spot, or brought from some place nearer the centre of the Empire. But the finding of the original stamp shows us that Lucius Vallatinus prepared his medicines in Scotland, and probably practised as a medical man in the neighbourhood of Tranent.[1]

Glass vessels have been found among less distinguishable fragments of Roman industry. They are small, as, indeed, almost all old specimens of Roman glass-work are, and generally look like lachrymatories, or phials for containing the tears of the mourners for the dead. To lay in a stock of them on the occasion of a death seems to have become a sort of funeral ceremonial, which has been so prevalent as to leave its vestiges in this distant corner of the Empire. A few cooking utensils, generally of bronze, have been

[1] See Wilson's Prehistoric Annals, ii. 66.

unearthed. They are thoroughly serviceable-looking articles, characteristic of the completeness with which the Romans did all their work.

To complete this list of significant trifles, it has to be recorded that a few brooches, rings, and other personal ornaments have been brought to light, which at once prove their origin, even though of the common metals, by the simple beauty of their forms, and a character in this beauty which renders them entirely distinct from the multitude of artistic efforts of the northern nations which our soil has yielded up. As we have seen, the pieces of Roman sculpture found in Scotland are not all specimens of high art. But the collection of household trifles, small as it is, is true to that genius for beautiful forms which the present age is with some earnestness, and about as much success, trying to rival. The inference is obvious. The stone sculpture was such as could be produced in the province—the smaller articles were imported from places of manufacture nearer to the centre of the Empire.

Coined money forms a very powerful element in historical testimony, but it must be considerately employed, otherwise it may mislead. For a reason too palpable to require repetition, no other article made by human hands has such a tendency to wander over the earth. A single coin tells much more by the image and superscription it bears than from the place where it is found. It goes for little that a Roman denarius is picked up somewhere in the far north of Scotland.[1] But the existence of a coin of that Carausius who set up empire in this country, proves that he had in Britain an establishment so important as a mint. Where also coins are found in large quantities, they tell their story of the district where they have been concealed. Though the most liable of all ancient relics to be intercepted and turned to base purposes in their way to the

[1] "When the streets of Forres were repaired about fifty years ago, several Roman coins were discovered under the pavement. . . . In 1843 a copper coin of the Emperor Titus was found near Sueno's Pillar, in the vicinity of Forres. It bears the well-known reverse of a female mourning under a palm-tree, with the motto *Judea Capta*."—Stuart's Caledonia Romana, 213.

hands of the adept, yet there has been secured a sufficient quantity of Roman money, certainly found in Scotland, to make an impression as to the extent of the Roman hold on the country between the walls. The coinage of Antonine, in whose reign the northern wall was built, naturally predominates; but we hear of hoards in which the money of emperors earlier than the invasion of Agricola is mixed up with coins of the second and of the third century.[1]

It is from the buildings and movables thus left, and from the camps and roads, of which hereafter, that we can make up anything of the geography of Roman Scotland, rather than from books. The book known as the 'Itinerary of Antoninus,' the most distinct topography of the Empire which we have from a contemporary source, brings up the roads, towns, and stations to the southern rampart from the Solway to the Tyne, and stops there as abruptly as any modern map does at the boundary of the territory to which it applies. It is from that source that

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[1] Of the coins found at Cramond, on the south side of the Forth, Gordon says: "Among the great number of *Roman* coins found at this station of *Cramond*, Baron Clark has about forty or fifty very curious ones; and among others, a large brass coin of the Emperor *Claudius*, which seems to be rather a medallion. On one side is the head of the emperor, with these letters, very fair, TI CLAVDIVS CAESAR AVG. P. M. T. R. P. IMP. On the reverse is S. C., then NERO CLAVDIVS DRVSVS, with the figure of one on horseback, upon a triumphal arch, between two *Vexilla*. As I copied it from the original, I have exhibited the draught of this in my plate of medals and intaglios.

"At this place was found a well-preserved gold medal of *Antoninus Pius* [now in the custody of the same baron], as is also that invaluable medal of *Severus*, supposed to be coined on the peace with the *Caledonians*. The others, dug up at this station, in the baron's collection, are: one of *C. Augustus Divi Filius*—reverse *Pon-Max;* five of *Trajan*, five of *Hadrian*, two of *Vespasian*, two of *Nerva*, two of *Antoninus Pius* one of *Galba*, one of *Nero*, one of *Julia*, one of *Domitian;* another of *Severus*, with this reverse, *Felicitas Augustorum;* one of *Octavianus Augustus;* one of *Claudius;* one of *Antoninus Augustus*, which I take to be *Caracalla;* another of the same, with this reverse, *Moneta Augusti;* another of *Antoninus*, without a beard—the reverse, two hands joining. There are, besides, six consular medals."—Itin., p. 116.

the topography of Roman England has been best supplied; and it must be inferred, that while the author of the Itinerary, whoever he was, was at work on it, the southern wall was the boundary of the Empire in Britain.[1] For the geography of Roman Scotland, therefore, inquirers had little further resource than the works of the great geographer Ptolemy of Alexandria, who, with so large an affair in hand as the arrangement of the whole surface of the globe, and its adjustment to the heavenly bodies, laid down the only available landmarks for working out the topography of this country. They were naturally indistinct, and gave opportunity for much criticism and conjecture. In fact, so fundamentally was our poor country distorted, that in the Ptolemian maps it stands at right angles to England, striking eastward into the German Ocean, so as almost to abut upon Norway. It has been supposed that this was not the arrangement of the great geographer himself, but the doing of some blundering manipulator, who, finding the map divided into two sheets, put them together with a twist. Those who tried to adjust the names on the distorted map by latitude and longitude, and to find their representatives at the present day, had thus a special difficulty to meet besides the scantiness and obscurity of the hints afforded by the old names.

When the revelation from Richard of Cirencester burst upon the antiquarian world, all these painful efforts after poor results seemed at an end. A rich harvest of knowledge was poured plentifully forth, and the Scotland of the Roman period was crowded with names from the "Novantum Chersonesus," or the Rinns of Galloway, to

[1] That it should fail to reach the wall of Antonine should be a sufficient evidence for counting that it was not, as it is usually said to be, a work executed by the direction of that emperor. But besides this omission of the great triumph of the emperor whose name it bears, it contains names which did not exist until the reigns of succeeding emperors, and has been thus traced as far down as the reign of Diocletian, more than a century later than Antoninus. Some have thrown out a conjecture that this work was originally of so early a date as Julius Cæsar, and that it was altered from time to time with the enlargement of the Empire.

the "Virvedrum Promontorium" in the farthest north, now known as Duncansbay Head. The Roman roads in Britain, with stations passed by them, were laid down by Richard with the precision of a modern road-book, and it was the work of the antiquaries to identify them, and put the modern names beside the ancient.[1]

[1] This attempt to describe the Roman occupation of Scotland would have been more full and precise could I have continued to believe in the book, 'De Situ Britanniæ,' of Richard of Cirencester. When I studied it in early life, certified as it was by the high authorities of Ritson, Pinkerton, Roy, and George Chalmers, I believed it to be what it professed to be, the work of a monk of the fourteenth century, compiled from materials left by a Roman General. On returning to it, after an interval of many years, it was a disappointment, as well as a surprise, to find that it was a palpable forgery of the eighteenth century.

I gave my reasons for doubting the book, but these I think it now unnecessary to repeat. I had then but a brief glance over the Prolegomena of Dr Wex to his edition of the Life of Agricola, and failed to note the close and acute criticism in which he exposes the forgery. From other quarters, too, disbelief has been expressed, and I believe no archæologist who reads 'Richardus Corinensis de Situ Britanniæ' will hold it to be a genuine book. Its literary history may still furnish entertainment. We may be shown the obscure clerk Bertram propitiating the great antiquary Stukely with morsel after morsel. We may see how the impostor has roused a craving appetite, which he must continue to feed, until it becomes a question whether he shall make a clean breast or complete the imposture. When this is done, we have next to see it seized on with avidity, and without a doubt or misgiving, by all the masters of that science which professes in such matters to separate the true from the false. All this may be a curious episode in the history of literary impositions, but the more completely the book is severed from all relation to history the better. Unfortunately it struck its roots too deeply to be easily severed. Its great service and merit was, that it fitted in so accurately with the fragmentary notices in the Life of Agricola, the Geography of Ptolemy, and the Itinerary of Antonine, as to give a comfortable completeness to these fragmentary and obscure notices.

For instance, finding in Ammianus the vague intimation that the district recovered by Theodosius was called Valentia, he fixes it in the district between the walls. Having thus identified for geographers the part of Scotland that had been long held as a Roman province, he supplied the name of Vespasiana to the disputed territory beyond the northern wall. In some instances a local habitation has been found for some name casually used by Tacitus, while other names of places have been boldly invented. Hence it will be easily seen how the literature of the Roman occupancy of Scotland loses the bulk of

We are driven at last from books and maps to find the chief settlements of the Romans on the spots where those relics of their sojourn already referred to have been found. Among these Edinburgh is conspicuous, both for the smaller vestiges of Roman presence and the convergence of roads. Birrens, on the western border, was another seemingly populous settlement; whether or not, as many competent antiquaries suppose, it was the place called Blatum Bulgum by the Romans. Other places conspicuous from the vestiges of a populous residency are Cramond, where the small river Almond empties into the Firth of Forth; and Inveresk, near Musselburgh, where, in the walls near the church, there are many stones with the marks of the Roman chisel.[1] We have seen already the peculiarity

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its scanty information when Richard is withdrawn from the list of authorities. We may see this in the mere title of the best book on Roman Scotland—'The Military Antiquities of the Romans in North Britain, and particularly their ancient system of Castrametation, illustrated from vestiges of the camps of Agricola existing there—hence his march from South into North Britain is in some degree traced; comprehending, also, a treatise wherein the ancient geography of that part of the island is rectified, chiefly from the lights furnished by Richard of Cirencester, &c., 1793'—a book generally known as Roy's Military Antiquities.

We must abandon the endowment of Inverness with Roman municipal privileges. The celebrated Winged Camp—the Πτερωτον Στρατοπεδον—can no longer remain at Burghead in Moray, though a water-tank there has become a Roman bath to help in its identification, and it must go back to Edinburgh or some other of its old sites. But what we miss in Scotland, when Richard is drawn off, is a trifle to the difficulties that must impede the readjustment of Roman England without him. The process must be an inversion of the ordinary course of geographical acquisition. It must be as if our map-makers had to go back to the time when New Zealand was a nebulous spot, and it was left in misty uncertainity whether Van Diemen's Land was a cape or an island. The extent of the mischief affecting the histories and geographies, and even the Ordnance Survey, has been shown in some recent articles in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and at almost superfluous length by Mr Mayor in his Preface to the Rolls Edition of the 'Speculum' of Richard. The credulity of the believers in Richard, great and small, from Gibbon downwards, is here displayed at length, making a group from which the exponent has the goodness to exclude the author of this history.

[1] When the fences called "dry-stone dykes" in Scotland—walls made of the undressed stones as they are quarried or picked up—are

that a Roman town—at Camelon, near Falkirk—seems to have been, along with the work called Arthur's Oon, built just outside the northern wall. It is in the very centre of the modern traffic of Scotland, where roads, canals, railways, iron-works, and other busy operations have nearly obliterated the traces of ancient inhabitancy which it retained a hundred and fifty years ago.[1] That it stood outside the wall, in the territory of the wild Caledonians, has been thought a perplexing fact. We are not, however, to consider that the northern any more than the southern wall was raised merely for the protection of the country behind it. Camelon might have its share in the system of fortresses which aided the wall; and from the account given by Gordon of neighbouring ruins now obliterated, we may

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largely built of finely-squared blocks, the inference is that these have been taken from older buildings demolished. Such stones—very convenient to the builder—are to be found abundantly in the field-fences along the district penetrated by the northern wall, and there are several in the rubble walls near the church of Inveresk. In both, however, there are stones which bear a special peculiarity of the Roman chisel. A block of freestone is squared by driving the chisel across its surface in parallel grooves. If the stone is not to be absolutely smoothed, these remain. In general, they make a narrow fluting, imperceptible at a distance. The Romans, however, cut them deep and broad. Sometimes they are seen in parallel lines, horizontal or perpendicular. But sometimes, also, the grooves cross each other at right angles, making facets in rows, either horizontal or diagonal; in other instances the direction of the grooves is alternated, or otherwise varied. Such grooves have sometimes the appearance of being intended for rude decoration, and indeed it seems likely that the hewer sometimes amused himself in his monotonous labour by thus leaving the mark of his chisel very prominent. An extraordinary collection of these marked stones may be seen—but only by candle-light—in the strange crypt of the church of Hexham, in Northumberland. The interior, indeed, is almost entirely faced with them, and it is impossible to doubt that they were selected as being in some way ornamental. Whoever has not noticed stones of this class may form a notion of them from a cut of part of this crypt in Bruce's Roman Wall, p. 343.

[1] The author happened to be present at an excavation here, conducted by Sir James Simpson, of whom it is not so widely known over the world as his other services to mankind, that he did much to give an impulse to archæological science. A sewer was opened and traced some distance. Pieces of glass, and of pottery, partly Samian ware, were found in it. A citizen of Falkirk who was present, said he wished that town had as good a sewer.

infer that this town was plentifully surrounded by defensive works.[1]

The conclusion pointed to by all these remains, whether of movable commodities or stationary works, is, that considerable communities lived under the protection of the Empire between the northern and the southern rampart. Of their government and constitution we can only form an estimate by looking to the system on which the Empire organised its distant dependencies. The process of annexation to the Empire was different from any process known in the present day among civilised nations. The most rapacious of what are called the robber powers are compelled by the exigencies of modern diplomacy to plead some decent vindication or excuse for seizing on the ter-

[1] "I saw a place called the Chesters, surrounded with a rampart of stone in an oval form, with an opening to the east leading into the area: it is very entire and well preserved. The breadth of the wall measured about 18 feet, and 7 or 8 of perpendicular height. Farther east, on a hill called the Forebrae, above the village of Auchincloich, I met with a very beautiful and curious castellum, called Cairnfaal. It has a stone wall round it, forming a complete circle, with eight or nine regular courses above one another, and about 12 feet high and 250 in circumference. A mile and a half farther east is another castellum, opposite to Castle Cary, upon the top of a round hill, and is called Bankier Castle, consisting of a large ditch and rampart, the latter of which is about 19 or 20 feet high and 350 in circumference —the ditch near 24 feet in breadth. . . . From thence, going about a quarter of a mile farther east, I was surprised to find a large field crowded with what seemed to be the foundation and ruins of a large town called Easter Bankier. In the middle of these seeming ruins and marks of streets I found a square spot of ground, surrounded with a large stone wall, the breadth of which was about 18 feet and 500 in circumference, with an entry likewise to the east. Within the area were sundry divisions, distinguished by rough stone walls. . . . A mile farther east, at a place called the Chapel Hill, I found another square spot of ground, surrounded with an agger, or rampart of stone and earth, about 200 feet in circumference, in the middle of which was the foundation of stone buildings. Eighty paces farther, I met with a round tumulus of simple stones, about 300 feet in circumference. When I had got to the top of it, I perceived a hollow descending from the rampart to a beautiful flat plain in the middle, and is within view of the ruins of East Bankier. Half a mile still farther east of the Chapel Hill is a place called Wester Coudon, a little above the Bridge of Bonny, southward. Here are indeed vast tracks of buildings and stone walls, whose foundations appear very

ritory of a weaker power—they must condescend to pick a quarrel with it as a preliminary. With powerful constitutional states, the aggrandisement comes in the shape of inevitable necessity. A commercial treaty is perhaps the beginning, and a Factory is established. The barbarians dislike this institution, and become troublesome; and then the factory bristles into a fort. Armed occupation produces heartburnings and contests, and the stronger the intruders become, the greater is the determination to force them out. But vested interests have taken root in the soil—these must be protected; and piece by piece a great territory is annexed.

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distinct, covering a great many acres of ground, with two or three rows of terraces upon the declivity towards the north, faced with stone, the height of which I measured, being about 10 feet, and 15 and 18 in breadth. At this place there is a very extensive view of the isthmus, to the west, on which Antoninus's wall and Agricola's forts were placed; northward there is a view of the Firth of Forth, and stands in the very centre of the great valley already described. . . . . About two miles farther east of this place are to be seen the ruins of that old Roman town called Camelon, or the supposed Guidi mentioned by Bede. That this town was Roman, is very evident from the noble Roman military Way which runs through it. Here both inscriptions and medals have been dug up: I myself saw two beautiful silver coins of Vespasian and Antoninus Pius, which are now in the hands of the present Countess of Kilmarnock."—Itinerarium, 22, 23.

The antiquary's attention is next drawn to two high and beautifully circular mounds called Dunipace Hills, close to these ruins, and to the site of Arthur's Oon. So placed and shaped in regular cones, as if by the hands of man, they have naturally been associated with the Roman occupancy. They are mentioned by all the old historians, and Buchanan supposed that their name is a corruption from Duni Pacis, or Hills of Peace, and that they were raised in commemoration of a peace negotiated between Donald I. on the part of the Caledonians, and the Emperor Severus on the part of the Romans, to whom also they served to mark the northern boundary of the Empire. The Romans were not addicted, however, to piling up earthen mounds, and these are enormous works if they were done by human hands. They are, however, evidently residuary masses left by retreated waters, in which they have made shallows or islands. This will account for their form without the necessity of supposing that they were ever rounded by art. If analogy did not support this view, it would be strengthened by the incident of a third hill in the same place having been levelled, and showing complete internal evidence of natural formation.

The Roman system was much simpler. During the Consulate there was a rapacious enough spirit of acquisition abroad, but it had to bend to circumstances. Rome sometimes met a power so considerable that it could only be subjected to a nominal authority, or must be honoured with an equal alliance for the time being. But the days of these independencies had passed away ere the Empire was yet old; and there was no power, unless North Germany was one, which could cope with the Roman army. Then came in the simple principle, that the whole world should be governed by one man. All who resisted this principle were put into the category of rebels, and so treated, without any compunction or mercy. There was no genial humouring of the barbarian—no assimilation with his ways; he was to be at once beaten into submission, and the Roman armies never failed to go straight to this point.

When a tribe was subdued, however, there was an immediate reaction. It was now a province of the Empire, and must have privileges according to its position in that grand hierarchy. The Roman municipal system broadened from the great centre till it embraced all the districts of the Empire, however remote. The practice of creating these municipalities commenced during the Consulate. They were formed on the model of the great central Municipality itself. They were consequently republican institutions, and so they continued to be after the establishment of the Empire. There was a variety of these institutions, to suit population and other conditions. Six kinds have been enumerated: the Municipium itself —the highest; the Prefecture, the Colonia, the Forum, the Conciliabulum, and the Castellum. Our municipal corporations of the present day are all on the Roman model. It suited the political genius of the Anglo-Saxons so well that they at once adapted themselves to it. No modern corporations have, however, formed such a perfect hierarchy as those of Rome, where the smaller held by the greater, and all were at the command of one centre. In despotic countries the corporations have been undermined. In this country, though nominally the creatures of the

Crown, they have become antagonistic to centralisation rather than promoters of it; for when Parliament became the governing body, the connection of the corporations with the Crown became merely a nominal distinction, and an aid to uniformity and the despatch of business. Some of the Continental municipalities near the centre of power—such as Florence, Marseilles, and Cologne—probably have enjoyed uninterrupted the corporate rights they held under the Cæsars. Tacitus mentions in a very natural way, how, when the Senate of Rome cherished a great draining project, the Florentines were heard on a complaint that it would flood the Arno and destroy their territory: it was just as a corporation might plead its interests at the present day before a committee of Parliament on some local bill. We know that two towns in England were admitted to the rank of *municipia*—York and Verulam. London must have held considerable rank. When invaded by the Picts in the days of Gratian, it was spoken of as an ancient, famous city, sometimes called Augusta, sometimes Lundunum. It would be interesting could we find any evidence that in Britain the Roman municipality lived through the confusions that followed the removal of Roman protection, and so continued down to our own days in the Saxon corporations. Something more fleeting than such institutions has lived, in the Roman names of some of these places. Wherever the name ends in *chester* or *cester*—as Winchester, Manchester, and Cirencester—we must hold it as beyond doubt that the name is inherited from the Romanised occupants, in whose hands it indicated a fortified town. In Scotland the term *chester* occurs in two places, where it is in the midst of Roman relics—in Roxburgh, beside the great north road of the Romans; and again near the town of Camelon, beside the northern wall, as already spoken of.

There is another matter on which it would be of still higher interest to have particulars about the Romanised communities in the south of Scotland—their religion. We do not know whether before the establishment of Christianity any of the inhabitants were so far Christians

as to have been subjected to any of the great stated persecutions by the heathen emperors. The stories about such persecutions in England have not stood the test of criticism. In the reign of Constantine, Christianity became nominally the religion of the Roman province in Scotland. There is not, however, among the existing things, small or great, which testify to the sojourn of the Romans in the country, any one that can be pronounced a relic of their Christianity; and indeed, keeping in mind what has been said of Britain at large, no such relic was to be expected. Ninian and his stone church in Galloway have already been mentioned; but the Christianity which he represented was swept away, along with the Roman civilisation, between the time when he is said to have existed and the record of that existence in Bede's History. There is a gulf between the narrator and his facts; and it is only an exceptional respect for Bede, as an extremely honest narrator with a strong sagacity for finding historical truth, that will induce one in this instance to relax the usual canons of historical evidence, and believe that Bede had reason for what he says about St Ninian's ministration in Scotland. It is told in a couple of sentences, brought in parenthetically in his narrative of later events.[1] There is something equally tantalising in the story of St Patrick. If we had early authority for the events in his life, they would be credible, as in conformity with what we are taught about the conditions of a Christianised Roman province. We are told that he was born within Valentia, near the end of the northern wall.[2] His father was

[1] See above, page 42.

[2] The aim of one of the latest inquiries into his birthplace is to show that he was born at Desvers, near Boulogne.—"On the Birthplace of St Patrick," see 'Essays on Religion and Literature,' edited by H. F. Manning, D.D. It has of course been kept in view that in the parochial divisions a considerable district at the west end of the wall is still called Kil patrick. Among the many small matters brought into the discussion about the saint's birthplace, the author does not remember having noticed the following: In the first life in Colgan's collection, it is said that Succat was the name first bestowed on St Patrick —"Succat nomen ei primo impositum erat"—on which there is a gloss by Colgan, "Succat est vox Britannica quæ Deus Belli, vel Fortis, latine significatur." But Succot or Succoth is also the name

a Decurio or magistrate. When sixteen years old he was carried off by some of the northern pirates, who even then began to infest the British coasts; and he was conveyed to Ireland, where he remembered the Christian lessons of his youth, and spread the faith. Nothing can be more consistent with the common accounts of the social and geographical conditions of Scotland and Ireland—a Roman province with civilisation and Christianity in the one, utter heathenism and natural barbarism in the other. The captive boy is, however, a slender foundation for that rapid mustering of Christian priests in Ireland, which swarmed over into Scotland, and beyond all question planted there what really became the Christian Church.[1] But it would be unreasonable to expect much light upon Roman Christianity in Scotland, when even in the great rich province of England, that Christianity was extinguished without leaving a sign. It is one of the difficulties of history, that the Welsh, professing, as they did, to be the representatives of Roman Britain, should afford no evidence that they carried the Christianity of the Roman province with them to their mountains.

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of an estate in the district where he is reputed to have been born.—See Stat. Accot., "Parish of New Kilpatrick," 43.

[1] All the learning about St Patrick will be found condensed into Dr Todd's 'St Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, a Memoir of his Life and Mission.' The interest and value of this book are not in the apostle himself, but in the revelations of the nature of the early Irish Church, which the author profusely distributes. When dealing with the saint himself, indeed, the author seems to feel that he has not a full and satisfactory hold of a reality. The tenor of the archæological inquiries about this saint must indeed be rather alarming to those simple members of the old Church who would be content to take him with implicit faith from the Bollandists and Butler. A second St Patrick has been brought up, and now a third, with a vision of others—and the evidence for the existence of all by no means strengthens the belief that there ever was *one*. Here, as with so many of the primitive saints or missionaries, identity is confused by the unadorned preacher of the Word in a barbarous and poor country being spoken of in later ecclesiastical literature as if he were adorned with all the dignities and decorations of a prelate of the fourteenth century. Unfortunately for the truth of history, it has been a necessity of the Church of Rome to maintain that all the magnificence and complexity of its later hierarchy belonged to the Church from the very beginning.

The vestiges whence it is inferred that the Empire had for a time so far established itself in Scotland as to bring the natives over to the habits of peaceful citizens, belong almost exclusively to the country south of Antonine's wall, between the Forth and the Clyde. Coins and weapons have been found farther north, but scarcely any vestige of regular settlement. None of the pieces of Roman sculpture found in Scotland belong to the districts north of Antonine's wall. It is almost more significant still, that of the very considerable number of Scottish Roman inscriptions in the various collections, only one was found north of the wall, and that, in the strongly-fortified station of Ardoch, where it commemorated that it was dedicated to the memory of a certain Ammonius Damionis.[1]

On the other hand, it is in that unsubdued district that the memorials of Roman contest chiefly abound. Probably no other country in the world is so thickly crowded with the marks of war as Scotland, and of these the Romans have their share. A few embankments, popularly attributed to the imperial invaders, have been appropriated by geology as diluvial slopes cast up by water.[2] Still there remain acknowledged as Roman, a sufficent number of works to create a special topographical feature in the country. From whatever cause it may arise, they are so numerous as to justify the belief that there are more known and recognised Roman camps in Scotland than in all the rest of the world.

The special affluence of the country in this class of remains was noticed by General Roy, who, as the pioneer of the Ordnance Survey still going on, had excellent opportunities for noting the peculiarity. "That works," he says, "of this very temporary nature, after so many centuries elapsed, should be found anywhere to exist, is truly singular, and seems almost incredible; and yet that

[1] Wilson, ii. 27.

[2] The fine embankments called the Roman Camp near Callander are set down as a geological formation, though Scott spoke of them as

> "The mouldering lines,
> Where Rome, the empress of the world,
> Of yore her eagle wings unfurled."

this is really the case in North Britain will fully appear in the course of these Essays. Must we then conclude—and indeed there seems to be but too great reason for doing so—that the circumstance of their existence and discovery in the north is owing to the slower progress made in the cultivation of the lands there, than in the more fertile parts of the island towards the south?" He then asks why such vestiges are wanting in other stages of Roman contest—in the skirts of the Apennines—in Africa, Spain, and Gaul; and concludes that the probable reason why they are not found in these countries is because they are not sought for—and that "from their figure and dimensions not being thoroughly understood, or at least attended to."[1]

There may, however, be deeper reasons for the specialty. In the south, Roman conquest was rapid—at all events complete—work. There were no contested margins. In the northern regions of the European continent, the great victory of Arminius or Herman seems to have permanently stopped all efforts in that direction half a century before Agricola's wars. If we look at the physical structure of the mountain-ranges from Hanover to the Alps, which guard the great northern plain of Europe, we shall find them ill suited for border warfare. Few parts of the world are so impenetrable for troops. This comes neither of their height nor their abruptness, but because they are not articulated into lines of hills and corresponding valleys, like the greater mountain-ranges on the Continent and those of the Highlands of Scotland. If an army were not sufficiently strong to take and command the whole range, attempts to penetrate within it were useless. Hence the Empire stopped at the edge of these mountains, and within and beyond them was free Germany. Scotland was a frontier, however, in which there was a long contest, the boundary of the Empire alternately pushing onwards and driven backwards; and it is in such a district that we might expect what we find—the vestiges of close and continued warfare.

[1] Prefatory Introduction, iv.

In Scotland, these camps are as easily distinguishable from other ancient works of defence as the cottage of an English colonist may be from the craal of a savage family. When we come on a fortress of stone mounds on the top of a hill or a rock—rough, massive, and strong—that is not the work of the Romans. They affected the plains rather than the hills, for they were on the march, and the camp was only thrown up for temporary protection. The works were always quadrangular, with rampart and ditch—one or more of each. They are still so definitely marked that it is easy to believe them, when fresh and in use, to have been as cleanly cut and sloped as the terraces of a well-kept Dutch garden. The Romans were thorough martinets in the handling of troops. Completeness, precision, symmetry—these were the governing influences in the camp. There is no wise precept of modern warfare that was not in thorough observance among them. They deemed a fully-trained legionary too valuable an article to be idly risked, and economised their troops to the utmost. This principle arose in complete contrast to the Oriental warfare of which they saw so much, where the end was gained by the impetus of undisciplined numbers and a profuse waste of life. Indeed, there have been many affairs in modern civilised warfare, that, though we must not speak of Roman humanity, would have shocked the Roman parsimony of the soldier's life. Hence all movements were compact. There was no straggling, and the soldier never slept till he had done his fatigue-duty, and the body to which he belonged had surrounded itself with the stated protections appertaining to it.

The Romans were acutely alive to that precept of warfare, that a soldier is not to be depended on unless he knows his coadjutors, and knows what they are to do, and whether they will do it. Accordingly, the Roman camp was constructed on a system, and arranged so symmetrically that every trained soldier knew all its parts, as a sailor knows the build and tackle of a ship; and even in a strange camp the soldier would recognise the departments, as well as a sailor from one ship of the line would recognise the departments of another. So the

legionary brought from Spain or Egypt, and set down in a camp in Strathearn, would find himself at home at once. He would know that in the centre, a little to the rear, was squared off the Prætorium, or the general's headquarters, and that right in front a road led out of it through the Prætorian Gate; that in square masses on the right and left wings were the cohorts of allies—the foot outside and the horse within. He would know where to find the diagonal thoroughfares, the quintana, and principia; and placed with like precision would be the depositories of baggage and fodder, the places for staking the horses, and the offices where business was transacted.

Polybius, the Greek historian, who lived about two centuries before Christ, has sent down to us some of the most picturesque and remarkable characteristics of the Romans, and especially of their warfare. Among these is an accurate analysis of all the several departments of the Roman camp. A great military authority has found these details to tally to his entire satisfaction with the camps in the north of Scotland. We know that the Romans were tenaciously conservative of their practices; but that the camps in North Britain should precisely coincide with those which must have been seen some three centuries earlier, infers an extremity of immutability; and one would rather throw it on General Roy's military experience, than the exact fitting of the Scots camps to the Polybian castrametation, that he can account for at least one army of 30,000 Roman troops having traversed the country, the camps holding about 26,000, and the proper outposts accounting for the rest. The General, however, submitted his computations to a curious cross-test. Polybius is not the only author who has left us a detailed account of the Roman camp. The same function was performed in his own way some 300 years later by a certain Hyginus, who calls himself a gromaticus, or land-surveyor.[1] The camp had

[1] This fragment is preserved in the quarto volume called 'Hygini Gromatici et Polybii Megalopolitani de Castris Romanis quæ extant, cum notis et animadversionibus, quibus accedunt dissertationes

still, in its general elements, a resemblance to the old one. It was still square; the prætorium in the same place, but rather different in shape, with the prætorian gate and the two transverse streets. But there were radical changes in the distribution of the troops, arising out of the political conditions of conquest and acquisition. The allies were no longer separated into two masses on the right and left wing. Desertions and dealings with the enemy suggested the policy of completely surrounding them with Roman troops; a thin line of these, in small divisions, bordered every side of the camp, and was separated from the mixed troops in the centre by a path called the Sagular Street, parallel to each rampart. General Roy finds in the Hyginian camp the traces of the decay of the old military rigidness. The amount of fatigue-duty exacted for the protection of the troops was relaxed, and they were crowded into smaller space. He estimated that the great camp at Ardoch, if filled on the Hyginian system, would hold from 60,000 to 70,000 men, and would predicate an army of at least 80,000.

The line of Roman camps reaches as far as Aberdeenshire. The most distinct among them, however, are found in that natural highway northward, formed by Strathallan, Strathearn, and Strathmore. The most remarkable of all are the camps at Ardoch Bridge. Here, in the first place, is a strong fort, breaking the natural outline of the country. It is square, according to the custom of the Romans, and consists of several high ramparts, with deep ditches between. The neighbourhood is strewn with

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aliquot de re eadem militari populi Romani, R. H. S. 1660.' The Latinity of the land-surveyor has brought him no fame as an author, and critics have found that it is not very accurately rendered. Had it been a work of genius, commentators would have laboured at its perfect restoration. Being what it is, the editor has taken an effective but rather cumbersome plan for relieving himself from responsibility. He has accompanied his own rendering by a reprint literative of the text as he found it, without stops or breaks. Hence the fragment begins thus—"Nuncpapilionumtensionemcohortiumsuprascriptarumostendimuspapiliounusoccupatpedesdecem," &c. This is articulated into "Nunc papilionum tensionem cohortium suprascriptarum ostendimus. Papilio unus occupat pedes decem," &c.

smaller works, but close to the fort are two large camps, one considerably larger than the other. Their lines cross each other, and show that the larger is the older of the two. Taken together, they are a testimony to the fastidious precision of the Roman legionaries. Other troops, when occupying the spot where there was already a camp, might have accommodated themselves to it, or at all events, if it was too large, might have run a rampart through, reserving the space they desired. But the smaller camp has evidently been run up independently of the existence of the larger. Something in the fastidious accuracy necessary in the division of a Roman encampment was inconsistent with the use of the old rampart, and so the whole work of intrenchment was done over again.

In conjunction with their ramparts, forts, and camps, their great roads must be looked to as part of the military system of the Romans. These radiated from the centre, and penetrated in every direction to the farthest extremities of the Empire. A symbol of the stubborn persistency of the conquering people, they were carried straight onwards, never swerving to the right or the left, and disdaining to humour the inequalities of the soil after the practice of modern engineering. When insuperable impediments faced the progress onwards, they were tunnelled, but in such districts as the Scots Lowlands the road passed straight over the broad hill. Near Rome these roads were broad and level, and so smoothly paved as to have in some measure anticipated the railway, and to account for the practice of the Roman men of fashion, who delighted to drive about on them in chariots without springs.[1] This perfection of finish disappeared as they

[1] The Roman roads have a literature of their own. See 'Histoire des Grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain, contenant l'origine, progrès, et étendue quasi incroyable de chemins militaires, pavez depuis la ville de Rome jusques aux extrémitez de son Empire. Où se voit la grandeur et la puissance incomparable des Romains; ensemble l'éclaircissement de l'Itineraire d'Antonin et de la Carte de Peutinger.' Par Nicolas Bergier, Avocat au Siège Presidial de Reims. 2 vols. 4to, 1736.

spread outwards into distant regions, where the soldier only used them; but to their extremities they were heavily paved, and as enduring in their structure as if the Empire they belonged to would require them so long as the crust of the earth should keep together. The agricultural improver, when he comes upon these abiding tracks of Roman conquest, is provoked to find that he will not only have to remove the upper pavement of heavy boulders, but that when this is done there is a deep foundation of gravel and other hopeless matter to be dealt with, so that he reaches the prudent conclusion that the enterprise of removal will not repay itself.[1]

The great north road touched the sea at Boulogne, and was resumed on the British side. Scotland was deemed worthy of two great lines of road. The one left the southern wall near Carlisle, and passed by Langtown and Birrenswork to the western extremity of the northern wall. The other, which might be called the trunk line, was that by which the troops were to march on to the far north. It is a continuation of the great English Watling Street, and enters Scotland near the head of the river Coquet, passing by Jedburgh, where it is very conspicuous, and on by the Eildon Hills and the Pentlands to Cramond, and thence onwards to the northern wall, along which there was a fine military way, which would join the north and the south roads. For purely military purposes the road appears to have been carried northwards into Aberdeenshire. It is easier to trace the track through highly-cultivated land than through mountain districts, where a coating of heath and moss renders the line little distinguishable from the other stony covering of the mountain. Patches of the paving appear here and there among the camps in Strathearn or Strathmore, and the peasant will speak of finding his way from Ardoch to Perth without coming off "the old road."

[1] One of the best specimens of a Roman byroad passes through probably the highest-rented land in the United Kingdom, between Edinburgh and the bathing-town of Portobello. It is called the Fishwife's Causey, from its having been, or been supposed to have been, used by these women in carrying their fish to the Edinburgh market.

CHAPTER III.

THE UNRECORDED AGES.

REASONS FOR PLACING THIS BETWEEN THE ROMAN PART AND THE CONTINUATION — PREHISTORIC VESTIGES — HOW THEY SUPERSEDE THE FABULOUS HISTORIES—THE GEOLOGICAL CONDITIONS IN WHICH THEY ARE FOUND—REASON WHY SCOTLAND IS PECULIARLY RICH IN ANCIENT REMAINS—ANCIENT FORTRESSES—THE CATERTHUNS—DUNSINNANE HILL — OTHER INSTANCES — THE VITRIFIED FORTS — LAKE DWELLINGS AND STRENGTHS — THE CATRAIL — THE DANISH DUNS—EDEN HALL—MYSTERIOUS HILL-WORKS—TAPUC OF TORWOOD —THE LAWS IN FORFARSHIRE—PICTS' HOUSES AND OTHER UNDERGROUND BUILDINGS—ARTIFICIAL CAVES—CAIRNS, CHAMBERED AND UNCHAMBERED—MAES-HOWE—DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD—URNS AND INCREMATION OR BURNING—REFERENCE OF INCREMATION TO CHRISTIANITY — MANUFACTURES IN FLINT — WEAPONS, STONE AND METALLIC—DEFENSIVE ARMOUR—QUESTION OF THE STONE, BRONZE, AND IRON AGES — DECORATIONS — INFERENCES AS TO ART AND CIVILISATION.

It has been found convenient to tell by itself the history of the sojourn of the Romans in Scotland. Their influence on the Scotland which afterwards became a nation might be said to be rather topographical than political. The recollections and memorials attached to them were like the traditions of a visit in far-off times from distinguished guests, who had left behind them illustrious recollections and interesting relics—the mute memorials of a mighty people whose power had departed. Not but that the Roman Empire had a great influence on the constitution and social condition of Scotland. That influence, however, was not imparted by conquest: it came into Scotland in later times, from close alliance with the Continental nations in which the imperial institutions con-

tinued to live. Any account of this infusion of Roman institutions does not, therefore, belong to the time when the Romans departed, but to a period far on in history.

The fabulous historians dealt easily with the Roman period, as with everything else. It was but an episode in a history, going as far back as that of Rome itself. Of late years a vast process of legendary fiction has been cut away from the early history of nearly every civilised nation. The fabulous history of nations is abandoned with some regret, as the visible form taken by the aspirations of national pride and patriotism; and it is justly enough said that the fables are part of a nation's history, since they are the narrative of the traditional creed which influenced the people. Undoubtedly they are so, but in this, their new claim to historical consideration, they belong to the period when they were invented and believed, not to that which they falsify. Whatever, therefore, is said of the fabulous history of Scotland, shall be given farther on in connection with the motives for inventing the fables, and the influence exercised by them on the popular mind.

It is unfortunate that many of those who have been busiest in extinguishing these picturesque and venerable fables have been apt to substitute others of their own. These profess to be born of the philosophy of history, and to be steeped in learning and sagacity; but to common minds in search of fact they are not less unreal than the old fables, and only much less amusing. It would almost seem as if the critics who extinguished the old epics considered themselves bound to fill up the empty space they had made in history, and fell to this task in so exceedingly conscientious a spirit that they have given the world a far—very far—larger bulk of literature than they have removed.[1]

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[1] Their way of manufacturing it is this: When they alight on some list of kings or chiefs, whose very existence hangs on an extremely slender thread of testimony, they set each of them up as a historical character, and speculate on his policy, and its influence on his own and foreign countries, as knowingly, and with as noble a sequence of rounded sentences, as any great historian could employ in treating of the policy of Julius Cæsar or Frederick the Great. In like manner,

There are now but faint remnants of this method of filling history with speculation, and its speedy final disappearance may be hoped for. It has naturally been pressed out by a new and healthy system of inquiry, which, if it do not supply all that history demands, yet is satisfactory and complete in what it gives. Of this method of supplying the deficiencies of early history we have already seen a little in dealing with the sojourn of the Romans in Scotland. It examines and classifies the real evidence of their existence which the ancient inhabitants of the land may have left behind them, and it draws inferences, feeble and vague sometimes at first, but endowed with that virtue of ascertained truths which fits them to truths coming from other directions, insomuch that patient efforts are sometimes crowned by the completion of an inductive history, sufficient to fill up a blank in written history.

There is, at all events, in this system of inquiry, the satisfaction of having possession of absolute facts, be their ultimate tendency what they may. I propose, then, here to start with a brief account of certain tangible memorials of old times, of which it may be at least asserted that they were made or possessed by inhabitants of Scotland, and are therefore, in some measure, a testimony to practices and capacities that existed among the people. And if in many instances they are yet far isolated from anything that can tell us of the origin and destinies of the people they belonged to, or the age of their construction, yet others happily assimilate in some measure to the other testimonies of past history, and in all of them there are specialties and characteristics which are

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when some sort of office or national or district practice is casually mentioned in any dry old chronicle, which leaves its practical nature in utter darkness, the historical philosopher takes it up, looks at it, and then writes about it at length, crowding his pages with conjectures about it, if his nature be sceptical; but, on the other hand, if he be practical and sagacious, describing the character and functions of the office as minutely and fearlessly as a law dictionary tells those of a Lord Chancellor, a parish beadle, or a chief constable, of the present day.

worthy of being known as undoubted facts in the history of mankind.[1]

And first, a word on the general geological and topographical conditions of the country, for these are not only closely connected with the character of its memorials of unknown times, but have had their own special influence on the historical destinies of the people.

In the first place, it seems clear that the oldest works of man which have yet been found in Scotland, are more recent than the latest of the geological formations. It is held as admitted that, over the whole world, in the stone strata of geology, no trace of man or any of his works has been found. There is a petrified human skeleton in the British Museum, but this has been an incidental incrustation, like the nests and baskets petrified in springs impregnated with lime or other consolidating matter. The stratified beds which in some great convulsions have kept the impressions of the animals and vegetables of some epoch of the transitions through which the globe has passed, contain no testimony, as heretofore deciphered, to the existence of man. There are, however, formations which, though they are not of stone, are counted geological, as having been the effect of causes no longer in operation. Every water produces changes on the adjoining land by its motions—adding here and abstracting there. The effects thus produced are not to be counted among the

[1] It may be said that the proper place for an analysis of the items of what has been called prehistoric matter, should have been placed at the commencement of the book, and before the chapters on the Roman occupancy. The author believes, however, that it will be more clear and effective where he has placed it. The memorials now to be dealt with connect themselves with other occupants of the soil who may have belonged to it any series of ages before the Roman occupancy, or throughout that period, or after it was over. Thus it will be found that these memorials blend into and form a sequence with others of a distinctly later period, and the sequence thus created by the nature of things would have been broken by any attempt at a more accurate chronological adjustment. Such an adjustment would be in reality a breaking up of a natural sequence, by first describing the remains older than the Roman period, then giving that period its due, and on the other side of it reviving the account of the vestiges of the native inhabitants in a later age.

permanent geological elements of a country. But there exist large effects, which have been caused by waters, or other forces no longer present either to increase or to reduce them; and these, as they are permanent conditions of the crust of the earth, are counted as geological. Such are the diluvial lands stretching in level tracts from the edges of the chief rivers to the slopes of the nearest hills. Whether caused by the escape of the waters or the upheaval of their beds, their appearance is that of a deposit from waters which have ceased to exist.

Some late discoveries in France have tended to disturb the received notions as to this formation. In a portion of it called the Drift, where boulders, gravel, and sand are huddled in masses, seemingly by waters now extinct, some pieces of flint have been found, which, although they can hardly be said to have a shape, have yet an appearance which no known natural force could have communicated to them. No discoveries have been made in Scotland sufficient to bring over the war of controversy that has raged about the deposits in the Drift.[1] True, in some of the great haugh flats, as in that where Glasgow stands, and the carse lands on the Forth and Tay, human bones have been found, a harpoon or spear made of bone, and the remains of several canoes or primitive vessels. But the existence of these can be accounted for by a phenomenon to which such a district is any day liable—a change in the course of the stream passing through it. Hence there is no necessity for believing these ancient vessels to have sailed on waters which, from some great geological change, have ceased to exist. Roman remains stand on this diluvial formation—so do the stone circles, barrows, and other monuments supposed to belong to some age indefinitely older than the Roman invasion.[2] In Scotland

[1] What relation these flints bear to our own instruments of flint will appear further on. The scheme of vast inferences from these deposits may be briefly learned from 'Temps antédiluviens et préhistoriques. L'homme fossile en Europe, son industrie, ses mœurs, ses œuvres d'art. Par H. Le Hon. 1867.'

[2] The flat district lying between the Sound of Jura and Loch Awe, perforated by the Crinan Canal, is perhaps one of the best fields for

we are thus at present clear of the difficulty of accounting for man and his ways, as under geological conditions different from the present.

The geology of Scotland runs through the entire gamut of the variations in the received systems of geology. There runs north and south an axis of the primitive unstratified rocks, cropping forth here and there from Caithness to Kirkcudbright, in granite, porphyry, and felspar. On its flanks, or covering it, are those stratified rocks which are supposed to have been roasted by proximity to this mass in its molten state, and these form the large districts of gneiss and schist which make the greater portion of the Highlands, and give character to its scenery, the gneiss tending to undulation, and thus causing the monotonous flat hills and shallow valleys of the central Highlands, while the lamular and horny character of the schist comes forth in the rugged and grotesque spikes of the Trosachs and other tourist districts. An articulation of mountains of a different class, because sedimentary in their structure, carries the mountain-chain to the English border. South of the Tay, to the east and the west spreads a broad cake of the later mechanical or unaltered sedimentary formations, rich in coal and iron, and often pierced by traps and other irruptive rocks attributed to recent plutonic action. It is at the very northern extremity of the island—on the coast-edge of Sutherland, in small patches among the Western Isles, and in a margin of the south-west coast—that we find the lias, oolite, and other recent formations, which, like the same strata in the south of England, abound in large and emphatic organic remains. Lastly, here and there, both in the mountains and the flatter districts, are tracts of the diluvium already referred to.

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the observation of this phenomenon, as it is still in a state of nature, or but recently brought in, while most of the other land of the same kind is the oldest tilled land in Scotland. The aspect of this piece of country is as if extinct waters covering it had once joined Loch Awe to the sea. It is quite level, with a few rocks and small hills starting abruptly out of it like islands. Its surface is thickly strewn with the stones called Druidical, standing by themselves and in circles—along with large barrows and other remains of unknown antiquity.

The map at once shows Scotland to be a country well adapted for union and defence. It has a backbone in the range of mountains, open to retreat from all quarters. There are few parts of the country more than fifty miles distant from the sea on the one side and from mountains on the other. On studying these conditions, one sees how it might very well be the land where the concentrating power of geographical conditions forced two uncongenial races of different language and temperament into combination. The mountain districts, all but a few diluvial valleys, must have ever been unproductive. The wild animals among them must have been very few, and they could only have been inhabited to any extent at the times when there were cultivated lands at no great distance, which their inhabitants could pillage. The rest of the country has none of the natural fertility that generally attracts indolent and unadventurous inhabitants, but it is extremely rich in the raw materials of active industry. Coal, iron, lime, and building-stone abound; there is much water-power for machinery, and the sea is accessible for commerce and fishing. There is scarcely any natural soil save the haughs or carses on the border of the rivers; but the traps, limestones, and other minerals, are found valuable chemical elements in the soils created by culture. Lead, copper, and nickel are found in considerable quantities. Silver is still extracted from the lead-mines, and gold has been found in the quartz, but not in sufficient quantity to pay the cost of working it. For minor natural productions there are nodules of agate and veins of onyx in the trap-rocks, and finely-coloured rock-crystals in the granite mountains. Just one stone coming up to the rank of a gem has been found in the Cairngorm Mountains—it is the beryl, or aqua-marine. It has affected the history of the ornamental arts in Scotland, too, that pearls have been found in abundance in the rivers. In connection with the discovery of ancient weapons, it will be found to be interesting to know that flint is native to Scotland. The Chalk formation, to which it belongs, is wanting; but in the north-eastern districts flints have been found in considerable abundance, and it is thence inferred that

chalk had been in existence, and had disappeared through some wasting process.

It is only in the strips of diluvial ground already spoken of that stone is not found close at hand. A country of such geological character has more than the ordinary opportunities for preserving the works raised by the people, at periods when they had not advanced beyond the use of the readiest materials. Accordingly, Scotland is rich in what are called the remains of primitive inhabitancy. In the timbered plains or morasses which make so great a share of Northern Europe, there may have been fought great contests, calling into existence many defensive works, which have all disappeared from the face of the earth ages ago. In Scotland such things have had a permanency.

The country is crowded with hill-fortresses, small and great; they may be counted by hundreds. They consist of mounds of earth or stone, or both, running round the crests of hills. Only those most conspicuous for their size or other remarkable qualities need here be noticed. In the northern part of Forfarshire, just where the Grampians begin to swell into mountains, there are two conical detached hills, called the White and the Black Caterthun. The one has its name evidently from the rings of white stone which are seen to encircle it; the other is termed black by way of contrast, because the turf rings surrounding it make no variation on the natural dark hue of a Scots heather hill. The White Caterthun is a fortress of four concentric circles of stone, the innermost of which has a diameter of some eighty paces. Perhaps the best conception of the greatness of this work may be taken from the simple description of the Engineer officer, who, in his search for the vestiges of Roman camps, was amazed to discover this remnant of native engineering. "The most extraordinary thing that occurs in this British fort is the dimensions of the rampart, composed entirely of large loose stones, being at least twenty-five feet thick at top, and upwards of one hundred at bottom, reckoning quite to the ditch, which seems, indeed, to be greatly filled up by the tumbling down of the stones. The vast labour

that it must have cost to amass so incredible a quantity, and carry them to such a height, surpasses all description. A single earthen breastwork surrounds the ditch; and beyond this, at the distance of about fifty yards on the two sides, but seventy on each end, there is another double intrenchment of the same sort running round the slope of the hill. The intermediate space probably served as a camp for the troops, which the interior post, from its smallness, could only contain a part of. The entrance into this is by a single gate on the east end; but opposite to it there are two leading through the outward intrenchment, between which a work projects, no doubt for containing some men posted there as an additional security to that quarter."[1]

The space within the inner rampart is a dead flat, completely protected by the huge mound which surrounds it, and cuts it off from all vision beyond. Standing on that mound, one cannot fail to see that the engineer of the Caterthun had a great military tactic in view when he chose its site. It comes out as a sort of bastion from the Grampians, which range themselves in a billowy mass towards the north and west. It overlooks the great valley of Strathmore, and beyond it Fife and the Lothians as far as the border mountains. At what time this fortress was raised, and what race of men they were who manned it, seem questions idle to be asked, since the chances of any answer being ever made to them appear so utterly hopeless. It may be a fact, however, worth noting, that the district of country overlooked by this stronghold is the same that is the most thickly filled with the vestiges of Roman invasion. Some forty miles farther north, at Echt, in Aberdeenshire, the detached conical hill called the Barmkin is crowned by a fortress of five concentric ramparts, in some respects the rival of the Caterthun. The ramparts are not so vast, but they are interesting from a higher state of preservation. There are some remnants of a face of masonry, leading to the supposition that the ramparts were not originally mere heaps of stones, but had

[1] Roy's Military Antiquities, 205-6.

been regularly built. The device for covering the entrance by zigzagging it through the several ramparts is still visible, and adjoining the fortress there are some of the circles commonly called Druidical. Of these we know nothing, but that they stand where they are, leaving their relation to the fortress open to any amount of guessing. There is a hill-fort of this kind on the famed Dunsinnane. It consists of several concentric ramparts, made seemingly out of the nearest available material to be found on the surface of the hill. Dunsinnane is a range of hills, and it is not the highest of the range that is thus fortified. Those who made the fortress had no doubt a reason for their selection. The hill overlooks a vast district, on to and beyond Birnam Wood, and from far away the successive ramparts may be seen on the profile like terraces or notches. The country people call the fortified top "The Giant's Hill;" and at the time when it came to be associated with the story of Macbeth, it was no doubt invested with many traditions.[1]

Of the hill-forts of Scotland one kind has been and still remains a mystery defying the learning and acuteness of all investigators. These are called vitrified forts, because their substance has passed through fire and taken a vitreous character. Some portions of them are bright like the scoriæ of a glass-house, but the greater part more resemble those of an ironwork. When they were first brought to light, nearly a century ago, scientific men caught at the idea that they were the remains of recent volcanoes. The geologists now scout that supposition, and indeed no one can see them without pronouncing them the handiwork of man. But how, or with what end, had they been subjected to so strange a process? One view was that they were the mere receptacles of gigantic fires of timber, whether lighted as beacons or for some religious observance. But if some of them are fragmen-

[1] A topographical inquiry as to Dunsinnane and the district round it, and an account of the result of excavations on the works there, may be found in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, ii. 93.

tary and shapeless, there are others so elaborately put together, rampart within rampart, that it is difficult to think of any other object in raising them but that of a fortress. One of these, on Craigphadric, near Inverness, is exactly in the place where we shall find St Columba visiting the king of the Picts. Like the Caterthun, Craigphadric was evidently selected as fit to occupy a great military position. It is a conical hill, above 1000 feet high, isolated and abrupt, standing guard between the Highlands and the Lowlands. In front of it rolls the rapid Ness, on the other side of which extend the fruitful plains of Moray; behind are the mountains of Inverness and Ross. Another vitrified fort, Dunadeer, in Aberdeenshire, is early mentioned in history as a fortress, and continued to be one down to about the sixteenth century, a square tower of masonry having been built within the vitrified ramparts. Another is on the shore of Loch Etive, opposite to the Castle of Dunstaffnage. Its fragments are found on a double-topped rocky mound rising out of the narrow plain, and overlooking long stretches of sea, loch, and of the Island of Mull. Its proper Highland name is Dun Macsniachain. This has been set down as the Rerigonium spoken of by the monkish chroniclers as the capital of the Pictish kings. We are to suppose, then, that their court was held here before the removal of the establishment, first to Craigphadric, and afterwards to Forteviot on the Earn.[1]

Since they did not profess to be walls, but were merely mounds, it was difficult to see a motive for cementing them by so laborious a process as absolute vitrification. On this was started the theory that their origin might have been accidental. A stone rampart having been raised upon a hill, it was supposed to be strengthened by a quantity of timber stakes, while within its area might be a vast assemblage of wooden houses, all suited to make a

[1] Among the people of the neighbourhood the Latin name thus conferred on it by the learned seems to have, with an alteration in the first letter, superseded its native name, and the inhabitants speak of it as "Bergonian."

tremendous conflagration if ignited by accident or siege operations. Fire was the calamity chiefly dreaded by the Scandinavian chiefs in their great wooden barracks, and such a calamity is the crisis in the beautiful chronicle called 'The Story of Burnt Njal.' But if such had been their origin, we would expect them to abound in Scandinavia, where the skilful and zealous northern antiquaries have as yet found none.[1] The general tendency of the evidence about them is in the direction of design. It has been noticed that in the portions of these works where the fire has not obliterated the characteristics of the original stone, it is sometimes not of the kind nearest at hand, but has been brought from some distance. Toward the motive for taking this trouble, Professor Macculloch says what, if fully established, might be counted conclusive—he is commenting on Dunadeer as "a strong military position." "I remarked that at Dun Macsniachain the materials of the hill itself were not vitrifiable, but that a very fusible rock was present at a short distance, or scattered in fragments about the plain. The same is true here, and in both cases the forts are not erected out of the materials nearest at hand, which are infusible, but collected at material labour from a distance."[2] He infers, as the obvious conclusion, that those who made the fortresses intended to vitrify their walls. It would be satisfactory to have fuller scientific information on the point of the importation of materials, especially as it is one which skill and trouble can, to all appearance, settle.

The remnants of a very characteristic method of ancient

[1] There are hints—but very indistinct—about vitrifications in Ireland. Until recently, the only example cited from the Continent was in the commune of Cledran, in France. In a paper by Dr Stuart in the Proceedings of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland (viii. 145), this instance is treated along with some remarkable vitrifications in Bohemia, but all are too far apart, both in structure and geographical position, to help us to conclusions about the origin of our own specimens. Inserted in that paper is a curiously suggestive account of a recent successful experiment in vitrification, which I had the honour to receive from Mr Ramsay, Director of the Geological Survey of England.

[2] Highlands, &c., 291.

defence have long been known in Scotland. It was accomplished by insulation within an inland lake. Natural islands are obvious places of strength, and many of them throughout Scotland have the castles of later times built on them, as Lochleven, Lochdoon, and others. I am not aware of any artificial lake bearing a stone edifice; but so valuable does insulation appear to have been to the people who did not know how to enclose themselves with stone walls, that artificial islands were frequently made of stakes and stones. The first of these brought into prominent notice was in the Loch of Forfar, when it was partly drained about the year 1780. The remains discovered on these islands show that they were not mere garrisoned fortresses, but were dwelling-places for families, sometimes containing several, so that they might be counted as villages. If there were not an enemy in possession of boats on the loch, no position could well be more impregnable than such an island in tolerably deep water. They have been found in all parts of the country. They are well known in Ireland, where they are called Crannoges, after the name given to them by the chroniclers, who preserve examples of their comparatively recent use.[1] Lake-dwellings have been found in other parts of Europe, as in Savoy, Italy, Germany, Denmark, and especially Switzerland. It was the eminence of these last that

[1] "One Thomas Phettiplace, in his answer to an inquiry from the Government as to what castles or forts O'Neil hath, and of what strength they be, states (May 15, 1567): "For castles, I think it be not unknown unto your honours he trusteth no point thereunto for his safety, as appeareth by the raising of the strongest castles of all his countreys; and that fortification which he only dependeth upon is in certain fresh-water loghes in his country, which from the sea there come neither ship nor boat to approach them. It is thought that there, in the said fortified islands, lyeth all his plate, which is much, and money, prisoners, and gages: which islands hath in wars to fore been attempted, and now of late again by the Lord-Deputy there, Sir Harry Sydney, which, for want of means for safe-conducts upon the water, it hath not prevailed."—Cited in Lubbock, Prehistoric Times, 120.

In the days of the great King Brian and the battle of Clontarf there were four islands in an inventory of Brian's water-strongholds. One island supplied crannoge remains to investigators of the present day.—Todd, Introduction to 'The War of the Gaedhill with the Gaill,' cix.

gave prominence to the others. But for the rich harvest afforded by the Pfahlbauten, or stake-buildings as they are called, the vestiges of such things nearer home would not have been looked for, and if accidentally found might have remained unheeded. They are not found in the lakes of the higher Alpine valleys, and are essentially an institution of a fertile country. What exigencies drove the people to a method of living that can scarcely have been selected for its own sake are not apparent, but it seems certain that if they sought peace in these watery retreats they found it. To support communities so large as their remains attest, there must have been agricultural possession of the adjoining land. There must have been an active commerce, too, for the insular people had the adornments as well as the comforts of life.

Though the movable commodities found among the vestiges of inhabitancy in the Scottish lakes are comparatively meagre, they too have rendered up some well-made articles of bronze ware, personal ornaments, and other tokens of a step beyond the struggle for bare existence. Articles of Roman manufacture are a feature common to the Swiss and the Scotch lake-dwellings. But the chief object of interest in the Scotch specimens is the structure of the islands with solid beams of wood mortised together and pinned to the soil below by equally massive stakes.[1]

Whether in imitation of the Romans, or from some conception of their own, possibly earlier than the Roman invasion, the inhabitants of Scotland possessed a wall strengthened by a system of forts. It is fortunate that it was seen by the antiquary Gordon, and caught a strong hold of his attention. He has accordingly followed its track, and described a great deal that agricultural improvement has obliterated. He finds its northern commencement about a mile from Galashiels, on the river

[1] A very full examination of all the specimens of lake-buildings in Scotland known down to the year 1866 will be found in a paper entitled "Notices of a Group of Artificial Islands in the Loch of Dowalton, Wigtonshire, and of other Artificial Islands or 'Crannoges' throughout Scotland," by John Stuart. Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vi. 114-178.

Gala, a tributary to the Tweed on its northern side; and there is a conjecture that it may have been carried from the other side of the stream across to the east coast. The most southerly trace of it is at Peel Fell, in Cumberland; its profile is a ditch between two walls. It has three local names: "The Catrail," "The Deil's Dyke," and "The Picts' Work Ditch." It passes through the most classical portions of the Border land, by Yarrow, Deloraine Burn, Melrose, and Liddesdale, then near the Leepsteel and Hermitage Castle. Gordon found its most distinct vestiges to be "24 and 26 feet broad and very deep, the ramparts on every side 6 or 7 feet in perpendicular height, and each of them 10 or 12 feet thick."[1] From the phenomenon that the moss has at one place thickened to a level with the top, so that the sides of the wall are exposed by digging, it is supposed that the work is of extreme antiquity.[2] There are several hill-forts on the line of this rampart, so disposed as to leave little doubt that they are elements of the system of fortification connected with the walls and ditch.

Some edifices of a character totally distinct from any of the works just described, have been usually associated with them as a portion of the defences of ancient Scotland. In the north-western parts of Inverness-shire, in Ross-shire, Sutherland, and Orkney, there may still be seen, sometimes in deep valleys, at others on picturesque points of rock, round towers extremely symmetrical in their structure. They are circular, on a broad base, which narrows upwards with a graceful curve, like that on which Smeaton designed his lighthouse system, as being the form which nature, in the profile of the trunk of a tree, proclaimed to be that where strength and beauty united reach their highest development. They are called "Burghs," "Danish Towers," and "Pictish Towers." These buildings, at a distance, might pass for remnants of Gothic castles of the days of the English Edwards, but a close examination shows them to be far older. They are the work of masons unacquainted with the arch. They

[1] Itiner. Sept., 102.

[2] Wilson, ii. 79.

have no roofs, or visible arrangements for retaining a roof; and the minor openings, which in the Norman style and the others derived from it would be closed by the arch, are simply flagged. From their perfect roundness the stranger would expect to find them built of finely-hewn stone in courses, but when he examines them he will see no mark of a tool on anything connected with their structure. Each is made of the surrounding shingle without mortar; and if any artificial means had been taken to procure the material, it must have been little more than the breaking-up of great stones by tossing them from precipices. The secret of keeping the pure rounded outline with materials so rude is, that the stones are all thin and flat, and chosen so as to give no opportunity for deviations exceeding half or a quarter of an inch; hence, though symmetrically round as seen from a little distance, the surface is rough.

The inside is as singular as the out. There are, in fact, in all of them two concentric walls—the outer circular, and widening to the base; the inner circular, and perpendicular like a well. The two thus approach each other as they rise in height. All round the inner wall are tiers of square openings into the space between the walls; and thus the interior resembles in some measure a columbarium, or Roman tomb-chamber for the reception of urns, only that the orifices in the burgh are fewer and farther apart. The space between the walls to which these openings lead is paved or flagged, so as to make several storeys of chambers, or galleries as they are called, all of course decreasing in breadth the higher up they are. They are divided from each other into lengths by slabs, and in the larger lengths there are generally remnants of rude stairs, leading, as it were, through the successive storeys. Such is generally the type of these strange edifices, though there are slight variations from the standard. At Achir na Kyle in Sutherlandshire, and Dunalishaig on the Dornoch Firth, the chambers between the walls incline to the round or oval form instead of the rectangular.[1] The

[1] See the ground-plan in Cordiner's Antiquities, 118.

chief variation in these buildings is, however, in their dimensions, and on this something will have to be said.

And now comes the question—For what purpose were these strange structures raised? The answer has ever been immediate and uniform, as if it did not require a second thought; in fact, it has been an answer or decision without a question, and is to the effect that they are fortresses. The appearance decides that at once; but if they are viewed with a little consideration, the appearance is seen to decide too much. They resemble, as has been said, the towers of a castle of the Edwards; but such towers were made to flank curtains of wall, and would have been very incapable of defence standing alone. The fact is, that it was not till heavy artillery came into use that a small round building could defend itself; hence the Martello towers. The analogy is as if some very ancient wooden pipe were pronounced to be an instrument of war because its shape resembles that of an Armstrong gun.

In truth, from anything we can learn about defensive works earlier than the time of the Normans, we are not to expect to find them in the shape of castles built house-fashion. The defences were such as we have seen—great heaps of stones surrounding, on the crests of hills, open spaces of country, in which large bodies of people could assemble. Some of the burghs would not hold twenty persons. The largest among them might perhaps, from their size and strength, be made in some measure defensible. We know that the largest of them all was sought as a place of refuge, and was defended. Erland, the son of Harold, having carried off a beautiful Norwegian widow, took refuge with her in the burgh of Mousa, in Shetland, where her son besieged him for some time. Places not built as castles have often been so used in emergencies: the Normans, for instance, fortified the massive tombs which the Romans used to build over their dead. One of them is now the Castle of St Angelo; and the tomb of Cecilia Metella had doubtless often been a tower of strength. Mousa is by far the largest of the burghs, and with a little assistance could easily be made into a sort of castle.

The difficulty in supposing them to be strongholds is to find how they could assail any enemy occupied in pulling down their uncemented walls. There are no orifices of any kind outwards by which missiles or other weapons could have been used. The shape of the buildings is the worst possible for assailing an enemy. A square block is rather feeble; it requires something to flank it—that is, to be at right angles with its faces; and in the square towers afterwards built in Scotland, there were very ingenious economical devices for affecting this—as, for instance, when it had to be done on a very small scale, by overlapping works at the top, or by bastions or turrets at the angles. The square tower may have both these means of attack; the round can have only one—a parapet or overlapping work above. There is nothing to show that the burghs were completed in this manner; and indeed the extent of structural knowledge shown in them would not admit of the construction of such a work.

Then if we look to the curious recesses of the interior —the chambers between the outer and inner wall—and ask through their structure what their uses were, the inference from the larger buildings is that each chamber was a soldier's sleeping-place. No doubt there are chambers in these large specimens that might seem admirably suited for such a purpose. But there are chambers constructed in exactly the same manner in the smaller specimens, which could hardly accommodate a garrison of rabbits. It is quite impossible that these small specimens could have been defensible, and therefore it is unlikely that the larger ones were built for fortresses, though they might be rendered more available for defensive purposes.

These buildings are peculiar to Scotland. There is nothing in any other country bearing a close analogy to them; and, as we have seen, the Gothic flanking towers, which they most resemble, belong to a totally different age and condition of structural art.[1] Baffled in all infer-

[1] Our appreciation of absolute distinctness of form becomes the more emphatic when we can compare it with the other form that is nearest to it. Among buildings in other countries, those having the

ences from their structure, we look for information to any miscellaneous articles that may be found in them. In removing the rubbish within them, a skeleton has been here and there discovered; but as we know it to have been a practice to bury the dead within any remarkable monument, or even natural object, we can take nothing more from this than that the dead were disposed of in these buildings—we cannot infer that they were built as tombs. Some querns for grinding grain have been found in them, as also gold ornaments. In one instance there was found a long piece of flat bone, slightly adorned with angular-shaped carvings, and with one end of it cut into long teeth like those of a comb. It is set down, not unnaturally, as a primitive hair-comb. The existence of such articles may be in several ways accounted for. They may have been funeral deposits, according to a practice presently to be noticed—they may be the relics of inhabitancy—they may have been hidden where they were found. It is provoking, no doubt, to follow traces that lead us only to darkness, and to be able, as the sole conclusion, to say that there are a set of peculiar buildings, and no one can tell for what purpose they were erected. It is an easy thing to hold that they must have been fortresses; and the human mind, which is fond of conclusions, dislikes the dissipation of them. But we shall get accustomed as we go on to the destruction of larger portions of belief. It is a useful process. When the historical stage is occupied by shadows, the mind gets bewildered among them, and we cannot easily see and estimate any little morsels of actual truth that may come forward with its honest claims upon our notice.

On the hill in Berwickshire called Cockburn Law there

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closest resemblance to these are the Nuraggis, of which above a thousand have been discovered in Sardinia. But they help us no further than to the fact, that as the external features of the two are similar, there is also an analogy in the perplexity that both have given to the archæologist. The Nurragis, being close to the fountains of classical literature, excited earlier inquiry, and were said to have been built by Dædalus for Iolaus—but this only proves that they were buildings of unknown age and origin in the days of Diodorus.

is supposed, from old descriptions, and some scanty remains known to the peasantry as "Eden Hall," to have been a structure of the same class as these "Danish burghs." It has long been too much obliterated to permit the comparison to be tested. From its size, however, and the quantity of its heavy stonework, it appears to have come nearer to another type of works, of which we now approach some specimens.

The district of the Torwood, in Stirlingshire, renowned in connection with the history of Wallace, rises in a rocky mound with a precipitous face, called the Tapuc. There were visible some dykes or ramparts, which partly surrounded the crest of the hill, and aided its natural inaccessibility. These were called "the Roman Camp" by the people of the country, but nothing could be less Roman in character than any works found there. Excavations having been made, it was found that these visible dykes were the outcropping of a process of works long hidden under the usual covering of a natural hill-top, trees included. In the works laid bare, which may have been but the foundations of superstructures, there were passages above and below, all lined with rough stones overlapping towards a covering, and there was a rude staircase. All these appeared to be adjuncts to a circular chamber between thirty and forty feet in diameter. Its enclosure, built with rude blocks, is a wall-face some ten feet high inside, but without it is rather a cairn topping the hill than a wall. Nothing can be said of the purpose of this building, save what may be inferred from its fortress-like character. The Tapuc is in the middle of the great basin of the Forth. It overlooks the scene of many critical battles, and the great Roman works, passing from the Forth westwards.[1]

[1] See in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vi. 259, "Notes on the excavation of an ancient building at Tapock, in the Torwood, parish of Dunipace, county of Stirling: by Colonel Joseph Dundas of Carronhall, F.S.A., Scot." This paper is assisted by sketched ground-plans and elevations; reference is made in it to other croppings out on the surface of the neighbouring ground, as likely to yield interesting buried works as the Tapuc itself was before its excavation.

Above the sandy beach of the Firth of Tay, which stretches from Monifieth to Broughty Ferry, is a rocky wooded hill called the Laws. It was observed that, although the structure of the remaining portions is of trap, the building had long furnished a sort of quarry of good freestone for building farmhouses and enclosures all around. The stones were taken from outcroppings on the top. When these had in this manner been nearly obliterated, the proprietor of the hill found some equivalent for what had disappeared from the surface in clearing the foundations. Whatever may have been above ground, what was below, and may now be seen, is wonderful, and as mysterious as it is wonderful. What was carried off was all, or nearly all, freestone. The structures that remain are built of trap boulders. These are great walls, or solid blocks of masonry, which afford no clue to the nature of the buildings they had once supported. Some of them have a sort of crescent form, and they play out and in to each other, without affording, except in one instance, a boundary or circumference in which a ground-plan for a building of any kind can be traced. The one exception to this chaos is a circular wall, about eighteen feet thick, with a passage leading through it into a round chamber about forty feet in diameter, and similar to that of the Tapuc. Those who have seen the small beehive houses in the west of Scotland and in Ireland, might have thought that here were the walls for supporting a roof of the same character. But these small edifices are the simplest of all structures, though they are the rudiments of the dome. They are made by laying down circle after circle of stones slightly overlapping, so that each circle is rather narrower than the one below, and so all comes to a point. Such is the character of many edifices in the Isles and in Ireland, some of which have been places of Christian worship. In this manner, however, the closing of the roof can only be made on a very small scale. To have raised a roof of the same kind over the circle of the Laws would have been to raise a majestic dome, and to accomplish one of the greatest feats in architecture. The impressions left by the works there do not partake of such

a character. Brute force, and wonderful industry in accumulating masses of stone, are their characteristics. And for what were they raised—fortress, temple, or tomb? They give us no answer; and all that remains to be said is, that the works overlook wide stretches of country northwards to the Highland hills, and southwards over the Firth of Tay and Fifeshire.[1]

Another class of structures very abundant in Scotland are called Eard or Earth-houses, Picts' houses, and Weems. Their origin and use are shrouded in as deep a mystery as the round towers we have been discussing; and the perplexities of their mysteriousness are made almost the more emphatic by the darkness of the recesses into which the inquirer who tries to solve their mysteries must descend. They exist in many places in Scotland, but chiefly they concentrate themselves near Glenkindy and Kildrummy, on the upper reaches of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. There they may be found so thickly strewn as to form subterranean villages, or even towns. The fields are, to use a common expression, honeycombed with them. They give no artificial signs above ground. The peasant will sometimes know where they are by an unploughed patch in the field, in which a few stones crop above ground, with furze growing between them; in other instances the earth above is sufficient to let the plough pass over the roof of the edifice, and a small hole between two projecting stones marks its entrance. Through this hole a corpulent man will find difficulty in squeezing himself. It brings him to a sloping tunnel, which he descends some six or eight feet. He is then in a subterranean gallery, in which he may be able to stand upright; the ordinary height varies from five to eight feet. It is some thirty feet long, and may probably have lateral galleries to the right and the left. There are few places in

[1] See "Plan and Views of Ancient Remains on the Summit of the Laws Hill in Forfarshire," Proceedings Ant. Soc. Scot., iii. 440. The proprietor of the Laws, as well as that of the Tapuc of the Torwood, has each gained golden opinions from the archæological world by the zeal with which they have, not without cost, excavated the curious relics on their estates.

which the sensation of the dungeon or burial in life is stronger than in these artificial caverns, and that on account of the colossal and massive character of the roof. There is no cement, and no mark of tooling on the stones. If the gallery be eight feet broad at the floor, which is not an uncommon breadth, the walls, built of rough stones, will be found so to slope inwards by overlapping, as to bring the sides within six feet of each other. Across this breadth are laid gigantic blocks of granite.

When we ask, What were the uses of such buildings? we are again launched on the great ocean of guess-work. There is a laboriousness in their structure, not naturally associated by us with the makeshift arrangements that content the savage in the construction of his dwelling; yet that they have been human dwellings is the accepted opinion regarding them. If we adopt what is said by Ptolemy and other ancient geographers, and in some measure sanctioned by modern travellers, about a troglodytic or cavern-living population in Arabia, we may suppose that we have here the actual dwellings occupied by a race of like habits at the opposite extremity of the globe.

Any incidental testimony to their uses yielded up by these dark caverns has been extremely meagre. In general they have been found empty. In some of them there has been noticed a little rubbish, from which it may be inferred that at some time human beings had cooked and eaten food in them; as, for instance, cinders, bones of animals, and shells. A few articles, ornamental or useful, made of bone, flint, and bronze, have been found in them. In several the quern or hand-mill has been discovered; and this being indeed the only characteristic movable of which they have given up several specimens, it has sometimes been inferred that the buildings were ancient granaries. But, taken as a whole, the contents of these catacombs are not sufficiently extensive or characteristic to speak to the object for which they were made. Any incidents occurring in the course of the unknown number of centuries through which they have existed might have supplied their trifling contents. A set of schoolboys seeking a holiday's amusement in heir mysterious recesses—

a set of gypsies using them for casual shelter or concealment on their tramp—might be sufficient to leave such vestiges of human use as these structures afford. We can only tell what they pretty clearly have not been intended for. They have not been the sepulchres of the dead, nor have they been places of Christian worship; for both these uses have, as we shall presently see, their own special marks, and these are not found in the Earth-houses. It is one of their specialties, too, that none of the stone sculpture so abundant in Scotland is found about them.[1]

It has not escaped the notice of those who have examined these works, and endeavoured to account for them, that Tacitus tells us how the Germans lived underground in winter.[2] To hold that the subterranean structures in Scotland are alone a sufficient existing testimony to the accuracy of a statement regarding the Germans, would be a too strong conclusion: but, on the other hand, it in no way impugns the accuracy of the statement of Tacitus that there are no remains in Germany itself of the underground habitations mentioned by him. The habitation in which the barbarian burrows in the earth to keep from the cold is likely enough, if we may judge from what travellers see, a mere temporary makeshift, that, when it ceases to be inhabited, will disappear almost as soon as the residence of the mole. On the other hand, the feature that gives emphasis to the earth-houses of the north is their enormous substantiality. Uncouth, gloomy, and utterly unadorned as they are, a wondrous amount of labour and considerable skill in mechanical power have been devoted to them by their makers, who have rendered them stable as the everlasting hills, and the monuments of a

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[1] "In the remains of a work which seems to belong to the same family of underground edifices in Papa, in Orkney, it is reported by a local observer, that on each wall 'there is a neatly-engraved circle, about four inches in diameter,' but he is unable to say whether it is an artificial or a natural phenomenon; and this is the nearest approach to evidence of sculpture in the earth-houses." — Wilson's Annals, i. 114.

[2] "Solent et subterraneos specus aperire, eosque multo insuper fimo onerant, suffugium hiemi et receptaculum frugibus."—Germania, xvi.

seriousness and tenaciousness of purpose which must have possessed some adequate inducement in the minds of the workmen.

Other works, to be found chiefly in the south of Scotland, resemble these earth-houses in what the builder would call the interior ground-plan and elevation. They resemble them, too, in the prodigious labour they have cost, and the failure to provide any evidence of the motive for so much labour. In other respects, however, the two sets of works are a sort of converse of each other. The earth-houses are made with colossal blocks of the hardest of stones, granite and porphyry, with no mark on them from any tool; the others are cut into the soft sandstone rock. In their form as galleries with branches they are much alike. Of these cut works there are examples at a spot pretty notorious in the tourist community—Hawthornden; and there are others cut into the steep sandstone rocks hanging over the Jed, a little way above Jedburgh.

We are led by analogy to the interior of the cairns or stone burrows, which have some resemblance to the earth-houses. Most of the cairns are merely heaps of stone laid down upon the ground, but others have been raised in great bulk over stone chambers and galleries. These are rare. There are a few of them in Scotland, but until very lately we had to go to the banks of the Boyne, at New Grange, to see the highest development of this sort of work. As with many of the earth-houses, the entrance is by a low tunnel leading to a central chamber, whence others branch off on each side. The central chamber of New Grange is, however, nearly twenty feet high. This, which had for more than a century and a half been one of the wonders of the world, encountered very lately a formidable rival. Near the celebrated stone circle in Orkney, called Stennis, another object served to break in upon the flat surface of the plain—a mound of stones covered with earth, very regular in its conical form, and surrounded by a concentric ditch. It is called by the neighbours Maeshowe. In 1861 it was opened, and found, like New Grange, to be perforated by a gallery, ending in a central

chamber, whence others branch off. The upper portion of the central chamber had been removed, leaving walls thirteen feet high, but from their structure suggesting that the chamber must have been fully twenty feet high. But between the two examples there were material differences, showing in the structure of Maes-howe a distinct advance in the architecture, if one may call it so, of these works—in fact, so great an advance that evidently there must have been many stages of development between the one and the other.[1] In neither is there a knowledge of the arch. In Maes-howe there is a clear advance towards it, but at the point where one might have expected it to be discovered, there is a divergence into ingenious and laborious substitutes. New Grange is an absolute specimen of what is called cyclopean work — a chaotic result of strength and labour without skill. Gigantic stones, found apparently in the bed of the neighbouring river, have been poised against each other as if by the hands of playful giants; and when they would stand leaning with a space between, others have been brought to steady them and complete the enclosure, and then vast heaps have been laid on to keep them in their place by pressure. The chamber of Maes-howe, again, is constructed of long slabs of stone. They are laid down one on another as the enclosures of a square. For six feet up there is on each side a perpendicular wall, but then begins the special device of the architect for closing it in above. The stones, which hitherto have been of miscellaneous length, are now long slabs or beams of the full length of the side. This, however, shortens with each course, so that the square converges, making a rectangular dome. The stones are hewn, and in fact the whole is neat masonry.

The excavators were delighted to find several cuttings

[1] Since this view was casually dropped, it has been laid down from the highest authority on architectural pedigree, "The first thing that strikes any one on examining this mound is, that it certainly is the lineal descendant of the great cairns on the banks of the Boyne, but separated from them by a very long interval of time."—Fergusson, Rude Stone Monuments, 250.

on the stone, and especially a series of Runic inscriptions, whence it was anticipated that a flood of light might be thrown upon the origin of this and other works of the kind. They were examined by the most distinguished adepts in Northern learning. The result, however, has hitherto afforded no revelation concerning the purpose and the builders of the great work. Little more, indeed, was proved than that a weakness prevailing in the present day was exhibited several hundred years ago among the few whose education enabled them to give effect to it. The runes appear to have been the effusions of travellers and other persons seized with the same desire, compounded of vanity and vacuity, that induces modern tourists to engrave their names and make other mischievous cuttings on remarkable objects. Vikings, in their idle hours, seem thus to have amused themselves, leaving boastful expressions about prowess, probably intended to meet eyes that would be irritated by them. There are several taunts and lamentations about the caprices of a fair widow, and some persons called Jerusalem men are supposed to have been crusaders on their way home. The runes are in themselves ancient, but they give only the light of their own day, and tell us no more of the previous history of the stones they are cut on, than Byron's name scratched on the walls of Chillon will reveal to future ages about the origin of an edifice built probably about the time when the Maes-howe runes were scratched.[1]

[1] Notice of Runic Inscriptions discovered during recent investigations in the Orkneys, made by James Farrer, M.P. Repeated notices of the inscriptions will be found in Professor Stephens's great work on 'The Ancient Runic Monuments'—see index, Maes-howe. He finds in one of the inscriptions a sea captain's message, intended to meet the eye of a brother warrior who will understand its meaning. Another is read, "That man carved these runes who is the cleverest rune smith in these western isles." He finds this artist's name "Master Aerling, who evidently had no mean opinion of his runic accomplishments, and who was not afraid of blowing his own trumpet," 239.

The historian of architecture offers a suggestion on the origin of the Maes-howe tumulus less satisfactory than his comments on its place in the progress of stone structures. It is an inference that Havard, the son-in-law of Harold of the Bloody Axe, having been slain in

We are driven back to the mere structure and character of the edifices for any conclusions; and here, though analogies are but poor helps on such occasions, one cannot avoid observing that these works look as if they were bred of the same spirit that raised the Egyptian pyramids —the same, but impoverished and restricted. In both there is the accumulation of masses of stone-work far out of the proportion of what is necessary for the construction of the chambers retained in them, which look rather like excavations into the solid rock than buildings raised by laying stone on stone. In fact, New Grange and Maes-howe may justly be called minor pyramids.

The traces of the original purpose of such great works are thus sometimes obliterated by their very eminence. Age after age is attracted towards them, meddles with them, and leaves its mark on them. If the remains of the dead be found in them, it cannot thence be inferred that they were built for tombs, since remarkable objects, natural as well as artificial, have often been selected as places of burial. It is satisfactory, however, to come to a clear conclusion about the smaller cairns or heaps of stones. The frequency with which the remains of the dead have been found in them, and their inadequacy to any other conceivable purpose, make them as certainly graves as the mounds in a village churchyard. Mistakes have sometimes been made by searchers in heaps of stone which have been accumulated by improvers of the land, but experienced explorers soon get to distinguish these from the primeval cairns. It is difficult to say where they are most numerous. In the carse-lands, and other places long cul-

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battle so near to the spot as Stennis, this may be his monument. The best that can be said for the raising of similar monuments in that period—the tenth century—is: "It is quite certain that King Gorm (died 950) and Thyra of Denmark were buried in tumuli in outward appearance very like Maes-howe. That of Queen Thyra has alone been opened. It is a chambered tomb similar to Maes-howe, except in this, that the chamber in Denmark is formed with logs of wood—in the Orkneys, with slabs of stone; but the difference is easily accounted for. At Jellinge stone is rare, and the country was covered with forests. At Stennis self-faced slabs of stone were to be had for the lifting, and trees were unknown."—Ibid., 250; see also 296.

tivated, they are hardly known; and we may say the same of the upper mountain districts of the Highlands, which must have been so scantily peopled as to have few dead to dispose of. They abound chiefly in the pastoral districts of the centre and north. In Forfarshire and the lowlands of Perthshire there have been districts dotted with cairns, in which it is remembered that any one desirous to possess remains of the ancient dead could dig and find what he wanted with tolerable certainty, if they had not been disturbed by earlier investigators.

There are two great divisions in the character of these remains. In some the bodies seem to have been put into coffins or chests made of slabs of stone. Sarcophagus used to be the name given to the stone coffin when its use among the ancient classical nations was discussed; but our later archæologists have kept the native name of kist for those found in Britain. They are of many grades of elaborateness; some are boxes of mere rough slabs held together by the surrounding earth; in other instances there is a trough hollowed in a great stone. Rare and curious instances, too, occur where the sculptures, peculiar to Scotland and so puzzling, with which we shall have to do hereafter, are found engraven on the kist. In several of those cut out of stone there is a round hollow for the head, and otherwise the cavity is cut to conform in some measure to the shape of the body. These, however, are never found in cairns or works of the kind we have hitherto dealt with; they are generally found about ecclesiastical buildings, and appear to belong to the Christian period.

The other method of disposing of the dead is by burning, and preserving a due portion of the ashes in an urn.[1]

[1] We have a notice of cinerary urns in Scotland so old as the time of Boece. "In the year of God 1561 years, in Findoun, ane toun of the Mearns, five myles fra Aberdeen, was found ane ancient sepulchre, in whilk were II lame pigs craftily made, with letters engraved, full of brint powdar; whilk soon after that they were handled fell to dross."—Bellenden, i. 107. It may be necessary to explain for readers not learned in old Scots, that there is no reference here to infirm quadrupeds, but that "lame" means loam or clay, and "pig" a

These urns are very numerous, and have been objects of much research and discussion. Sir Thomas Browne, musing over some burial urns and their contents, says,—"Who were the proprietors of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, is a question above antiquarism, not to be resolved by men, nor easily perhaps by spirits, unless we consult the provincial guardians or tutelary observators."[1] We are perhaps no nearer an answer to his special question, yet can we answer other questions about such things—questions which his age lacked the wisdom to ask. Then, and long afterwards, every urn picked up used to be considered Roman, or of Roman origin. When the texture was extremely coarse and the form unshapely, it was supposed to be a feeble effort of the original inhabitants to imitate the productions of the civilised conquerors. We know that the urns are found over great districts of Northern Europe, where the Romans never trod, and the fabric and its funereal use seem to have established themselves on so wide and enduring a basis, that whatever else may have been its source, the mere imitation of Roman manners as those of a cultivated nation would be too feeble to account for it. It is more likely, on the other hand, that Rome was influenced by the pressure of customs extending far beyond her own dominions. It is in itself a curious coincidence that, as in Italy, so in the northern nations, in the ages before Christianity, complete burial was the earlier method of disposal, and burning the later; and more unlikely opinions have been held than this, that Rome conformed to some great custom, and did, in her own gorgeous and refined manner, what her northern neighbours did penuriously and barbarously.

There remain many questions to be answered: for, as the disposal of the dead seems all over the world to be among the most interesting and exciting of all objects to their survivors, so have the vestiges of them become the

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vessel; so that the two "lame pigs" of Bellenden's day would now, in archæological language, be called argillaceous cinerary urns.

[1] Hydriotaphia, 72.

objects of the keenest curiosity to later ages. The extent of the unknown which each discovery exposes is generally larger than its own revelation. We know that a practice is not merely a Roman one, taught to Roman colonists, but covers a far wider space: yet in this we are let loose from the age in which it prevailed, and have to wander over all time. There is nothing to tell us when the urn system commenced, even though we may admit the belief that it succeeded complete interment.

Many minor specialties have been established which give distinctness to the usage. In some instances the urn has been placed within a kist or rude stone box, but more generally it is simply protected by the disposal of the surrounding stones. The Romans set their urns upright, but the prevailing practice of the northern nations was to fill the urn with ashes, then invert it, and place it on a slab—sometimes on a flat circular vessel or saucer made to fit round the mouth. Urns are sometimes found in groups, and it has been matter of speculation whether a cairn containing a considerable number of them may have been a family burying-place, like the columbarium of an eminent Roman house, in which the ashes of the successive members of the family were placed each in its appropriate cell, while the freedmen and even the favourite slaves had also their place.[1] It has been suggested that these groups contain the ashes of combatants who have fallen together in battle, and that the spaces covered with funeral cairns are to be counted battle-fields rather than graveyards. Another supposition is, that when a great man died, certain dependants were slaughtered and burned along with him, that he might have a becoming array of attendants in whatever world he was going to. The bones of horses and dogs found along with the urn

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[1] "I could not but observe that this tumulus had been the ordinary burying-place of a particular family, since it appeared that the urns had not been placed there at one and the same time: those at the top and sides had no doubt been placed after those at the bottom, otherwise I cannot conceive a good reason why they are not found standing together."—Gordon, Itin. Sept., Ap. 171.

are supposed to point to the same conclusion; and a like care for the future state and condition of the dead is supposed to account for the waste of valuable movables by their entombment along with him.

The urns are of various sizes—from the contents, say, of an imperial gallon downwards. Some have been baked in ovens, but others, perhaps the greater portion, merely dried in the sun. They all aim at the circular shape. There are many so far from achieving it, that the potter's wheel was evidently unused by the makers. Again, there are some so perfectly round, that if the maker had not the assistance of the wheel his own cunning of hand must have been very marvellous. They are various in their decorations, but within narrow limits; indeed, the ornamental efforts hardly go beyond the simplest geometrical forms. The zigzag is the most common; it is raised by string-courses, sometimes by strings of small circles or squares. It is perhaps little to the point to say that there is nothing in them approaching the beauty achieved by the Roman pottery; but it may be worth remarking, as a closer point of difference, that they afford nothing that resembles or emulates the mysterious sculpture on stones which we shall presently have to deal with. Nothing has been found in these cairn-graves indicating a homage to Christianity. It has been inferred, indeed, and with reason, from all their conditions, that at whatever time they may have ceased, they did not continue to be used by communities after they became Christian. To lay the body within consecrated earth, with its face to the east, was enjoined by the Church as the properly pious disposal of the dead. And yet the burners are found taunting the buriers with something like barbarity, in this, that they leave the corpses of those dear to them to rot in the earth and become the food of foul worms, while the funeral-pyre extinguishes all these corrupt vestiges of the material body, and sends the spirit at once to its home purified of the abominations of the flesh.[1] There are traces of the prohibition of the burning of the body by positive law. A

[1] Description by Ahmed Ibn Fozlan, *infra*.

capitulary of Charlemagne, dated in 789, lays a penalty on the heathen practice of burning the body until it is reduced to ashes.[1] Thus, though we have no limit on the

[1] "Si quis corpus defuncti hominis secundum ritum paganorum flamma consumi fecerit, et ossa ejus ad cinerem redegerit." Cited Stuart, Sculptured Stones, ii. 56. This capitulary is commented on in Martin, Hist. de France, i. 30. If the change from burning to burial was in all places contemporary with conversion, the older rite must, in some parts of Northern Europe, have lasted centuries after it was abandoned in Scotland, and we might expect to find written notices of the ceremony of incremation. One such notice, at least, making a very curious history, was read to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland in 1872, with the title, "Description by Ahmed Ibn Fozlan (an eyewitness) of the ceremonies attending the incremation of the dead body of a Norse chief, written in the early part of the tenth century, translated from Holmboe's Danish version of the Arabic original by Joseph Anderson, keeper of the Museum." The incremation was on the banks of the Volga. The body, on a bed decorated with gold, was laid under a tent in a ship, and the ship was mounted on large wooden posts. Then we are told that "when a chieftain dies, his family ask his maids and men-servants, 'Which of you will die with him?' One of them will say, 'I,' and by this promise he is bound, and cannot revoke it—if he should desire to do so, he is not permitted. It is mostly the maid-servants who are willing." In this instance one of the maids uttered the fatal "I." An old woman, called the "dead man's angel," had the chief ceremonial duties to perform, and among them the slaying of the maid. In preparation for it, men "brought her a bicker of strong drink. She sang a song on receiving it, and drank it out." "They reached her a second bicker—she took it, and sang a long time. The old crone bade her hasten to empty it, and go into the tent where her master was." "I saw her—she was out of herself. In attempting to go into the tent she stuck by the head in the space between the tent and the ship," so the bickers had done their usual work. The method of putting to death was, while two men strangled her with a rope, the "angel" stabbed her between the ribs. Liquor was abundantly contributed both to the quick and the dead, and was accompanied by other deposits very significant in connection with the articles found in barrows. "So brought they the intoxicating drink, the fruit and odoriferous herbs, and set them by his side. They also placed bread, meat, and onions for him. Then came a man forward with a dog, hewed him into two portions, and cast them into the ship. So brought they all the dead man's weapons and laid them by his side. Then led they forth two beasts of burden (pack-horses), and made them run till they were covered with sweat. Then they hewed them in pieces with the sword, and cast their flesh into the ship. So brought they forth two oxen, hewed them in pieces and cast them into the ship. Next came they

earliness of the period when the practice commenced, we have some on the period of its conclusion. Hence the actual age in the chronology of the world of urn-burial is thrown so far back.

Some worthy efforts have been made by a process of comparative analysis to fix, as it were, the proportional periods in man's advancement to which urn-burial belongs, as distinct from that of its predecessor, complete interment. In other words, inquiry has been made through existing vestiges, into what other commodities man possessed and made at the time when the practice of burning his body and consigning his ashes to the urn was in vogue.

As of all other useful practices, there are abuses as well as uses in analysis; and before we are done with the cairns and raised mounds, an instance must be mentioned where it was pursued with more zeal than good result. The barrows or earthen mounds, scattered here and there over England as well as Scotland, were many of them of great size, and offered interesting varieties, as well as uniformities, of shape. This led the early antiquaries to try what would come of grouping them according to such specialties. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, the great antiquary of the south of England, took to this work with his usual zeal, and had the happiness to complete the classification. He divided the barrows into fourteen different shapes or classes, and gave each its proper technical name,—as the Bowl barrow, the Crowned barrow, the Conoid barrow, the Druid barrow, and so on. He set forth his system in his magnificent volume on Ancient Wiltshire, and accompanied it with the necessary diagrams, all prepared with the highest skill and the most enduring patience. The machinery was now all in readiness for considering the social and ethnical conditions which must have been appropriate to each class. The arrangements had scarcely been completed, however, when the geologists pounced upon the most special and significant members of the classification

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with a cock and hen, and slew them, and cast them into the ship." As in the classic "pyres," all arrangements had been made to enable the fire to do its work rapidly.

as representing the diluvial creation of departed waters, and hence coming within their own department. The uniformity of feature, indeed, which separated certain groups from others which had their own distinct uniformities, was the doing of nature, not of man; and thus the most remarkable of these phenomena, both for their size as intimating earnestness of purpose, and for their uniformity as indicating a common object and feeling in their structure, were liable to be taken out of the category of archæological data.

In an analysis and classification of the smaller and movable relics of the past, there was no risk of incurring such a misfortune; but it may be a question whether analysis has not been pressed by the modern school of archæologists so far, that they have asked from the method knowledge which it is not capable of imparting. Recording minute differences and similarities is an innocent and often a useful pursuit, but it is not always productive of great and significant results, and to attempt to bring these forth when the elements of them do not exist, is hardly helping on the truth.[1] Many an ambitious pursuit of grand conclusions has incidentally developed valuable truths on its way; and those who have expected to make out a system by the classification of northern remains, have at least established many subsidiary facts which are valuable knowledge in themselves, and may lead to more. If for these

[1] The value of the most patient and skilful analysis, and of corresponding qualities in the arrangement of the results, must depend on what the materials analysed have to disclose; and it is part of the genius of the discoverer to foresee that there are results to be brought out worth having. Linnæus and Cuvier, each of them before he set to work, saw that he had to deal with the elements of grand distinctions and uniformities. If one were to examine a hundred thousand old shoes, or as many exhausted thimbles, doubtless the industrious analyser could make out many minute differences, both in the structure of the articles and the method in which they might have been used or worn; but it is unlikely that the world would be much the wiser, even if nearly every separate shoe revealed some peculiarity of the structure of the foot that had worn it, or the habits of its owner. Yet when there is a point to be made out, such investigations may be important—an analysis of shoes or shoe-prints has led more than once to the detection of a murder.

alone, the labours of the adepts deserve respectful examination and commemoration. But as there are many who may not concur in this limitation of their services, it seems proper to give some account, however imperfect, of their broader conclusions, and the data on which these are founded.

Let us suppose, then, that the archæological philosopher has before him the many relics of antiquity, great and small, to which the foregoing brief notice refers : there are some others yet to be added, and then, whether or not he has all he would desire, he has at least all that is granted as the basis of his conclusions ; and it may here be as well to say generally that the tenor of these conclusions is to develop several steps in civilisation and progress succeeding each other, and to identify the races of man, in whose handiwork they are exemplified.

And first there comes forward a set of relics totally different from all the others in their original nature, and the results to be drawn from them. These are the bones of the dead—the relics of the actual men who worked upon the other relics, and left them what they are. If there are distinct results found here, of course all others are subsidiary to them. If the skulls, for instance, make a distinct announcement of the capacities, the stage in the progress of civilisation, or any other equally important qualities of the men of whom they formed a part, then the weapons, decorations, buildings, tombs, and other relics of these men, are only so many specimens or samples of their natural handiwork.

The fathers of this special application of human physiology belong to Scandinavia. Their inquiries have been joined by a few Germans, and lately, though with moderated ardour and belief, by some eminent British inquirers. It would be rash to predetermine limits to the efficiency of ample and skilful analysis of objects pointing to conclusions so valuable as the structure and capacity of the human being in various periods and places. No intellectual workman owes more than the historian owes, to comprehensive results patiently worked out by others from scattered items individually insignificant. But of the inquiries in ques-

tion, known as craniology, ethnology, anthropology, or by whatever other name—it can only be said that as yet they have not been completed for use as historical truth.[1]

[1] For the fullest account of the place allotted to Scotland in these inquiries, I refer to Prehistoric Annals of Scotland, by Dr Daniel Wilson (i. 232, *et seq.*) This book is full of interest, and is valuable to every reader who desires a key to the whole body of Scots archæology. From "Prehistoric Remains of Caithness, by Samuel Laing, Esq., M.P., F.G.S., with Notes on the Human Remains, by Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S., Professor of Natural History, Royal School of Mines" (1866), I take the following summary :—

"Our population contains three distinct ethnological elements : I. *Xanthochroi brachycephali ;* II. *Xanthochroi dolichocephali ;* and III. *Melanochroi.* In Cæsar's time, and for an indefinitely long preceding period, Gaul contained the first and third of these elements, and the shores of the Baltic presented the second. In other words, the ethnological elements of the Hiberno-British Islands are identical with those of the nearest adjacent parts of the continent of Europe, at the earliest period when a good observer noted the characters of their population.

"Dr Thurnam has adduced many good reasons for believing that the 'Belgic' element intruded upon a pre-existing dolichocephalic 'Iberian' population ; but I think it probable that this element hardly reached Ireland at all, and extended but little into Scotland. However, if this were the case, and no other elements entered into the population, the tall, fair, red-haired, and blue-eyed dolichocephali, who are, and appear always to have been, so numerous among the Irish and Scotch, could not be accounted for.

"But their existence becomes intelligible at once, if we suppose that long before the well-known Norse and Danish invasions a stream of Scandinavians had set into Scotland and Ireland, and formed a large part of our primitive population. And there can be no difficulty in admitting this hypothesis when we recollect that the Orkneys and the Hebrides have been, in comparatively late historical times, Norwegian possessions.

"Admitting that in the prehistoric epoch Central Europe was peopled by short-headed *Xanthochroi*, Northern (Baltic) Europe by long-headed *Xanthochroi*, and Western Europe by dolichocephalic *Melanochroi*, the present and past states of the population of the same area become intelligible enough.

"In ancient times, when, to use Dr Dasent's words, 'Scandinavia was the great slave-market of Europe,' the introduction of fair *brachycephali* into the Baltic area may as readily be understood (without having recourse to any special 'Finnic' hypothesis) as the elimination of this element, and the return of the Scandinavians to the long-headed type, in modern times, when the brachycephalic infusion ceased.

"In another fashion, the fair and broad-headed 'Belgæ' intruded into the British area ; but, meeting with a large dolichocepha-

We come next to the subsidiary articles—the mere commodities—dug out of the earth, or found in the ancient works of which we have been speaking. As among these the most important were forts and other warlike works, so among the portable relics the most prominent are weapons of war. The most characteristic of these are made of stone—with very few exceptions, of flint. It is in wandering through the "stone age" chambers of the Great Museum at Copenhagen that the mind is best enabled to realise the vast resources for the uses of active life that men were enabled to find in simple stone. The multitude of specimens, and the variety of their forms, render it all the more strange that about the structure and use of so many objects of art and labour, history and all literary testimony are dumb. We have nothing but their material and shape to guide us, and from these our induction is free

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lic population, which at subsequent times was vastly reinforced by Anglo-Saxon, Norse, and Danish invasions, this type has been almost washed out of the British population, which is, in the main, composed of fair dolichocephali and dark dolichocephali.

"The reverse process has obtained in Central Europe. When the great Teutonic stocks swarmed into the Roman Empire, as the Gauls, with less success, had attacked the Republic, they spread the type of the dolichocephalic *Xanthochroi* far beyond its primitive bounds. But, however they might seem to be conquerors, the Franks and Alemanni, who settled in Central Europe, were ethnologically defeated. On their right flank were more numerous 'Belgæ' and people of like stock; on the left flank innumerable Slavonians. Under these circumstances, while complexions might remain unchanged, dolichocephali had no chance against brachycephali, and accordingly the latter has eliminated the former.

"But language has, in no respect, followed these physical changes. The fair *dolichocephali* and fair *brachycephali* of Germany, Scandinavia, and England speak Teutonic dialects; while those of France have a substantially Latin speech; and the majority of those of Scotland, and, within historic times, all those of Ireland, spoke Celtic tongues. As to the *Melanochroi*, some speak Celtic, some Latin, some Teutonic dialects; while others, like the Basques (so far as they come under this category), have a language of their own" (133-135).

If profuse technical nomenclature makes an exact science, we should have one here. What is remarkable, however, in the conclusions, is the extreme hesitation felt by one who is unquestionably a master of all that portion of the system which is real science—that which is purely anatomical or physiological—to fix the place held in the system by the specimens before him (see 136-148).

to construct its own view, unswayed by any external influences. May we then draw an induction that shall exclude slaughter and battle from the times of those mute witnesses, and believe that they ministered to the humble wants of an innocent primitive people, enjoying a golden age, where strife and hatred and bloodshed were unknown? Among the many wayward theories about the remains of the unrecorded ages, no one has seriously suggested this, nor would the aspect of the stones themselves permit it to live. In all their wonderful variety mischief declares itself the predominating object, and the special shape of the mischief is the taking of life. Local superstition has made some of them the instruments of the vengeance of malignant elves, but the greater part by their size and weight speak of those who glorified Thor the mighty hammerer. But a gulf lies between them and all our associations and sympathies, unless it be a faint trace left by them on national habits—as, for instance, that among the northern nations the battle-axe was a favoured weapon, cherished in the finest workmanship and rich decoration, and that in Scotland the "axemen" were an essential and conspicuous part of a complete army.

We know and are interested in the weapons and accoutrements in use far back into history. The equipment of the knights of the Crusades is an object of more curiosity, and often more knowledge, than that of the soldier who passes us in the street. We realise from classic art and literature the heavy-armed legionary of Rome, and the lighter-equipped stratiote of Greece. Even the Syrian has bequeathed to us the material for realising his aspect in battle. But of the men on our own and neighbouring soils, as they fought with those axes, daggers, lances, and arrow-heads, we know nothing beyond the bare stones left to us.[1] If we must indulge in picturesque

[1] I am aware of no certain reference in European history to the use of stone weapons. Mr Freeman, with the Bayeux tapestry before him, describing the English at Hastings, says that a portion of them "seem to have retained some of the rudest arms of primitive days, and to have gone to battle with the stone hatchets or stone hammers which we commonly look on as belonging only to earlier and lower races than our own." And in a note, "The 'lignis imposita saxa'

moralisings concerning them, the materials for our eloquence will be limited to the impenetrableness of the mystery shrouding the conditions, social and historical, in which human hands made them do their part.

It may be more profitable, perhaps, to note some points of difference leading to a partial classification of the stones as we have them. Flint is the prevailing material. Of flint are made the spear and arrow heads, and the bulk of the axes technically called celts or kelts.[1] From some of these measuring about twenty inches, the length of the flint weapons decreases to the arrow-heads, found sometimes in Scotland, less than half an inch long. Of the celts, many are smoothened, others are entirely formed by rough hewing or chipping. Here we have some ground for guessing at a corresponding division in their use. The chipped edge is sharper and better adapted for destruction than the ground edge, and hence it may be inferred that for warlike use the extreme labour of grinding the instrument would not be undergone with the result of deteriorating its capacity for slaughter. For very rough work, such as the splitting of a tree, the rough-hewn flint would be rather better adapted than its neighbour. But we may take for granted that the tool for good carpentry was the smoothed celt. In the Museum of Copenhagen we see the stones on which they were ground—large masses of the granite trap or other plutonic crystalline rocks. These instruments of industry are accompanied by others, as hammers, knives, chisels, and boring instruments. There are saws, too, with their notching so sharp and regular that one might suppose them capable of affording hints even to the present day, when a harder cutting instrument is required than steel affords.

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of William of Poitiers ('33) can hardly mean engines for hurling stones, but rather such rude weapons as are described in the text." — Norman Conquest, iii. 473. We have an ancient account of the use of a stone weapon, but it is at the other end of the world. Herodotus in his minute way describes the Æthiopians in the host of Xerxes using arrows with stones made sharp, being of the kind on which cameos or seals are engraved, ἀντὶ δὲ σιδήρου ἐπῆν λίθος ὀξὺς πεποιημένος τῷ καὶ τὰς σφρηγῖδας γλύφουσι (viii. 69).

[1] The derivation seems to be from *celtis*, medieval Latin for a sculptor's chisel, "cælum sculptorium."—Ducange.

The prevalence of flint as the material has a sufficient cause. In Scotland other minerals equally hard and more attractive in appearance are dispersed more extensively than flint,—as rock-crystal, jasper, and agate. But if there be any stone instruments made of such material, they must be so rare as to be exceptional. The rarity is all the more significant that these other stones, when, as with the crystals and agates, they are lustrous, are the frequent material of the ornaments found in ancient deposits in Scotland and the other northern countries. Stone weapons brought from distant countries are often made of jade and of obsidian. Both these minerals are found in the Western Isles, but there is no known instance of their application to such a use.[1] The cause of this universal use of the flint in Northern Europe is its capacity to be cleft or chipped into certain forms with a precision approaching that of the work of machinery. The same peculiarity rendered it in recent times the one mineral absolutely selected for igniting the gunpowder in firearms —the gun-flint so well known fifty years ago. Hence it so happens that this common and obscure stone was at two different and distant ages selected as the standard material for instruments of war. From the relics of the ancient armourer's workshop we can see that he knew the mystery of chipping a lateral flake from the flint, sometimes a foot long and as thin as a penknife. Some relics extremely rare show a purpose wrought out of the flakes. There are lances made of bone, with flakes let into them, forming a sharper edge than steel could supply. We may suppose that while a few such weapons made of bone have survived, those made of wood have rotted, leaving their flakes among the many still existing.[2]

[1] There are in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh two articles called hammers, cut in hornstone or coarse calcedony. Both are perforated and richly decorated with a fluted pattern. The object for which so much labour and skill was bestowed remains a separate small mystery.

[2] This capacity of flint to part at a single blow in some specific direction, with a portion of its bulk of a specific shape, should have its weight in the controversy about the flints found in the drift. As the flakes cast off by the several blows are uniform in shape, so many blows given to each of so many flints will leave central fragments all nearly

When the larger stone instruments are seen in groups, it is at once noticed that the hatchets and hammers made of the rough irruptive rocks are pierced for handles, but those made of flint are not. We must infer from this that the makers of the flint instruments were not masters of the art of boring through the flint.[1] But it was undoubtedly

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of the same shape behind them. When flakes are taken off for their own sake, the polygonal bar of flint left behind is called by collectors in this country a "core." The "instruments," as they are termed, found in the drift are flints, and flint is the stone that takes an artificial shape from fewer blows than any other stone. If this is the reason why it was earlier used by man for shaping than any other mineral, it is also a reason for hesitating before we decide that the shaping can have been done no otherwise than by the hand of man. Admitted that the flint has been brought to its existing shape by blows, are we limited to the conclusion that these have been dealt by the hand of reasoning man, and neither by old extinct forces in inorganic nature nor in pursuance of instincts in extinct animals? We can as little doubt that the rhomboidal nodules in some of the breccias have been made by blows precisely struck, but who attributes these blows to human hands? We are unable fairly to interpret "the flint instruments found in the drift" from portraits or even from specimens, because their significance must depend on the proportion borne by the flints selected to the others either broken into other shapes or unbroken lying beside them. Among the most esteemed of the specimens are large flints originally of an oval shape, so changed by chipping, that while the one end is brought to a sharp point the other retains its original roundness. No doubt such a flint, in a hand grasping in its palm the round end, could be used for mischievous blows. Theory has gone so far as to suppose that the primeval savage used these "instruments" in breaking ice; but he must have had other things to do besides breaking ice—how did he do them?

Though these articles are a recent accession to the other implements in the stone age, they have attracted much earlier attention from collectors—not as artificial but as natural objects. One of the best specimens now known is in the British Museum, to which it had come with Sir Hans Sloane's treasures as "a curiosity." At that time no one dreamed that the question, whether this flint ought properly to lie on the shelves appropriated to natural history or on those appropriated to archæology, would intrude into the region of theology, and there open up stupendous discussion on the foundation of long-cherished beliefs.

[1] On my referring to this in conversation with the accomplished gentleman who is guardian of the Royal Museum at Copenhagen, he observed, that it was not strictly a fact that no flint instrument had a hole for receiving a haft. He showed me three exceptions, but observed that the holes had been in the flints probably from natural

the fitter material for a cutting or cleaving instrument, and had to be taken with this its defect. The celt is very simple in its shape—a mere wedge—and seems signally destitute of means for securing it to a handle. But on close examination it will be seen to be so constructed that when the back is let into the wood—if provision be made against splitting, which can be done in many ways—every stroke with the edge contributes to attach the stone more firmly to its handle.[1]

In bronze, or other mixed metals on a basis of copper, there have been many weapons found in Scotland beyond doubt very ancient, and they have to be considered with the specialty that no tin or other amalgam suitable for hardening copper is known to be found in Scotland. The natural inference is, that the weapons have been imported, or left in the country by enemies who had fallen in battle. But, again, this is met by the fact that moulds or matrices for the casting of these weapons have been found—in one instance the completed duplicate—so deep in a moss in far Ross-shire as to lead to the supposition that it dates back to a period long before the days of the Romans.[2] The most remarkable of these weapons is a small sword, double-edged, expanding from the handle towards the

causes, and that they were made into implements so as to take advantage of the holes.

[1] The progress of our acquaintance with "the stone age" has recently received an impulse from this, that stone implements have, like books, pictures, coins, and bronzes, become the object of special collectors. The collector, better understood than he used to be, is now admitted to be a public benefactor. He is often an ardent student, expending his wealth that he may have the means at hand of studious labour, and when his labours are over, the materials he has worked in often find their way to public collections, where they help other workers. So the collection of Henry Christie, the author of the Reliquiæ Aquitaniæ. Perhaps the noblest of all the private collections of the exhumed relics of all the three "ages"—stone, bronze, and iron—is that accumulated by the author of an exhaustive work published after the remarks in the text had been completed,—'The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain,' by John Evans, F.R.S., F.S.A., Honorary Secretary of the Geological and Numismatic Societies of London, &c.

[2] Wilson, Prehistoric Annals, i. 345, 346.

centre, and then narrowing rapidly to a long sharp point. Nothing can be finer than the simple symmetry of its outline, which, with great exactness, conforms to the leaf of that variety of the iris plant which is called gladiolus, after the Latin *gladius*. The sword is a small weapon, and the space left between the slight projections for a handle shows that it must have been held by a very small hand. Two things are remarkable about these weapons. They are as inconsistent as can well be with what Tacitus tells of the long pointless swords of the Caledonians, which are far better represented on the memorial stone above referred to. The next peculiarity is, that until late times such swords were always set down as Roman. They have, however, been found in regions where the Romans certainly never were—not only in the far north-west Highlands of Scotland, but in Ireland and Scandinavia. Yet it is obvious, when they are seen with other ancient weapons in the great arsenal of Copenhagen, that the seamen who were the terror of the British Islands cannot have owned the small hands that wielded these graceful weapons.

Frequent among the bronze articles are hatchets, either for warlike or peaceful use. These also were long set down as Roman, on account of their being made of bronze; but they were admitted earlier than the swords to be works of native manufacture. They are in general very fine specimens of workmanship, and they vary in size and shape, and in the methods of fastening them to their handles. Another article in bronze, of which there are many specimens, is a spear-head. It is somewhat of the shape of two narrow sharp-pointed knives joined at the back—sometimes it has the outline of the myrtle-leaf. Of whatever shape, it is very thin, having a ridge down the centre for strength. The thin parts are sometimes perforated with symmetrical devices.

Rarely found, but perhaps in themselves the most remarkable of personal relics of warfare in Scotland, are round shields of bronze, very beautiful and accurate in their construction. The outer surface has an appearance of very rich decoration, from the simple device of a number of concentric circles—some twenty or so—consisting

each of a string of beads or knobs and a raised moulding. From the centre there is a protrusion called an umbo, corresponding to a hollow, within which a hand grasped a handle. The shield was thus held with one hand in the centre, and hence was essentially the defensive armour of a light-armed soldier, who shifted it from place to place as his risks required. It was an entirely different device from the Roman shield or scutum, which was so large as to cover the whole body when the knee was bent, and required to be strapped on the arm with a double loop. The proper structure of the scutum was oblong, with a curve outwards which made it a section of a cylinder; and the shields thus constructed were so fitted to each other that a compact body of men could adjust their shields over their heads in a complete roof, forming the protection from the missiles of the enemy known by the names of the testudo or tortoise. The Roman shield was perhaps originally round or oblong like the Greek clipeus, but both were large, not held in the hand, but by the arm, and thus were a different instrument from the light round guard held in the hand, of which specimens have been found in Scotland and in the rest of Britain.[1]

A variety of implements and articles of domestic use made of bronze have been found. Among these are some large well-made cooking-pots, which must either be Roman or of comparatively late date, unless we suppose that the inhabitants coeval with the cairns and burying-urns, had cooking-vessels of the same character and standing in the same tripod fashion with the Carron ware used in modern kitchens.

Of ornaments, several made of bronze have been found, but the most interesting are those made of gold, of which many have survived the obvious peril incident to so precious a material. In a country where gold exists, it is a necessity almost of its geological condition that it should be the first metal to come into use for the purpose of ornament. It runs in veins through the quartz rocks, and

[1] See a full notice of the several discoveries of these bronze shields by W. T. M'Culloch, Proceedings of Scot. Antiq. Society, v. 165.

is of a tenacious and cohesive quality, so that when the rocks are broken through natural or artificial causes, the gold veins come together and coagulate into lumps called nuggets. Thus in an undisturbed gold district nature has been, as it were, working out the gold for unknown ages, and hence the facility, which has been fatal to many, of reaping the earliest seductive harvest of the gold-field. A considerable amount of gold has been in later times taken out of the earth in Scotland, though it is questionable if it ever paid the price of its extraction in its own exchangeable value. The portions thus laboriously realised tell that, by the first comers, a certain amount of pure gold must have been picked up, and account for the frequency of the remains of golden ornaments and the simplicity of their form. Many of them have no more work expended on them than the twisting or plaiting of the ductile metal.[1] Many ornaments have been found made of silver decorated with gold, and of silver alone. Conspicuous among these is the brooch, which has become almost a national ornament. For the purposes of holding heavy folds of loose clothing it is most effective in its pristine shape—a frame, circular or of any other outline, with a tongue or pin crossing and overlapping. The circle became the prevailing shape. This was never entirely lost in Scotland, and has been lately restored as a fashionable ornament, insomuch that the specimens found in the sepulchral cairns provide the shapes which enterprising

[1] A common form among the golden ornaments is a bracelet of the simplest possible structure. A narrow slip or ribbon of gold is first made; it is about one-eighth of an inch in breadth. It is then twisted round the axis of one of its edges—not twisted closely but with longish stretches. I have seen one of these, taken out of a tumulus and merely cleaned, outstrip in simple beauty, as a feminine decoration, all the ornaments in a drawing-room. While of pure gold, which carries its own claims, it was simple and graceful in shape. A goldsmith with as much of the metal at his disposal would have thought it his duty to make the most of it, by a pattern which would spread it over the largest available surface; hence the barbarism of the existing style of finery, in which forms are not selected on their own account, but because they serve to expand the surface of the precious metal, and make a tiny piece of gold do service for a heavy and consequently a costly mass.

makers of trinkets hold it desirable to imitate. The ancient brooch was decorated with a profuseness which modern producers dare not rival, the customs of the times not admitting the use of ornaments so massive. Among other forms, the circle sometimes bristled all round with tall cylinders or pillars topped with coloured rock-crystal or some other ornamental stone. In some instances one side of the circle was broadened and covered with filigree-work or gems, while the rest of the circle, where the pin was attached, was plain and narrow.

Decorations have been found of other material than the precious metals. Some are cut in bone, or stones which have tempted the workman more by their being easily wrought than by their beauty, such as the marbles and serpentines. Native amber, found on the sea-coast, and some of the harder of the coal formations—which may be called jet—have contributed to these relics of ancient finery. Glass, sometimes exceedingly brilliant in its colour, and porcelain, have helped. What is still less easily accounted for, enamel has been found set into bronze or brass ornaments; and the instances in which it has been found have accounted for hollows in other ornaments of a like kind, by making it evident that they have been the sockets of enamels that have dropped out.

Ornaments of the kind here referred to have been found in such numbers that attempts have been made to group them according to a sort of ethnical origin, and especially to separate those of Celtic from those of Scandinavian workmanship. It is a question, however, whether these ornaments teach us so much about the country in which they are found as do the weapons and the heavier relics. Such articles possess, as we have already seen, a faculty for travelling. We know that the earliest of the northern rovers frequented the coast of Scotland, and their coming and going dispersed commodities and interchanged those of different countries somewhat as the business of the peaceful trader does. Scotland had thus not only models from other countries, which her own artists could imitate, but doubtless many of the objects which some of her people were lucky enough to acquire were the produce of arts

of which there were no native practitioners. A curious incident of late occurrence shows how beautiful and valuable possessions might pass to the wild northern region. In the year 1858 there was found in a rabbit-hole in the sand at Skail Bay in the parish of Sandwick, in Orkney, a deposit of silver ornaments, weighing in all some sixteen pounds. They may now be seen lying all together in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries. They consist chiefly of brooches in the Scots fashion, but so large and so beautifully wrought as to leave in distant insignificance all those found on the mainland. This pose is with seeming reason supposed to have been a pirate's booty, hidden in the sand to await the opportunity for removal which never came. In what part of the world these magnificent ornaments were made is a mystery. That they are not native is evident from their size and beauty, speaking of a country which must have attained a degree of civilisation and riches far beyond what other evidence entitles us to claim for Scotland. That they should at the same time exhibit the style of work long afterwards practised in Scotland, and believed to be very ancient, adds to the mystery by supplying a specimen of the models which the Scots workmen seem to have imitated without telling us whence such models came. Before dropping the subject of personal decorations, let it be noted that a few small silver brooches and pins found buried in the mainland assert themselves as native works by having engraved on them the special and unmistakable ornamentation of the sculptured stones which we shall have to deal with as peculiar to Scotland.

In the attempts already mentioned to establish a historical sequence from the characteristics of ancient vestiges, these baubles have a small place in comparison with the implements which show how the serious business of life was carried on, and especially with those which illustrate the most important business of all, the method of making war. In these sequences, indeed, the brooches and other personal decorations drop into the latest period, except that the golden ornaments of simple workmanship may belong to an earlier.

These sequences have been reached by a method thor-

oughly philosophical, according to old rules, in as far as the first process has been an extensive analysis of phenomena, and the next an induction from the results of the analysis. In this way it has become a doctrine that the northern nations went through three stages or periods—the Stone age, the Bronze age, and the Iron age. The names almost carry their own explanation with them, and nothing can be more simple than the theory of succession, if we had any reason to suppose that it went on quietly without great revolutions and migrations. Let us set out in the method of the moralists and political philosophers of the last century. Man, born with the wants of his race, and the ingenuity to supply them, seized the easiest means of accomplishing this end, and brought down his prey with weapons cunningly made of the most obvious material, the hardest of stones. By degrees he discovered the ores that could be melted, and finding that these furnished him with weapons more available and enduring, he abandoned the primitive stone implements, and cast his weapons and his tools in brass or bronze. A more powerful metallic servant next presented itself in the universal iron, which could be melted or welded—which could be bent and twisted to the nicest pattern—could take the sharpest edge—was elastic or obdurate as the workman pleased; and hence this superseded the use of the less ductile metal.

The northern archæologists, however, knew that the day for such vague systems was over, and they had conceived a more ambitious project. Over how many centuries the vestiges on which they constructed their theories ranged, they had no idea, nor had they any means of knowing what revolutions and changes of population might have occurred within the stretch of time. They proposed, however, to make the relics themselves tell all these things. Characteristics of various kinds they found among them, but the chief among them were the use of stone, of bronze, or of iron. By these, then, they proposed to range the others, and they believed that they could group together a series of other vestiges of human inhabitancy, which should be subsidiary to the main divi-

sion—so the man of the stone period should be found to have left certain vestiges of a correspondingly early character, the man of the bronze period to have left others indicative of a stage onwards, and the ironworker to have shown a corresponding step in advance when his surroundings were examined.

All that an onlooker can say about this ambitious project is, that it has not as yet succeeded. The premises at hand are not only far too narrow to justify conclusions so grand, but they scarcely agree in proving any small portion of what is demanded of them. It would have been something, for instance, if it could have been shown that bodies were buried whole during the stone period, and began to be burnt and urned with the bronze period; but the distribution of their vestiges does not show either that these two sets of stages tally with each other, or that the next gradation in the materials of implements accompanied any change in the disposal of the dead. Efforts to connect the classification of different kinds of sepulchral mounds with the changes of material have been equally deficient in conclusiveness, and, indeed, are rendered utterly chaotic by the intrusion of the geological origin of many of these protuberances.[1]

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[1] Out of about 250 interments examined by Sir R. C. Hoare in Wiltshire, 18 had instruments of stone, 57 had instruments of bronze, and 11 instruments of iron. Whoever wishes to examine with precision the results of a great number of excavations, will find a large tabular comparison in Mr Lubbock's Prehistoric Times. The materials for making it up are chiefly found in Mr Bateman's account of his examination of upwards of 400 tumuluses. Care is taken to keep clear of the cases where the grave had been reopened and occupied by a second tenant, a practice not uncommon. In each instance the table expresses the condition of the remains, and separates the articles of stone, of bone, of bronze, of iron, and of pottery found beside them. Such an honest method is the long way that leads to truth, and not pleasant travelling to those who desire the short way to their prepossessions. In some of the instances perverse accident might, to use a trade expression, seem to have "sorted" some of the deposits for the purpose of throwing into confusion any attempt to classify them under the three ages—for instance:

'In Galley Lowe (p. 37), a very beautiful gold necklace set with garnets, and a coin of Honorius; but towards the outer edge of the

The question whether such a gradation is likely to be made out, seems fairly open to consideration. What it tends to show is a progressive improvement in the races inhabiting the northern districts—a progressive improvement divided into distinct stages by the nature of the manufactures left behind them. Common experience renders it pretty safe to hold, that if a people are advanced enough to adopt, as a general practice, some great material improvement, such as the substitution of metal for stone, they will not drop it if let alone; the mechanical gain will be preserved even though the people should woefully degenerate in moral and intellectual condition. But it does not follow that a people who possess any given invention or improvement are superior in other elements of civilisation to a people who do not possess it. In Athens it would not be difficult at this moment to find the steam-engine and the printing-press; yet no one will venture to hold that the citizens of Athens at the present day are on a level in civilisation with the contemporaries of Alcibiades, who had not even gone so far in mechanics as to know how to construct an arch; and so of Egypt, and many other countries of ancient renown. How are we to know what fluctuations have been among the northern nations — what arts they had possessed that are swept

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Lowe, and consequently, as far as position goes, probably later, another interment, accompanied with rude pottery, a small arrow-head of grey flint, and a piece of ironstone.

"In the great barrow at Minning Lowe (p. 39) were found coins of Claudius Gothicus, Constantine the Great, Constantine Junior, and Valentinian.

"In a smaller barrow close by were found fragments of a coarse, dark-coloured urn, a flint arrow-head, a small piece of iron, part of a bridle-bit, and several horses' teeth; lower down, a cist with an iron knife, with an iron sheath; and on the outer edge another interment, accompanied by a highly ornamented drinking-cup, a small brass or copper pin, and a rude spear or arrow-head of dark grey flint.

"In Rolley Lowe (p. 55) were found a brass coin of Constantine, and a brass pin 2¾ inches long; and lower down a rude but highly ornamented urn, and with it two very neat arrow-heads of flint of uncommon forms; and in another part of the barrow a spear-head of coarse flint, with the fragments of an ornamented drinking-cup."—Quoted, Fergusson's Rude Stone Monuments, 12.

away with those who possessed them? It may be in our estimation a very narrow art, and indicative of meagre resources, the making of instruments of flint; but their maker would, if he could step forward among us, beat in his own special art any mechanician we can produce. The admiration of the collector for his peculiar acquisitions is in some measure a rehearsal to us of the self-satisfaction of the maker. You are called to admire the ease and gracefulness of the conception, and the perfect method of its execution, whether by hammering or grinding. Here the adept has cleared in the proper direction a long smooth surface by a single blow; in another instance the multitudes of tiny chips have an order and harmony like the ripple of the sea. A museum of stone weapons and implements raises one's notions of the capacity of the human hand to produce useful and symmetrical forms out of the most forbidding materials without the aid of machinery, or even what would indeed, in the notion of the present day, pass for tools. The forms of the stone age intrude into those of the bronze and of the iron age, whence we must infer that the workers in the earlier period were so skilful as to leave models for their more fortunate successors. The ideal battle-axe of art, the axe of four curves—two convex for the double edge, and two concave to clear the thickness of the centre for receiving the haft—are as beautiful in stone as in any other material. The most graceful perhaps of all known weapons—the leaf-shaped sword—has been chipped out of flint with marvellous success. Different degrees of skill in art can be exemplified in different regions. Denmark excels in battle-axes and swords. The arrows of Denmark, of England, and of France, are all inferior in beauty and neatness to those of Scotland and Ireland. The small arrow-heads abundantly found in the north of Scotland are exquisite morsels of hand-work. They are perfect barbed darts, sharp as a lancet, and each side with its proper barb the exact counterpart of the other, although the whole is made by mere chipping. There is evidence of advanced civilisation in their potency to injure; for from their construction it is pretty clear that, when properly sent home, they

carried the barb into the flesh, while the shaft would easily part and leave it there.[1]

The project of founding a theory of distinct grades of progress on the deposits left in the earth by each race in

[1] These beautiful and mischievous-looking little weapons, some of them not above half an inch long, have naturally been the objects of superstitions and other credulities. They used, down to a late period, to be called by the country people elfry heads, or elf arrow-heads. There was a belief that when found they must be kept from light and air, otherwise the elves who were accomplished in their use might do mischief with them. The finest specimens in the well-executed plates of Hoare's Ancient Wiltshire are exactly the same as those continually found in Aberdeenshire.

The oldest and one of the best pictures of these arrow-heads is to be found in the "Theatrum Scotiæ" of Bleau's Atlas (xiii. 104), published in 1661. It is in the contribution supplied to that wonderful collection by Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, a Cavalier Aberdeenshire laird, well acquainted with country affairs. He is evidently in some measure affected by the mysterious suspicions of the country people about the stones. He says they are sometimes met with in the open fields and roads by mere chance—but they are never found when searched for. To-day, he says, you will find them where yesterday there were none, and in the evening where none were in the morning. He mentions two authenticated instances where persons of condition had found them sticking in their clothes, but observes that there are a multitude of fables about them not fit to be repeated in grave print. They bore then the same name as now—*hos vulgus patrio sermone* elf arrow-heads *vocant*. I remember them very abundant in the north-east of Scotland, but not easily to be obtained, on account of their evil repute and the mischief that might come of letting them out of one's custody. I have been shown them by lamplight, owing to the belief that they only possessed their diabolical powers when they were in the natural light of the sun. As the chalk formation is not among the marked geological features of Scotland, I had doubts whether the materials for these weapons existed near where they were found; but this doubt was set at rest by my friend Professor Nicoll, who says: "There appears to have been at one time a considerable deposit of chalk in the north-east of Scotland, probably continuous with that now existing in the south of Sweden and in Denmark. The upper chalk has been all swept away, but some fragments of the lower greensand, as shown in its fossils, still occur in Buchan in the high grounds west and north of Cruden. Of the chalk the only remains are flints. These are very common in all that region, and are full of the characteristic fossils—in some places I have seen cartloads gathered off the fields." Hence he infers that there can have been no want of material, or of "yellow-brown waxy-looking flint, like that of the arrow-heads."

succession, has a resemblance to, but no conformity with, the doctrine of the successions of strata which the geologists have been so successful in identifying through the organic deposits. It is not always safe to take analogies from the laws of the material world, and apply them to men, with their self-will, their command of the whole world of reason and skill, and their inexhaustible varieties of character. The rise of one man pre-eminent in command for war or peace—the existence of a great inventor—would entirely break through the best-constructed laws founded on such data. In fact, nothing less is arrived at, if we carry out this theory, than that Positivism in the disposal of human affairs, after which Comte, Buckle, and others have laboured in vain. They, it is true, took the whole written history of the world as their data, while the northern archæologists have a field of their own, scantily supplied, but very uniform. It is true that a curious uniformity of mechanical production has been shown to prevail in regions far distant from each other. But if an ethnical philosopher had nothing else to deal with than the precise uniformity of the fashionable hat and coat of any one year in Paris, London, Vienna, St Petersburg, and Philadelphia, his conclusions might be very much at variance with the profound differences in the constitutional and moral characteristics of these great cities.

Though there were more uniformity than there is among the established phenomena, they would be surely too narrow for conclusions so grand. They include only such of the manufactures of the ancient races as are durable and preservable. In mercantile phrase, they include the hard goods only, leaving textile fabrics and other elements of civilisation a blank. And even in their narrow limits one could show incidental inversions of their conclusions from modern facts. Basins, dishes, and vases made of stone, of course belong to the stone period; when men used bronze, they also found out the facility of making their vessels in the ductile clay which they could afterwards harden. But even in the present day there is a reaction towards cutting vessels out of stone, and that not only the easier-worked serpentines and marbles, but granite, por-

phyry, and chalcedony, and this from the great progress of mechanical power, which enables us to cut and turn these stones, and bring out the brilliant polish they are capable of taking. In concluding these remarks, it would be unworthy to forget that in pursuit of their theories the northern archæologists have made great discoveries, and given wonderful assistance to the classification of our knowledge as to the past inhabitants of Europe.[1]

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[1] The great Museum at Copenhagen shows us how serviceable this classification—like all arbitrary classifications—can be made in the arrangement of material objects. By those who have not an opportunity of seeing this wonderful collection, much instruction, both as to its contents and the great classification, will be found in the 'Nordiske Oldsager (Northern Antiquities) i det Kongelige Museum i Kjœbenhavn, ordnede og forklarede af JJ A Worsaae,' 8vo, 1849. In this volume the portraits of selected antiquities—many of them works of art—number 621.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNRECORDED AGES.

(Continued.)

OBJECTS SUPPOSED TO BE CONNECTED WITH RELIGION — STONE CIRCLES—OTHER UNTOOLED MONUMENTS—VASTNESS OF THE FIELD OF THE UNKNOWN AND CONJECTURAL — NARROWNESS OF THE KNOWN — DISCONNECTION OF THE UNWORKED WITH THE SCULPTURED STONES—INSCRIPTIONS—THE SCULPTURES OF THE EAST AND OF THE WEST COAST—NATURE OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF SCULPTURE—THEIR MYSTERIOUSNESS—SOLUTIONS OFFERED FROM AFAR — OTHERS NEARER HOME — CHARACTERISTICS OF A SCHOOL OF DECORATIVE ART—PROGRESS IN ENGLAND—WIDER DIFFUSION IN THE WEST OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND — PASSES INTO THE ILLUMINATION OF MSS.—EXAMINED AS A SCOTS SCHOOL OF DECORATIVE ART—CONNECTION WITH ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY—CLASS OF AMORPHOUS OR CHAOTIC CARVINGS.

It has been thought fit to reserve for separate notice those ancient memorials which, from peculiarities in their character, are supposed to have been connected with the worship of the people, or with other public purposes. It is convenient to look to these after all the other relics of the unrecorded ages have been exhausted, because they are a connection between the unrecorded and the historical period, carrying us insensibly over the one into the other. These memorials generally consist of great stones, some of them in the state of native rock, with no mark of man's handiwork on them, and no evidence that they had been touched by man, except the artificial nature of their position; while others bear inscriptions, sculptures, and other testimonies to the hand of the workman. Unworked

stone monuments abound in Scotland, and are found in all the arrangements into which they have been divided by archæologists, with so little to reward them for their analytical labours. We have the Circles, the Altars, the Cromlechs or groups of stones laid against each other and across, the Logans or rocking-stones, the Dolmens, and the Monoliths, as they have been lately termed, or great unhewn pillars standing alone. The most conspicuous groups are at Stenness in Orkney, and Callernish in the Lewis; but others are to be found more or less abundantly over all parts of Scotland, except the regions of the higher mountains. In the north they are found chiefly to abound near the east coast; but after crossing the Tay the preponderance is westward, and they are found in all their varieties on the diluvial plain between Loch Awe and the Crinan Canal.

It would be wasteful to enter on a specific description of a class of monuments, the characteristics of which have been discussed at so much length by a succession of authors whose labours have been continued over nearly three centuries. The most observable characteristic of the Scots specimens is their infinite variety, which has driven almost desperate the inquirers who have expected to make the classification of specimens tell us how or for what purpose these mysterious monuments came into existence. The circles are single or multiplied; the latter are concentric and eccentric, without revealing any reason why they should so radically differ. While some groups are oval or elliptical, others seem to aim at the pure circle. Among their eccentricities the great group at Callernish takes, in its ground plan, the shape of a cross, and might pass for a Christian monument if it did not bear the almost certain evidence of an antiquity far beyond the conversion of the people of the district, or even the Christian era itself.

It has been an established custom to characterise these monuments as "Druidical," and to speak of them as temples, altars, and what not, used in their ceremonials by the Druidical priests. We shall presently see how far it is likely that there ever were Druids in Scotland. But

though we should believe that the country swarmed with them, it would require separate evidence, of which there is not the smallest vestige, to prove that they had anything to do with these stone monuments. The early references to the existence of Druids in Northern Europe, and the present knowledge of the existence of these rough stone monuments, are two sets of phenomena which have no connecting link the one with the other. Between them there is a gulf fixed, which has not been spanned, because the historical conditions out of which learning and sagacity could unite them have not been found to exist. It is possible to think that these grey monuments of long-buried generations draw more solemn associations from the dead mystery in which they are thus buried, than from the tawdry stage-decorations of Druidism—the white robes, the mistletoe, and the golden sickle.

Some forty years ago there arose a reaction against the Druidical theories, and a strong effort was made to connect these rough monuments with the invasions of the Scandinavian nations. This view got incidental support from some facts, a feature of which the Druidical theory was entirely destitute. High ground was taken, and from some of the descriptions of the old heathen temples in the Eddas, it was inferred that they were erected within great stone circles. A theory so ambitious had, however, to be abandoned. It was not only that the descriptions of the edifices very imperfectly conformed to the existing monuments, but the question arose, How was it that these were so rife in the more outlying provinces of the Scandinavian tribes, and so scanty in their central districts? Still there were facts connecting the Scandinavians with the island specimens of these monuments. The Ting, or local parliament, would be held within the circle: judicial combats were held there also. They were places of mark, in short, for public purposes.[1] This at the utmost, however, only

[1] The learning on this connection will be found at length in a "Memoir on the Tings of Orkney and Shetland," by Dr Hibbert, in the third volume of the Transactions of the Scots Antiquaries, 103. Even, however, in the evidence of these stone circles being employed

shows the use they were put to as remarkable monuments, or, if we may use such a term, public buildings; it throws no light on their origin or its object. In later times we have evidence still more distinct of their having been put to use. The usual name by which such monuments have since very early times been known in their own respective districts is "The Stannin' Stanes," or standing stones; and by such a term they occur in old chartularies. For instance, in the year 1349, a certain William de St Michael and others, accused of usurping lands and rights belonging to the Bishopric of Aberdeen, are cited to appear at a court to be held at the Standing Stones of Rayne, in the Garioch, where not only the bishop and his retinue were to be present, but the King's Chief Justiciar benorth the Forth.[1] On the other hand, in the year 1380, the Bishop of Moray is cited to attend a temporal court at the Standing Stones of Rait, near Kingussie.[2] Where monuments of this kind exist, they are still remarkable things, known to the people in a wide circumference round them. They were probably still more notable in the fourteenth century, and hence were useful as marking sites for assemblages, so notorious that none cited to be present could plead ignorance of the place to which they were bound to go.

Another fact as to these monuments is, that in digging round them human remains have been found in abundance, attesting that they were selected as burial-places. But indeed, wherever in Scotland there are conspicuous monuments of unrecorded antiquity, we may calculate on finding evidence that it was the practice to bury the dead around them; and it would give us no help to the original question of why and by whom these stones were raised, to

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as Dr Hibbert makes out, there is an unsatisfactory vagueness which it would be well to disperse if the matter were of higher historical importance.

[1] Registrum Episcopatus Aberd., i. 80. They are to appear "ad unum diem legitimum per juris ordines ordinatum apud Stantes Lapides de Rane en le Garuiach."

[2] "Quod compareant coram nobis apud le Standand Stanys de la Rathe de Kyngucy."—Registrum Moraviense, 184.

examine the specialties of every grave found under their shadow.[1]

An astounding light seemed to be let in upon the whole question by the recent assertion of an ambitious archæologist, that Silbury Hill, a member of the Avebury circle, stood upon part of a Roman road. The inference from this was at once distinct and grand. This monument, with all its mighty brethren of the rude stone school, were taken out of the unnumbered thousands of unrecorded years, and placed in the short period between the departure of the Romans and the establishment of the Anglo-Saxons, and might be safely associated with King Arthur and his Round Table. But this only roused the champions of the unfathomable antiquity of this class of monuments to expunge the heresy. It was shown that the Romans, abandoning for once their plan of going straight onwards and disregarding obstacles, had twisted their road in deference to Silbury Hill. But both ideas are discarded by the assurance that the road has other windings, and that had it gone straight onwards it would have been farther from Silbury Hill than it is.[2] Such are the perils of building on foundations so fragile mighty conclusions about the progress of human events.

If we sift all the ingenuity and learning thrown into this inquiry we shall find that it brings forth no distinct suggestive fact more important than this, that the great circle of Stonehenge must to some extent have been worked upon with tools; while the other specimens, whether groups or separate stones, seem to have been entirely untooled, and to have been set on end as they were found —tall boulders lying on the surface of the earth; and yet, though the marks of tooling on the Stonehenge group have been confidently asserted, and appear on some engravings of the group, I confess that I could not discover these marks in an examination of the stones themselves.

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[1] For an account of the results of numerous diggings at the roots of standing stones, see the Appendix to Dr Stuart's Preface to the Spalding Collection. Dr Fergusson's contribution of the burial theory is noted further on.

[2] Fergusson, Rude Stone Monuments, 82.

Another fact of recent occurrence might be, but has not yet been, put to use as a test of the antiquity of this class of memorials. It has been already said that they are found on the most recent, according to geological series, of the formations deposited by agencies which have ceased to work. But in one instance, at least, the agencies still at work have overlaid the lower portions of the erection. From around the stones of the great circle of Callernish, in the Lewis, a deep accumulation of peat-moss was removed, and then several portions of the work not visible before were revealed. Like the removal of the rubbish from the ruins of a Gothic building, the removal of the peat-moss laid bare the original plan. If naturalists can see their way to the ascertainment of the rate of growth of peat-moss, they can tell us something about the age of the great circle of Callernish.

In the dearth of more instructive facts, it may be noticed that in Scotland the "Druidical Stones" are the frequent companions of the Chambered Cairns, and of the underground edifices called Picts' Houses; but if we attempt to derive any articulate conclusion from this companionship, it resembles "deep calling unto deep."

The amount of research, the meditation, and the versatile mental labour wasted on these stones, resolve themselves into an interesting psychological phenomenon. They are in themselves a monument of how hard it is to convince man that anything is a dead secret to him. Among other efforts to solve this one, astronomy has been largely drawn upon; and we may judge of the many attempted solutions which have failed by the one or two coincidences that have been trumpeted as successes. Of the Callernish group in the island of Lewis we are told "that the position was chosen and laid down from astronomical observation, which can easily be demonstrated by visiting the spot on a clear night, when it will be found that, by bringing the upper part of the single line of stones extending to the south to bear upon the top of the large stone in the centre of the circle, the apex of that stone coincides directly with the pole-star."[1] It has recently

[1] Proceedings of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, ii. 382.

been announced with due solemnity concerning Stonehenge, that any one standing within the circle, "with his back to the altar stone, and looking towards the Friar's Heel, will see it through the principal entrance, and will find that in the morning of the 21st of June the sun rises exactly over it."[1]

The apostles of the Druidical theory naturally connected it with Pliny's fable of the serpent's egg and all the lore of "serpent-worship." It did not require much imagination to figure the vertebræ of a coiled serpent in the stone circles. The search after monuments of serpent-worship revived when the world became acquainted with "The Great Serpent of Ohio." We cannot but believe, from the accounts of those who have seen it, that this is a huge model of a serpent cut on a ridge of rock.[2] But it is one among many figures of other animals, the remnants of some strange gigantic school of art. The figures of the beasts are visible, whether they were worshipped or merely admired, like popular works of art at the present day; but their British duplicates could only be created by efforts of modern ingenuity and imagination.[3]

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[1] Gentleman's Magazine, N.S., ii. 317.

[2] See Wilson's Prehistoric Man, 257.

[3] The following description of such a feat, as it was achieved by Dr Stukeley, will apply to others of later times: "Avebury was chosen as the principal illustration. There was a small circle on Hapken Hill, which had a stone avenue formed by six or eight stones running east and west; between West Kennet and Avebury there was another avenue leading to the circles, but trending north and south. By introducing a curved piece between these fragments, Hakpen became the head of the snake, the avenue its body, Avebury a convoluted part of it, and then a tail was added, a mile long, on the authority of two stones in the village, and a dolmen called Long Stone Cove, about half-way between Avebury and the end of the tail! Stanton Drew and other circles were treated in the same way; curved avenues, for which there is not a shadow of authority, except in the Doctor's imagination, were added wherever required, and serpents manufactured wherever wanted."—Fergusson, Rude Stone Monuments, 4.

There are good hopes for an inquiry involved in doubts and difficulties, when it stimulates into existence a book to which all others on the same track are merely subsidiary. At last, and when much needed, we have such a book in 'Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries: their Ages and Uses,' by James Fergusson, D.C.L. It

It is useful to keep a distinct line of separation between these unhewn monuments and other stones abounding in Scotland, which bear abundant marks of human handi-

is not that he has cleared away all the clouds, and shown us distinct conclusions, such as he promulgated in his works on Architecture. It is the quality of that art that, if we take the two extremes—at the one end the simplest and least expressive, at the other the most complicated—an inquirer competent to the task can trace the progress from the one to the other,—the pedigree, as we may call it, of the most recent type,—with exact precision. So we can follow the Egyptian forms through the Greek stage and the Roman on to the Norman, until we reach the schools of pointed Gothic. For such a task the author had a gift, and he used it well. He has now undertaken a task which provides the same gift with but a scanty field for its display. There is an undertone of disappointment in the imperfectness of the results of his steady investigation, but he never permits himself to lose his temper and talk nonsense like many others. He admits that he tried to gain some leading idea, because without that it is difficult to classify phenomena; but having classified these with a view to his leading idea, he does not maintain that they render it conclusive. His idea is expressed in the following propositions, and they are all the more valuable that they are inconsistent with the idea that glimmered before him ere yet he had classified his facts :—

"First, That the Rude Stone Monuments with which we are concerned are generally sepulchral, or connected, directly or indirectly, with the rites of the dead.

"Secondly, That they are not temples in any usual or appropriate sense of the term; and,

"Lastly, That they were generally erected by partially-civilised races after they had come in contact with the Romans, and most of them may be considered as belonging to the first ten centuries of the Christian era," 27.

In the details leading to these shadowy conclusions we have a rich store of analogies and identifications, where to other eyes there seemed nothing but chaos. The most significant result of these is the tendency of the testimony to the work of comparatively recent times, if not in any of the great "Druidical circles" themselves, yet in other works generally believed to belong to the same school and age. The author is not so instructive when he tries to connect the testimony of the monuments with that of the old annalists; as, for instance, when he follows the funerals of the great Irish prince, Olamh Foodlah and his descendants, down to that Conchobar who died of delirium when a friendly Druid, inspired for the occasion with the faculty of the clairvoyant, made known to him at the moment of their occurrence events in Jerusalem. Such scraps from the fabulous annalists are not improved by stripping them of the supernatural. On the contrary, they are thus rendered all the more dangerous, since they are enabled to present themselves in the disguise of sober reason and honest truth.

work, and are known by the general title of "The Sculptured Stones." The separation is indeed broadly marked by facts which leave no excuse for confusion. The two sets of stones are never mixed up with each other. For instance, it does not occur that in any of the groups or circles we have been discussing a sculptured stone holds a place among the unhewn blocks. None of these bear the touch of the tools which have so amply decorated the other class of monuments.[1] In fact, it would be difficult to find any two groups of material objects more powerfully in contrast than these two sets of stones,—the one all sullen silence and absolute mystery and apathy; the other, swarming with life and action, and dealing with the living world of their day. Looking at these, as we now can, grouped together, the crowding of life, the versatility of form and motion in them, much of it horribly grotesque, are positively tiring to the eye. Most conspicuous among the objects represented are of course scenes in the great drama of war. We have the parading of troops, on foot and on horseback; some in simple and imperfect garbs, but others in profusely-decorated armour, matched with rich horse-furniture. They have round shields, battle-axes, spears, swords, daggers, plain or decorated, and the common bow and arrow. Here is hand-

[1] At Kinellar, in Aberdeenshire, a sculptured stone stands among the remnants of a circle of standing stones; but it appears that the sculptured stone was found elsewhere, and recently added to the circle.—See the Spalding Collection, Notices of the Plates; Plate X. As one must always speak to the letter in discussing these matters, it is necessary to say that the groove on the stone in the marketplace of Huntly has not been overlooked in the general conclusion announced in the text. Some of the few stones of the erect unhewn kind in Scandinavia have Runic inscriptions on them. But these reveal nothing of the time or reason of the erection of the stones, for runes were cut anywhere—on buildings, slabs, or rocks. Professor Stephens gives a group of three stones at Bleking in Sweden, one of them thirteen feet high, bearing a Runic inscription. He calls it "This noble heathen Pillar-stone," "the grandest and most picturesque in all the north." He had a special mission to examine this monument, and has done it ample justice both with pen and pencil. The inscription, when rendered into English, does not reveal much of a distinct character. He determines its age as about A.D. 300-400.—Old Northern Runic Mon., 165.

to-hand contest, there flight and pursuit. In some cases there is an attempt to give the whole epic of a conflict. Banners and other ensigns are displayed. The surface of the stone is so crowded with parading troops that one feels it—as the artist doubtless intended—to be the centre of a wide and thickly-crowded battle-field, stretching all around. Then, in other compartments, come charging and fighting, fleeing and pursuing. There lies in one department of the field a row of headless bodies, and near at hand a pile of human heads, showing the fate of the vanquished. And finally, beneath the shadow of the cross, a group of men in peaceful attitudes has been supposed to be negotiating the conditions of a termination of the strife.

Hunting comes next in importance. There is the lonely stalker, with his bow and arrow taking aim at the deer or the boar. Again, the stone is alive with the blowing of horns and "horsemen riding upon horses"—sometimes with falcons on the wrist, at others with a following of lithe deer-hounds—such stirring scenes of sylvan life as artists of all ages have loved to render. Again comes a scene of still wilder stir and excitement. All the beasts of the field, large and small, ferocious and gentle, seem huddled together in panic-terror. It is a Tinchel or general sweeping of the contents of the district, according to a practice of the country down to the recollections of the existing generation. Man has not always the upper hand in these contests. You see him here surrounded by such a crowd of raging animals that his life seems doomed; elsewhere he is prostrate, and some beast of the wilderness is devouring him. Many types of domestic life and manners might be picked out of these memorials. Here are harpers harping upon their harps, and performers on other musical instruments. A lady sits pillion-fashion on horseback. A chariot passes across the scene—it is two-wheeled, with the driver in front, and what may be a respectable family packed behind. Other hints are less pleasant, as indicating cruelty and violence. A bunch of human limbs, for instance, projects from a great caldron, where the punishment of boiling to death

is going on, whether for civil or religious offence. One negative feature in this great mass of miscellaneous sculpture deserves to be noticed. There is nothing throughout suggestive of indecorum or sexualism—nothing of the character of those too suggestive representations which are so rife in classic art, and also in another shape in the decorations which the artists of the middle ages brought into the very sanctuaries of the churches. It deserves to be commemorated, that in the hundreds of specimens of native sculpture of this class recently brought to light, there is no single instance of indecency, while in the scanty remains of Roman art within the same area it would be easy to point out several.

There are certain figures on these stones holding state in dignified repose, and generally on elevated chairs or thrones. These are high ecclesiastics, as one may see by the tonsure, the pastoral staff or crosier, and the scapulary. It is observable that the mitre never occurs among such groups in the more ancient class of stones in the east country. There are processions of ecclesiastics and religious ceremonials. Some scenes, too, from Scripture are commemorated—as, for instance, the ravens feeding the prophet in the wilderness, the temptation of Adam and Eve, David's conflict with the lion, and Samson slaying the Philistines with the jawbone.[1]

For all the busy world of actual life which these stones bring before us, it is in some measure humiliating to reflect, that neither science nor research can tell us the event or

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[1] It may be of interest to see how an observer three centuries ago (in the year 1569) described these monuments: "Ane stane corse [cross] iii eln of height, ane elne braid and ane schaft-length thik, curiously wrocht, gravit with picters of men and divers other figures, with ane cairn of stanes besyde it." Of another with more particularity: "With ane corse at the heid of it, and ane goddes nixt that in ane cairt, with two hors drawin hir, and horsmen under that, and foutmen and doggis, halkis and serpentis; on the west syde of it ane corse curiously gravit, but all is made of ane auld fassone of schaip."—Extracta ex Cronicis Scocie, 252. The second description applies to one of the many stones in Meigle churchyard. The "cart" of the goddess is described by Gordon: "A fair *carpentum* or chariot drawn by two horses, and some persons within it."—Itinerarium, 162.

occasion which any one of them commemorates, or the period when it was decorated. It must be noted, by the way, that the sculptured stones of Scotland are divided into two distinct, though, as we shall find, related groups—those of the eastern districts, and those of the western. It is the eastern group, by far the more ancient, that we have now before us. By Boece and the other fabulous annalists they have been confidently set down as commemorating events, themselves now discredited though believed of old; but the workers in authentic history have not been so fortunate. The great Forres Pillar, which is the masterpiece of this school of art, and several other stones representing battle-scenes, are thus set down as memorials of specific victories over "the Danes." By far the greater portion, indeed, of those war-memorials in Scotland which do not belong to the Roman period are connected with the Danes, tradition thus preserving a faint impression of that wild age, when the Northmen poured in upon the country torrent after torrent.

Some of these groups of sculpture are coupled with the romances which cluster round the memory of the legendary King Arthur. The parish of Meigle, in Forfarshire, is the spot most richly endowed with these monuments; and Boece tells us that they commemorate Arthur's false queen, here known by the name of Guanora, who fell a captive to the Picts in their contest with the Britons.[1] In several instances, diabolical or otherwise supernatural legends adapt themselves to the mythic devices and hideous imaginary animals which occur among these groups. The legend of a dragon holding a maiden in thrall until he is slain by a valiant knight, occurs more than once. One of the most ancient and unearthly of these stones, standing

[1] Gray the poet, when sojourning in Scotland, was struck by observing some of these strange monuments while he sojourned at Glammis Castle. Of one of them in the churchyard of Meigle, representing a human figure surrounded by animals whose deportment is not amicable, he says: "Passed through Megill, where is the tomb of Queen Wanders that was riven to dethe by staned horses for nae gude that she did,—so the women there told me, I assure you."—Works (1825), ii. 274.

where the ascent of Benochie in Aberdeenshire commences, is known as the Maiden Stone for the following event, which would be told quite gravely by the neighbouring peasants: A damsel was busy making cakes for her bridal banquet, when she was addressed by a handsome stranger. Some bantering passed between them, which ended in a wager, that ere she had accomplished a certain portion of her task, her new admirer would make a road to the top of Benochie: if he kept his word, and performed this astounding feat, she agreed to abandon the lover for whose bridal she was preparing, and become his. The road was speedily made, as it may now be seen; and the maiden, seeing that the affair was no joke, took to flight. The handsome stranger, revealing himself in all the powers of the enemy of human souls, pursued. Just as he seized her she was turned into stone, and a notch cut out of the side of the monument represents a piece torn from her by the deadly gripe of the disappointed fiend.

It has, of course, been anxiously sought how far the representations themselves upon these stones tell anything of their specific orgin. Here close observation has dispelled some elements of mystery, but has done little more. It used to create astonishment, tinged with awe, that the figure of the elephant should appear on these northern monuments, and that, as it would seem, at some period earlier than that Punic war in which the Romans were astounded by the charge of the unwieldy monsters from the East. Those who professed to give transcripts of the sculptures, in obedience to a very common propensity, slightly aided the development of the elephantine characteristics, and thus helped out those stupendous theories which adjust the figures on these stones to various Oriental mysteries. But a closer acquaintance with the figure in question relieves us of the necessity of accounting for the influence of the great beast of the tropics upon the early Scots mind. The characteristics which seem to point to him only mark deficiencies in the capacity of very rude art to give effect to its conceptions. The finishing of extremities is a difficulty in all struggling art. To relieve himself of it the artist finishes off with a flourish. In the

present instance the tail goes off in a whirl, so do the legs, so does the snout, and hence it has been found to represent the elephant's trunk. The creature it belongs to is not more strange and uncouth than many others frequenting these monuments; and the terminal difficulty is still more grotesquely disposed of, sometimes by plaiting the tail or the snout off into a geometrical pattern. The serpent is a common representation on these stones, and seems very aptly to carry out the woven and knotted decorations in which they abound.

On some of these stones there are certain figures which have been called religious symbols, and as such have given rise to a deal of fruitless literature about Druids, Buddhists, and other distant persons. Had the figures appeared but once and again, there would have been nothing to say about them; they would be the devices of the individual artists who cut them on the stone. In their simplicity they would have passed unheeded; but it is that very simplicity that artists notice as significant when the same contour of line, straight and curved, is identified over hundreds of miles, and is found passing from the abstract simplicity of mere curves and lines into the outline or framework containing within it specimens of rich decoration. We must therefore deal with these figures, whether we give them popular or scientific names, not as the trick and fancy of an individual artist, but as forms which, for some purpose or other, were gregariously adopted; and the question remaining unanswered is, What that purpose was?

The popular names given to these figures describe them as well as any others that science can apply. They are "the sceptre," "the cocked-hat," or otherwise "the crescent," "the spectacles," and "the looking-glass." These occur in those of the stones which appear to be oldest in the series, and they are sometimes plain, sometimes decorated. It is certain that they appear exactly alike on stones separated from each other hundreds of miles in Scotland, but no specimens like them have as yet cast up in other countries. There are no means of contradicting the supposition that they owe their prevalence to some

fashion or caprice of the humble art of their age. At the same time, there are no means of contradicting the opinion, if people think proper to believe in it, that they are the symbols of some ancient worship anterior to Christianity. It would clear the way for this theory if they were never found in company with vestiges of Christianity; but they are to be found on stones which also give unmistakably the Christian symbol of the cross. The cross is sometimes plain, and sometimes decorated with other devices common to these sculptures; but it is a fact noticeable in its way, that the cross is never decorated with the symbols —the two stand separate from each other. This may go for what it is worth in support of the principle, that these representations are religious symbols; but indeed the spirit to theorise upon them in that understanding needs no special encouragement, and it has produced some of the most astounding parallels with the practices of distant Oriental nations which this kind of literature has ever displayed. I cannot take the responsibility of offering any estimate of this school of literature, as I am unable to find any more secure ground of discussion in it than in astrology, necromancy, alchemy, or any other of the obsolete sciences. I therefore feel incompetent to discuss critically such momentous questions as whether the "Buddhist Triad" and the sign of "Godama the last Buddha," are well represented at Kinnellar, in Aberdeenshire. I must pass over the great question whether the Kirkmichael stone was probably erected by a body of Cuthic priests from Persia, and whether we can trace on others the worship of the "Queen of Heaven," as "Mithra, Ashtaroth, Astarte, Mylitta, Alitta, or Aphrodite."[1]

In one sense this school of literature has not existed in vain even to the sceptic. Its authors, especially when they offer representations of objects in distant lands in proof of the identities and analogies proclaimed by them, perform a function in archæological inquiry, and exemplify the

[1] The names of some of the works in which this school of criticism is to be found are printed in a list of books relating to the sculptured stones of Scotland in a note further on.

principle, that no honest labour is absolutely wasted. Had they not done what they have, there might have ever rested shadowy suspicions, that in some remote age or place the prototypes of these strange sculptures might be hidden. The ordinary sceptical and faithless inquirer would have shrunk from researches in Hindostan, Syria, or Egypt, among the Pelasgians, the Buddhists, the Brahmins, and the Zoroasterites. He would not have thought the chance of finding anything to the purpose in such quarters sufficient to justify researches so wide and vague, yet might have retained the unpleasant suspicion of the possibility of something being in them. To deal with these forlorn hopes required the faith and enthusiasm of those who believed, and would continue to believe, in spite of all lack of evidence. The consequence has been the clearing of a great deal of ground, and the bringing home a conviction, that nowhere on the globe have there existed any forms of sculpture from which these sculptures have been derived. In every attempt to establish identity or similarity, the absolute difference has been established beyond cavil. Such is the involuntary assistance lent by this class of writers to archæological knowledge.

There has been, however, even among those whose theories are less ambitious, an obstinate propensity to hold it for granted and undeniable, that all the unidentified forms on these stones are symbols, and that they symbolise something deep and mysterious in creed or worship. There is a deep-seated reluctance to believe that our remote ancestors trifled or dealt in common and vulgar things like ourselves. But a large portion of art has been thus applied, and the school of decoration called the Arabesque was peculiarly addicted, even in Raphael's hands, to the commodities, animal and vegetable, on which the human species feed. Since there is so much of the common world of their time undoubtedly represented on the faces of these stones, why must we necessarily suppose that all we do not recognise as familiar must be holy and sublime? The accurate precision of recent transcripts has already made a distinct invasion on the mystery of these "symbols," by showing that we have, in frequent occurrence among them, the

looking-glass, the comb, and the shears. Of the region of the unknown, thus somewhat narrowed, it seems unnecessary to seek a solution far from home.[1]

It has been suggested, that as it was a practice to bury with the dead such things as they most loved, or had to deal with in life, so it may have come that representations of such things were carved upon their monuments, and that what have been called symbols may represent jewellery or household possessions. Such an idea would reconcile the presence in some instances of objects thoroughly common or unimportant, which yet are as carefully represented as others of solemn use and repute. So the woman of the world has her comb, her mirror, her jewellery, and her lapdog; and the hunter has his hounds, and horse. and bow; while the ecclesiastic has a chalice, a paten, a holy book, and a jewelled shrine.

It would be deemed by some unpardonable not to note that some scratchings on these stones have been set down as inscriptions in the Ogham or Ogam character. This professes to be a method of secret writing, being, indeed, no other than that in which the Druids concealed their mysteries. Its avowed qualities are simplicity and flexibility. These qualities are vouched to us on the faith of experiments made chiefly in Ireland, and especially of one, in which two antiquaries had read an inscription to pretty nearly the same result, and afterwards found, on comparison of notes, that the one had read from left to right, the

[1] Dr Stuart argues that the other figures are brooches or personal ornaments of some kind. After saying a good deal which, in the midst of the much wild and incoherent writing which crowds round this topic, sounds refreshingly to the purpose, he says: "The conclusion to which I arrive is, that the symbols—the comb, mirror, books, brooches, 'spectacles,' 'crescents,' and associated figures—were all objects of personal ornament or use, and that when they appear on our pillar stones, they are to be considered as symbols representing the dignity, office, or descent of individuals. Such memorials would probably be confined to a very limited class or race, and this would partly account for the apparent sameness of the representations. But it has to be added, that the grouping of the symbols is generally marked by some difference, however slight, and that out of all the monuments the same arrangement is repeated only on three of them."—II., Pref., 30.

other from right to left. This phenomenon seems not to have created much surprise among the learned body who received the reports of the decipherers: that the inscriptions could be read either way was only a testimony to the power and simplicity of the Ogham character, which has also the faculty that, by shifting the places of the letters or ciphers, a long story may be made out of a few straight lines.[1] What those who profess to own the keys of such mysteries may yet bring out of them, it were rash to determine; but in the mean time the Ogham character, and its representations on the sculptured stones, can hardly be admitted within the pale of ascertained facts.

On the Newton Stone in Aberdeenshire, renowned for the trouble it has given to decipherers and philologists, there is the appearance of a double inscription. The one is in the Ogham character and easily treated, because the simple scratchings it consists of have, in the hands of adepts, the plastic character that has been found so satisfactory in Ireland. The other inscription, however, is in letters in themselves of a very distinct kind, of an alphabet resembling the Greek, and indeed in some instances identical with it. It is the peculiarity of this inscription that one sage after another has read it over to his own implicit satisfaction, but without finding any of his brethren to concur with him in the reading. In one book, devoted almost entirely to a critical examination of this favoured inscription, its meaning is found by treating it as if it were composed in Hebrew but rendered in Greek characters, so that the mystery is explained if we believe that at one time the north-eastern shore of Scotland was inhabited by a Hebrew race who made use of the Greek alphabet.

The literature about such fugitive inscriptions, promptly deciphered by bold adepts, but never twice to the same effect, is not to be confounded with the literature of the Runic monuments. The inscriptions on these are of the nature that does not yield an immediate harvest to the

[1] 'An Account of an Ancient Inscription in Ogham Character on the Sepulchral Monument of an Irish Chief, discovered by Theophilus O'Flanagan,' Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, i. 3.

bold guesser, but must be extracted by toilsome inductive criticism. These inscriptions are a literature on stone devised by the northern nations before they were Christian. Whatever it may have drawn from other sources in later times, it was essentially in the form of the letters, the sound of the words, and the structure of the sentences, an original achievement of the genius of the people, unaided from that classical source whence the later alphabets of all the European nations were derived. In the latest and the greatest contribution to the two hundred years of critical inquiry that has gathered round the runic inscriptions, it is maintained that they are not known beyond the Scandinavian countries, and places peopled from these countries. Hence it is natural that they should occur in Britain, but more rarely than in the lands of their origin; both because they were in use by the Scandinavians before they migrated to Britain, and the customs of a people are more likely to die out among those who migrate than among those remaining at home. Several movable articles have been found both in England and Scotland inscribed with runes. These teach less of the practice of the spot than monuments of stone.[1] Of these, the few that occur in Scotland are, with slight exceptions, southward of the

[1] A jewelled ornament with a runic inscription found in Ayrshire, and known as the "Hunterston Brooch," is engraved in detail in the text of Professor Stephens's 'Old Northern Runic Monuments,' and is displayed in coloured facsimile as a choice specimen of the school of art to which it belongs. Professor Stephens says: "The jewel itself is of early date, as I take it—at least as old as the eighth or ninth century. Its style and workmanship (commonly called Carlovingian), whose rudiments go back to the fifth and sixth centuries, may be called Scando-Keltic, or Anglo-Frankic, or Romana-British, being in fact common to the high art of most European countries in the early middle age. Being found on Scottish ground, the piece may well have been of Scottish manufacture. The runic inscriptions seem to have been added on the empty compartments behind in the tenth age, and, as far as we can see, by Scandinavian owners who were settled in the Isle of Man." After much critical examination, the inscription renders no more than that the owner of the brooch was a certain "Malbritha," who held the office of "Thyle," supposed to be connected with the administration of justice, 587-96. For further information about the Hunterston brooch, see Wilson's Prehistoric Annals, ii. 267 *et seq.*

Forth and Clyde; a distribution not to be obviously anticipated, when we remember how thoroughly the inhabitants of north-eastern Scotland are one with those of the other side of the North Sea. But it could be said of the Orkney Islands, although they were so long a possession of Norway, that they were destitute of any known inscription in runes before the discovery of the stone chamber of Maeshowe in 1861.[1]

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[1] 'The old Northern Runic Monuments of Scandinavia and England, now first collected and deciphered by Professor George Stephens, F.S.A., 1866-1868.' For the results of an inquiry as to the boundaries within which runes have been found, see p. 79, and 'Results,' xi. Professor Stephens is emphatic in excluding Germany from any share in his favourite treasures. It is a general fact, however, that Northern Germany, from Sleswic and the Baltic to the southern slopes of the Harz, is signally destitute of ancient monuments. This is vaguely accounted for by the supposition that as Christianity was carried into those regions by the sword, the victors destroyed everything that could be associated with heathenism, while, as the conversion was late in the history of the middle ages, no ancient Christian monuments could have existed. Still Professor Stephens makes a strong case against the runes ever having been a German accomplishment. "They meet us on gravestones, in churches and monasteries, and on fonts, and bells, and crosses, and censers, and chairs, and all sorts of domestic furniture in all parts of Scandinavia down below the Reformation; and even in Romanised England down at least to the twelfth century But in Germany, with its host of rich minsters and abbeys and cloisters, *no single* heathen or Christian piece *with runes* has ever been discovered. We may grant that the oldest and pagan runes have disappeared, been long since destroyed; but that not *one* should be found in *all* the wide German land is very ominous. But if ever used there, we should certainly expect later monuments with runic characters, or at least with mixed runes and Latin letters. But no! There is absolutely not one."—P. 79. This author is one of the few men entitled to speak in so absolute a manner, since he has pursued every trace of the existence of a rune in any part of the world with ardent zeal and unfailing sagacity. Had there been any specimen in Germany, it would have been his pride to bring it forth and find its history. Inquiries covering so large a field, and full of inferences so minute and close, may naturally give room for criticism and dispute here and there. Unlike, however, to too many of the speculations and statements that cross the path of the historical inquirer, this field yields a substantial harvest to every one who approaches it with skill and industry, and here both are abundant. In this country it is only a small body of inquirers that will have either the inclination or the capacity to go critically into the deciphering of the individual inscriptions. But the

To complete this casual notice of the classes of inscriptions to be found on the sculptured stones, it is necessary to mention that on those of later date on the west coast there are monumental inscriptions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are generally in Latin, and conform to the character of other monumental inscriptions of their period. There are several of these at Iona, and conspicuous among them for its peculiar features is the monument of the Prioress Anna, on which her reclining figure represents a fat indolent-looking woman, attended by two lap-dogs, while two angels are busy in the comfortable arrangement of her pillow.[1] Two of the monumental slabs at Iona have short inscriptions in Celtic. They are not richly decorated like their neighbours, and are believed to be much more ancient.[2]

One of the noblest of the sculptured stone monuments of Scotland—the Cross of Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire—has by its peculiar history come under the criticism of the students of northern literature both at home and abroad. In Ireland the most remarkable of the sculptured stones are in themselves crosses. In Scotland, where the cross occurs it is generally cut in relief upon a slab. The monument at Ruthwell is one of the few exceptions to this practice. It is in itself a huge cross. It is richly decorated with sculptured scenes from the Scriptural events of the Atonement. It was thence deemed a monument of idolatry, and an Act of the General Assembly in 1642 decreed that it should be destroyed. It was taken down, but its fragments, or the greater part of them, remained lying in the parish church. These were afterwards put together by the minister as an ornament to the manse garden. An

book is full of historical matter of great interest on this as well as the other side of the North Sea. It is enriched, too, with a multitude of engravings, interesting in themselves, and very instructive in the means they afford for comparing Scandinavian ancient art with our own. Perhaps it may be pardonable to take some pride in observing that neither in the quality of art, nor in literary interest, does any other monument in all his rich store exceed the cross of Ruthwell in Galloway, of which something has to be said further on.

[1] Stuart, Plate lxi.

[2] Ibid., Notices of the Plates, 31.

engraving of this stone had in the mean time found its way to the Scandinavian antiquaries, and these discovered on it what had little import or interest to our own antiquaries of last century—a runic inscription.[1]

It was after much criticism of the usual incoherent kind on this inscription that a discovery elsewhere gave it a companion and interpreter. At Vecelli, in Italy, a manuscript was found containing some poems in Anglo-Saxon. Among these one was called "A Dream of the Holy Rood." The inscription on the cross has been identified with some portions of this poem, and this identification has the good fortune, unusual in coincidences so happy, that it is not disputed in the archæological world. The dream is a poem of remarkable beauty, and home critics began to say that, from its high literary merit, it could be the work of none other than the great Saxon bard Cædmon, the Milton of his day, renowned in the Chronicle of the Venerable Bede. And now a northern archæologist reads on the inscription words which he translates "Cædmon made me." If this stand undisputed, it will be the second remarkable coincidence rescuing this favoured monument from the mystery that still obscures its many brethren.[2]

A group of three fragmentary sculptures at Kirkmadrine, in Wigtownshire, have also an interest in their isolation from the other sculptured stones. There is found on each of them the monogram of the name of Christ as it is known among early Christian monuments. On one of them is an inscription in the latin and the lettering of the early Christianity of Italy and Gaul. If the testimony of these fragments were strengthened from other sources, it would go far to confirm the account given by Bede of

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[1] The northern antiquaries thought they had here an engraving of the seventeenth century, but it appears to have been the two plates in the Vetusta Monumenta (vol. ii., plates liv. and lv.), published by the Society of Antiquaries of London in 1789.

[2] Stephens's Old Northern Runic Monuments, 419. The words he reads are Cadmon Maefauoedhe, or me fawed. The identity with the passages in the Dream was discovered by the Anglo-Saxon scholar John M. Kemble. For a fuller narrative of the history, see Stuart, Sculptured Stones, ii. 12.

the mission of St Ninian, and the building of his church of white stone.[1]

A question remains, whether anything is revealed by the style of art proper to the sculptured stones, and its relation to monuments elsewhere. As to the æsthetic merits of the groups themselves, it cannot be said that they reach the rank of sculptural art, at least on the east coast. But besides the groups there is an affluence of mouldings and tracery, following geometrical rules, as all decorations of this sort should. The variety of these is infinite, and their richness and beauty very remarkable. In decoration the workers upon these stones were truly artists. The peculiar character of this interlaced work has been pressed in to serve the mythological meaning attached to these stones, and they have been termed mystic knots, runic knots, and Druid knots. In another shape something may be done to account for them, but it is admitted to be through one of those analogies which it is not safe for the historian to indulge in too freely. All mere symmetrical decoration has a tendency to follow some object in nature, or some produce of the useful arts so essential as to be always in sight. Wherever, then, we find a special type prevailing in some great useful art, we may expect to see it spreading among the merely decorative arts. For instance, Gothic ecclesiastical architecture took a close hold of the public mind in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Everything consequently imitated the prevailing forms.

[1] Stuart, Sculptured Stones, ii. 36. Reference is made to the view taken of Roman Christianity in Scotland, p. 42 and 68. In case any reader shall think that these monuments give ground for modifying this view, it is fair to cite what a distinguished theologian of our day says of them: "Nowhere in Great Britain is there a Christian record so ancient as the grey weather-beaten column which now serves as the gate-post of the deserted churchyard of Kirk Madrine, on the bleak hill in the centre of the Rinns of Galloway, and bearing on its battered surface, in letters of the fourth century, the statement that it had marked the graves of three saints of Gallic name—Florentius, Vincentius, and Maverius. Few, very few, have been the travellers that have reached that secluded monument. Long may it stand as the first authentic trace of Christian civilisation in these islands."—Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, 85.

Whatever it might be—pictures, illumination, tapestry, wood-carving, seal-making, the decorating of silver-plate, and the binding of books—the prevalent features were Gothic pillars, arches, pinnacles, and mullions. On these stones, at least those in the eastern districts, with which we are now dealing, there is not a trace of this kind of work. They are as alien from the Gothic forms as from the classic and Egyptian. But may there not have been some forms of structural art anterior to the Gothic ecclesiastical buildings, from which they might have taken their type? We know that the early churches were built of wattles or wicker-work, and that it was long a favourite object of skill throughout the country to bring that sort of work to perfection. Now the reticulated devices which enrich the decoration of these stones are just those which wicker-work or basket-making would take if the worker were trying how variously and how symmetrically he could work his patterns. These stone carvings are not the only relic of this kind of ornamentation. There exist some psalters and early religious manuscripts of the Irish Church, older than the oldest specimens of the Norman-Gothic architecture. The plaited patterns of the sculptured stones may yet be seen among the treasures of the library of Trinity College, Dublin, in the illuminated manuscripts and decorated binding to be presently referred to. The building of wattles—the creel-house, as it was called—was common in the Highlands down at least to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and continued to exercise its influence on the eye, and consequently on the patterns in which the workman decorated the work of his hands; so on Highland powder-horns and the handles of dirks, the runic knot, as it is termed, or the basket-work pattern, will be found down to the latest period when such articles were made for real use.

It will be inferred from what has been already said, that efforts to find analogies between these works and other schools of art have been more numerous than successful. So early as the sixteenth century, Hector Boece started one of the most copious of these fountains of analogy, by declaring that the figures on the stones corresponded with

the Egyptian hieroglyphics—a theory which suited with his migration of the royal family of Scotland from Egypt. Efforts were made to discover in them the influence of the classic arts which might have found their way to Scotland under the Roman occupancy. If we look at purely local conditions, however, we find that the district, which was long a Roman province, is precisely that in which the sculptured stones of the earlier type are rarest. With the great epochs of classic art—the Grecian, the Etruscan, and the Roman—the general style and character of the Scots sculpture has no harmony, although in one instance there is an identity of form. A moulding which emphatically belongs to all the three classic schools—that which is called technically the single meander and the aligreek—is one of the simplest and purest of geometrical repetitions, and hence was acceptable to the pure taste of the classic workmen. Among the Scots traceries it occurs once or twice; but the reason for its being among them is, that in so exhaustive a recourse to geometric forms this one would come up naturally in its order, and could not, indeed, be well avoided.

We have seen that this school of decoration has no similarity to Gothic work; as little does it ally itself to Saracenic or other Eastern forms. It was long taken for granted that it came from Scandinavia, but this origin is not confirmed by close examination. The old Scandinavian sculptures, of which the chief specimens are now easily accessible, deal with elements somewhat similar—supernatural animals, intertwined decoration, and the like. In their physiological character there is an identity—the same absence of repose, and intensity of life, action, and energy. It becomes clear, however, when they are compared with each other, that the same artistic spirit did not animate both, and that each is as individually separate from the other as the German school of painting from the Dutch. Perhaps each may have drawn its ideas from the same source. The northern mythology dealt in serpents, in dragons, and in other monsters. The dragon was an established symbol of the northern nations, and their literature preserves precise accounts of the great sea-serpent

But as the German school and the Italian school dealt differently with the Scriptural scenes to which both were dedicated, so would it seem that Scots and Scandinavian art dealt differently with the objects common to both, if we are to suppose that they were so. Hence, though reptiles are mixed with dragons and other mythical animals in the Scandinavian sculptures as in ours, their reptiles and dragons are not our reptiles and dragons. If this difference in style of art has been noticed in pictorial renderings of the two classes, it becomes still more distinct and emphatic to one who, after becoming familiar with the Scots school, has an opportunity of seeing the Scandinavian specimens in their own homes. The most remarkable of the stone works of this class have been engraved; but in wandering through Norway one sees, sometimes in small churches, sometimes in collections, as in the museum of Bergen, ancient wood-carvings on which the Scandinavian school of art is all the more distinctly expressed that the material in which they are cut is more plastic.

In Scotland, the tracery, whether it be purely geometrical or enlivened with flowers or animals, is generally distributed in borders or other separate compartments. In Scandinavian art it is apt to radiate from a centre, and the richer it becomes, the higher rises the centre in convexity. The centre may be a group of reptile heads, or it may be a single dragon stretching around a ganglion of claws and wings and tail-work, all in unchecked abundance, since the whole is wrought out of the artist's imagination, and the infinite variety is only checked by the poverty of his genius. The human figure is not so frequent on the Scandinavian as on the Scots sculptures; and when it occurs it is not so apt to be multiplied into an active group as to be a solitary commemoration figure, like the celebrated monument of Gorm the Old. Instead of increasing, as in the Scots specimens, with the advancement of art, the human figure seems in these northern sculptures to become rarer, leaving the field to the command rather of the decorator than the sculptor.[1]

[1] The difference of the two styles of art was impressed on me by

Like the propensity to find that all representations of things unknown found on ancient monuments must have a mystical or holy meaning, is the propensity to believe that all art found anywhere must have travelled from some other place. That it must have come "from the East" is the formula in use when one has no reason for knowing whence an art or a national custom may have been brought. For the prototypes of these sculptures the world

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noticing in the museum at Copenhagen a piece of carving, with a feeling about it that at once roused familiar recollections of Scotland. A little study of the piece made the reason of this obvious. It is an exception to the usual character of Scandinavian carving, as it represents a busy scene of life, with men on horseback among animals, as in a hunting scene. Such scenes are common on the stones of Scotland, and where the same objects of common life are represented there will occur elements of resemblance. The story told in this elaborate carving has been interpreted by Professor Stephens. It makes a drama of three acts. A mythical hero, King Theodoric, rescues a lion from the coils of a dragon, as represented in one panel. On another the grateful lion is seen attending his rescuer like a hound in the chase. In a third the lion is seen mourning over the hero's grave. While the carved narrative of this story has a general resemblance to several of the sculptured stones of Scotland, another effort of art in the same monument, where a fabulous monster is twisted into a multiplicity of tracery, is thoroughly Scandinavian. This monument was removed from a wooden church in Iceland to the great museum at Copenhagen. It is a testimony to the popular interest taken in such monuments in Denmark, that the learned account of this one by Professor Stephens is published in the 'Illustreret Tidende,' or 'Illustrated News.' It is represented less successfully in the 'Nordiske Oldsager' of Worsaae. There is a cast of it in plaster in the South Kensington Museum. On another occasion I noticed in a foreign country a group of carved figures which at once recalled recollections of the sculptured stones at home. They decorate the portal of the Kirche des Schotten-Klosters of Regensburg or Ratisbon. This was the head of a cluster of monastic establishments which belonged to the Scots of old—of Hibernia and Albania. Its privileges as a Scots endowment lasted until 1848, when it was closed to the Scots as well as the rest of the world; and its rooms are empty of everything, except a few trifling household relics not worth removal, and serving as reminiscences of the hospitality of the brethren to any wandering countrymen who found their way to the old Roman port on the Danube. To find the specialties of the Scots sculptured stones here, and here only, was hardly to be counted an exception to their nationality. The identity has been noticed in the article on "Scotch Religious Houses Abroad," in the 'Edinburgh Review' for January 1864, attributed to Bishop Forbes.

has been ransacked in all directions, but they are not to be found. It seems, then, that we must content ourselves in the mean time with the supposition that the style of art was invented where the oldest specimens of it are found, and that it is unknown, unless in the directions in which it has spread from the site of these oldest specimens.

These sculptures of eastern Scotland, however, though they may be set down as the produce of native genius, are not entirely isolated. In the Isle of Man and the northern counties of England there are many sculptured stones partaking so much of the same character, that were their counterparts found in Scotland they would not surprise our antiquaries.[1] But a still wider connection opens towards the west. All through Argyleshire, especially its south-west portion, there is a rich store of sculptured stones, which diverge into specialties of their own, yet at the same time partake so far of the character of their eastern brethren, that there is no drawing a line of division between the two; and so they pass into Ireland, connecting the Scots sculptures with the crosses of Monasterboice and other specimens, which are generally admitted to come within the category of art. With the character of the west of Scotland stones many tourists become acquainted by the annual regulation visit to Iona. There is an odd tradition of the district, indeed, that all the others grouped round religious foundations of inferior name were carried off—or stolen, as the people usually put it—from Iona. The general tone of all these monuments is in a higher and freer art than that of their eastern neighbours. The decorations pass from their absolute geometrical formulas, and, retaining the adjustments of the geometrical law, as all symmetrical decoration must, they expand with a sort of floral freedom, dealing in the arrangements of branches, leaves, flowers, and clusters. Many of them, as works of art, are extremely beautiful.

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[1] In the New Series of the Archæologia Cambrensis (ii. 311) there is an account of a fragment of a sculptured stone found at Caerlon-on-Lusk, in Wales, which has one of the willow-plait patterns, and other characteristics of the east of Scotland stones.

None of them are so ancient as their eastern brethren; and whether or not it be from a Celtic distaste of change, the oldest types are imitated down to days comparatively modern, even to the early part of the eighteenth century. Altogether, this school of art, with at the one extremity the rudest sculptures on the stones in north-eastern Scotland, and at the other the splendid crosses of Ireland, is worthy of more study, even as part of the history of art, than it has hitherto received.

From the point we have now reached, we can trace this school of art further onwards, and into a higher development. Specimens of it are to be seen in the bindings of ancient Irish psalters, and other books held sacred. The binding was, in fact, the shrine in which the book, as a holy relic, was enclosed; and it behoved such a receptacle to be decorated according to the highest skill of the age. In the illumination of the manuscripts themselves there was opportunity for bringing in a new element of art in the application of colour, and these illuminations by Irish scribes are so remarkable as to have received much attention from foreign critics of art. Dr Waagen was struck with the beauty and variety of their geometric patterns, and the precision and firmness with which each design was carried to its ultimate conclusions. He observed the specialty already hinted at, that the artists, so wonderful in geometric design, yet had little hold upon art proper—had no command over perspective anatomy, the distribution of light and shade, or the transcript of natural colours. All their efforts to produce the human figure or other objects were what is called "out of drawing" to an extent which helped to prove that their school of art was peculiar to themselves, and had not received aid from Continental models; and he concluded that "such a high cultivation of the purely technical part, at so early a period, with the total absence of all knowledge of the figurative part, which forms the true and the higher element of art, is certainly peculiar and remarkable."[1]

[1] Quoted by Dr Reeves in article on Early Irish Caligraphy, in the Ulster Journal of Archæology, July 1860.

There is a more remarkable instance, in which the peculiarities and merits of this school of art caught the attention of a foreign critic. Of all the Continental monasteries with which the Irish churchmen were connected, the most illustrious in itself, and the most largely associated with these wanderers, was St Gall. Among the remarkable manuscripts preserved there, are very ancient Irish books—as old, it is said, as the seventh century. Some of them are richly illuminated, and we have the benefit of a critical examination of their decorations by Dr Ferdinand Keller. He notices the great preponderance of technical geometric decoration over high art, and especially observes that the human figure is brought in less to represent life than to fit into and complete a symmetrical design. He sets to work, in the analytic and classifying spirit of his country, to describe the peculiar features of the school of art before him; and whether or not we must adopt his conclusions about its origin, there is no denying the precision of his analysis. More satisfactory than his analysis, however, are some fac-similes of these decorated books, furnished by the author and repeated by the translator. In these the eye accustomed to the sculptured stones of Scotland finds itself at once at home. This special school of decoration is as certainly identified in these, as schools more ancient are in any specimens of Egyptian or Etruscan art. Indeed, the most complex and beautiful specimen furnished by the German artist, is but a variation on the specimen to which the same terms might be applied in the celebrated collection of transcripts of the sculptured stones of Scotland. There is one, then, though as yet but one, comprehensive conclusion to which the scrutiny recently applied to these monuments has brought us—that they show to us the development of a separate and remarkable school of art.[1]

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[1] Ulster Journal. The means of comparing the sculpture on the stones with the Irish illuminations will be still more affluently supplied by turning over the pages of Dr Stuart's 'Sculptured Stones of Scotland,' with the "fac-similes of the miniatures of Anglo-Saxon and Irish manuscripts executed by J. O. Westwood, M.A."

It is surely to be regretted that the many specimens of this school

It remains briefly to tell how far the search of the types of the earlier stones on other material than stone has been successful. We have seen that the ozier twisted pattern has been found on Highland dirk-handles and

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of national art are so sparingly accessible to the world at large, and to our own people especially. It is useless to say that they can be visited, and that an actual inspection of a monument is more instructive than the examination of a woodcut or a lithographic plate. This is an argument that would abolish all attempts at multiplying the forms of art. The great magazine of this kind of art, the Spalding Club Book, now costs more than £20, and is not in many even of the public libraries. When, both for instruction and the gratification of curiosity, we multiply in popular shapes the art of Egypt, of Syria, nay, of China, Japan, and the South Sea Islands, why should we neglect what is so abundant at our own doors? A collection of typical stone carvings from England, Scotland, and Ireland, would make an interesting and instructive book, and it might be enriched by cognate specimens of art, such as the illuminator's or the wood-carver's. It might include the period before the Gothic forms, coming from abroad and mingling with those of native growth, had entirely superseded them. Such a collection would be useful to the artist and the manufacturer by supplying new varieties of geometrical tracery. They ought, of course, not to be adopted and repeated, either in textile fabrics or otherwise, if they are deemed unworthy; but if, on the other hand, they are found to be efforts of legitimate and pleasing art, that they are of national origin should be no reason for rejecting them. The Spalding Club Book is already a vast treasury of rare material for such a popular work, and its author is the man fittest of all for the undertaking.

The example, in fact, has been set where we would have naturally expected it to be reluctantly followed. Trade has anticipated artistic literature, and the manufacturers of ornamental commodities have been recently going for original patterns of decoration to the recondite sources of information about ancient national tracery.

The kindred races on the other side of the North Sea are a practical censure on our lethargy, for the literature of the Scandinavian nations has for three hundred years been employed in bringing their national monuments before the world.

Meanwhile a list of books likely to serve those who may desire to pursue the study of the sculptured stones of Scotland may not be unacceptable :—

Itinerarium Septentrionale; or, A Journey thro' most of the Counties of Scotland and those in the North of England. In two Parts. Part I., containing an Account of all the Monuments of Roman Antiquity, &c. Part II., an Account of the Danish Invasions in Scotland, and of the Monuments erected there in the different Defeats of that People. By Alexander Gordon, A.M. 1726.

The several editions of Thomas Pennant's Tours in Scotland.

Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland, in a Series of

powder-flasks, and that the more recondite and perplexing of the "symbols," as they are termed, have appeared on silver ornaments supposed to be contemporary with the stones. That one of the "spectacle" ornaments or sym

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Letters to Thomas Pennant, Esq. By the Rev. Charles Cordiner, Minister of St Andrew's Chapel, Banff. 1780.

Remarkable Ruins and Romantic Prospects of North Britain, with Ancient Monuments and Singular Subjects of Natural History. By the Rev. Charles Cordiner. 1788.

Caledonia; or, An Account, Historical and Topographical, of North Britain, from the most ancient to the present Times. By George Chalmers, F.R.S. and S.A. 1807. Vol. i. p. 465 *et seq.*

Essays, chiefly on Scottish Antiquities. By the late John Stuart, Esq. of Inchbreck, Professor of Greek in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen. 1846.

The Ancient Sculptured Monuments of the County of Angus. 1848. (Edited by Patrick Chalmers for the Bannatyne Club.)

Antiquities of Iona. By H. D. Graham. Esq. 1850.

An Attempt to explain the Origin and Meaning of the early interlaced Ornamentation found on the Ancient Sculptured Stones of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. By Gilbert J. French of Bolton. 1858.

Characteristics of Old Church Architecture, &c., in the Mainland and Western Islands of Scotland (by T. S. Muir). 1861.

Prehistoric Annals of Scotland. By Daniel Wilson, LL.D. 2d edition. 1863.

Ancient Pillar Stones of Scotland, their Significance and Bearing on Ethnology. By George Moore, M.D. M.R.C.P. London, 1865.

Sculptured Stones of Scotland. Edited for the Spalding Club by John Stuart, LL.D. 1856-1867.

The Old Northern Runic Monuments of Scandinavia and England, now first Collected and Described by Professor George Stephens, F.S.A. 1866-1868.

The Early Races of Scotland and their Monuments. By Lieut.-Col. Forbes Leslie. 1866.

The Symbolism of the Sculptured Stones of Eastern Scotland; an Ecclesiastical System of Monograms and Decorative Characters. By Ralph Carr, Esq., S.A. Sc. 1867.

The Maydyn Stane of Bennachie, with Incydentale Mentyowne of uthir Standande Stanys of Antyquytey. By John Longmuir, LL.D. 1869.

In the Archæologia, the Transactions of the Antiquaries of Scotland, and those of the Archæological Institute, several casual notices on the stones will be found. One of a very peculiar character is in a place where one would not naturally seek for it—"Notes on some of the Budhist Opinions and Monuments of Asia, compared with the Symbols on the Ancient Sculptured 'Standing Stones' of Scotland. By Thomas A. Wise, M.D. F.R.S.E."—Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. xxi. p. 255.

bols has been seen in an ancient scratching in bone is another acquisition. To these scanty and but faintly instructive instances it has to be added that there are some very rude and indistinct sculptures in sea-coast caverns, and of these a few approach very closely to, if they are not identical with, the symbolic forms.[1]

There remains yet another class of stones, tooled or marked, but with characters so inexpressive that they have only recently been assigned to the hand of man. The portraits found in rocks of the strange animals and plants of a past world have long been consigned to the care of the geologist. So also have many crystalline and conglomerate formations which, from their symmetry and uniformity, were in unscientific days believed to be artificial.[2] Cavities left in the face of the amygdaloidal trap, where the agates or other nodules that give its name to it drop out, have sometimes a regular appearance that suggests a design. The perfectly circular and smooth cavities left in the shale when the coprolite drops out have a still more artificial appearance, especially as the slaty cleavage presents them on a flat plane; and slabs of this have been set up as artificial monuments are.

Apart from all these, however, there are other cavities and marks which the geologist does not bring within his province, and they are thus left to increase the perplexities of the archæologist. They are cuttings in many instances cup-shaped, like the cell of the coprolite. A circle is sometimes drawn round the cup. In other instances the figure is made up of concentric circles, or rather circular-

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[1] Most of the instances here referred to will be found engraved in the second volume of the Spalding 'Sculptured Stones.'

[2] Gordon, in his 'Itinerarium Septentrionale,' gives an engraving of the face of a rock, apparently of breccia, with the surface of the matrix worn away, and the harder cemented fragments protruding in fanciful shapes. He says: "When I was in Eskdale I was directed to a most remarkable curiosity called the *Lettered Stones*, where I saw the whole face of a rock, about 15 feet in height and about 20 in length, full of strange and unaccountable figures cut out, as it were, in *relievo;* some of them were a foot long, some more, and others less; but whether these are characters or hieroglyphics, or even the *lusus naturæ*, I shall not be positive in determining."—Itin. Sept., 166.

shaped scratchings, for they are rough and tremulous, with no aid from any instrument of the nature of a compass. In this and some other particulars they differ so far in character from the sculptured stones that no relationship can be found between them such as we trace through the various groups of these stones themselves and the various ages of architecture. The concentric curves sometimes diverge so much from the circle as to approach nearer to the square or the parallelogram. Sometimes lines are scratched from the centres outwards, after the manner of secants and tangents; and sometimes such lines connect one or more concentric groups of circles. As they are thus sometimes cast into groups, ingenious persons have found in them the outlines of vegetables or animals; but this has been as we see faces in the fire or dragons in the clouds, the fancy in such work helping the eye. In fact, they are so destitute of any plastic aim, as well as of the symmetry and geometric proportion peculiar to the sculptured stones, as to be unlike anything in art or nature, and in their utterly chaotic character unpleasant to the eye.

Here is a hopeless addition to our mysteries. In the great unhewn pillars we have at least a testimony to acts of earnest endeavour and heavy toil. In the sculptured stones we have a school of art, connected by artistic ancestry with the schools of later ages. But in the others we have nothing more than that the hand of man has a better claim to their production than the operations of nature. We gain little by noting their surrounding conditions, for these vary infinitely. They are found on great stones otherwise untooled. They are numerous in chambered cairns. At New Grange the dark passage is so profusely covered with them that they serve as a sort of barbarous florid decoration. They are seen in stone coffins in caverns, on "Druidical monuments" of all forms — circle, cromlech, dolmen, and the like. Strangest of all, when the turf has been removed from Highland hills, the bare scalp of rock left behind is covered with them. They are to be seen over Scotland generally, in parts of England and of Ireland. They

have been traced to Brittany, and, but with less distinctness, to Scandinavia.[1]

Imagination has of course been at work to find a deep purpose in these unpromising cuttings, but they do not afford the hold it obtains on the "Druidical stones" and the "symbolical figures." They were cavities for retaining the blood of the sacrificed animal; but if we suppose that their present position with the hollows on the sides or under part was not the original position, yet many of them could not be placed so that all the hollows would be on a horizontal surface. They were sun-dials, to be used with a movable gnomon, but many of them are in caves and stone chambers never seen by the sun. The study of astronomy was of course an obvious purpose, but the system taught by them has not been shown. Another supposition is that they were adjusted for playing a game, but the scheme of the game has not been divined.[2]

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[1] On an examination of the many portraits of stones in 'The Old Northern Runic Monuments' of Professor Stephens, there are only two instances of marks resembling the cups above referred to, and in both this exact inquirer notices the coincidence. One is at Kallerup, in Denmark. Of this it is said, "The cup-like hollow below, close to the beginning of the risting, may or may not be artificial and significative." "Generally speaking, these half holes on runic blocks are *natural*, caused by weathering or dripping of rain at one spot, or by the falling out of some knot or kernel in the stone."—P. 344. The other instance, a large mass of granite, is in the Copenhagen Museum. "Like many other stones, this piece is in its natural state. It has never been smoothed before it was carved. Most of the cup-like hollows are apparently artificial, and from the iron age. Hence the stone-smith has been partly guided by circumstances, and the hewing and form and position of certain letters has depended on the jaggedness or iron-hardness of the surface at any particular spot."—P. 798. He considers as of kin to the Scots cuttings what he thus describes of a stone brought from Snoldelev, in Denmark: "Nearly in the middle of the top of the stone was what looked like a ringlet filled with hard lime. I cleared this out, and found a circular hole well cut in the hard granite. This cup is about two inches deep by five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and ends in a dull point or egg-shape. Thus the block was 'holy' or 'funeral' in the stone age, and was again used for the same purpose in the iron age."—P. 857.

[2] One theory is aptly termed "at least both as reasonable and as ridiculous as many hypotheses that have since been broached upon the subject." "The Doctor is of opinion that this is one of those

All that the highest skill and the most ardent zeal have done to bring these marks within the region of science has been to distribute them, after a close analysis, in this fashion: "First type, single cups;" "Second type, cups surrounded with a single ring or circle;" "Third type, cups surrounded with a series of concentric complete rings,"—and so on.[1]

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methods which were in use previous to the introduction of letters into this country for commemorating extraordinary events; and in the case in question he thinks these circles represent the right of the proprietor of the estate where the rock lies on which they are engraved, and that they signify that his descendants were to enjoy it as long as the celestial luminaries, which the circles represent, should perform their unerring revolutions round the sun."—Simpson, 59.

[1] This analysis, and a minute account of the surrounding conditions of all the works of this kind found in Scotland and of many others, was a parting gift to the world by Sir James Simpson. It was in a book richly adorned by art, with the title, 'Archaic Sculpturings of Cups, Circles, &c., upon Stones and Rocks in Scotland, England, and other Countries,' by Sir James Simpson, Bart., M.D., &c. The position of this book in literature is remarkable. Its author, a master in his own great science, had been accustomed to gather up the scattered observations of inferior minds, and found on them some great harmonious law capable of being applied to the welfare of the human race. It was his destiny in this instance to be the humble minute chronicler and nothing more. If he expected to find his way to great general results he was disappointed. But with whatever hope before him, he did his work with scrupulous fidelity. If new discoveries shall bring with them a light unknown to those already made, his book will give the material on which that light is to be cast, and it will be found not the less fitting for its purpose that it is the work of a man of genius.

CHAPTER V.

THE EARLY RACES.

THE ROMANISED INHABITANTS — THEIR DEGENERACY — THEIR DISAPPEARANCE FROM HISTORY—AURELIANUS AMBROSIUS—THE ROMANCES OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS—THEIR CONNECTION WITH SCOTLAND—INCOMPATIBILITY OF THEIR CHIVALROUS SPIRIT WITH THE CONDITIONS OF THE PERIOD—THE OSSIANIC LITERATURE —BRITONS OF STRATHCLYDE — THE PICTS — THE GREAT PICTISH QUESTION—ETYMOLOGICAL WAR—SPECIMENS OF THE VICTORIES ON EITHER SIDE—WHAT THEY HAVE GAINED—WHAT IS TAUGHT BY ANCIENT REMAINS—WHAT WE GATHER FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS—WEAKNESS OF THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SOLUTION — THE PAINTED RACES — EARLY INFLUENCE OF TEUTONIC RACES — THE SCOTS—ORIGINALLY A NAME FOR NATIVES OF IRELAND—CAME OVER IN COLONIES—NECESSITY FOR REMEMBERING THE EARLY MEANING OF THE WORD, AND THE TIME WHEN IT WAS TRANSFERRED TO SCOTLAND — THEIR HIGHER CIVILISATION AND INFLUENCE OVER OTHER RACES.

Let us now endeavour to trace as closely as the rather chaotic nature of our materials may permit, the origin and condition of the several populations inhabiting Scotland about the time when the Roman provinces in Britain ceased to be governed from the imperial centre. We must here count Valentia, the portion of Scotland stretching southward from Antonine's Wall between the Forth and the Clyde, as bearing a portion in the fate of the English provinces.

What has come down to us of the condition and destiny of the Romanised Britons, when left to their own resources, vibrates between two historical phases: the one consistent, but scantily supported by trustworthy authority; the other palpably steeped in fable.

According to the former, there arose a heroic prince on the Roman model, Aurelianus Ambrosius, who collected and centralised the scattered forces of the various provinces. He had before him two great achievements. The first was to subdue the tyrant Vortigern. By some this man is treated as the usurper of the British crown; others represent him as a monarch who betrayed his trust by calling in the assistance of two northern chiefs, called Hengest and Horsa, and conniving with them in obtaining that position in the country which became so fatal to the independence of the British people. When Ambrosius had punished Vortigern, he had next to deal with the ferocious strangers. Here the national hero gains victory after victory, reversing in detail what we know to have been the general tenor of a struggle which ended in the ascendancy of the Saxon. To meet the palpable fact that in spite of these victories the eastern territories became full of Saxons, Ambrosius figures as a magnanimous prince, who endowed his fallen foes with suitable territory, and in pursuance of this spirit he bestowed a portion of Scotland on Octa, the son of Hengest.

The other version of the destiny of the Romanised Britons throws us at once into the glowing romance of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Here all is fairyland, in which the most sagacious critics have been unable to glean a particle of narrative which can be set apart as well-authenticated fact. The whole cast of the Arthurian story, indeed, independently of its supernatural machinery, confutes itself by its antagonism to the great conditions of contemporary history. It is not the narrative of the decay and gradual extinction of Roman institutions. There is a sudden revolution, in which these are at once expunged as the tokens of a long thraldom, and the original British institutions, unforgotten by centuries of disuse, are triumphantly restored. Druidism comes in with them, but, to obviate all awkward inconsistency with the coexistence of Christianity, it takes the new shape of the Bardic system, and the British Druids are represented by the Welsh bards. But the revolution was less remarkable for the restoration of such elements of

of long-passed ages, than for its anticipation of the social system which was to prevail in Europe centuries afterwards. Everything about Arthur and his court, whether it profess to be actual history or avow itself to be romance, is made up of that age of chivalry which did not dawn on the rest of Europe for some centuries later. The whole tone of the narratives belongs to the social conditions in which lived Saint Louis, Richard of the Lion-Heart, and Godfrey of Bouillon. The properties, to use a stage expression, are Gothic castles, with their moats and flanking-works, burnished coats of mail and heraldic ensigns; and all these are made to abound at a period when there was not in Britain a castle or a coat of mail, and heraldry had not yet been dreamed of. The Mabinogion, as well as the heavier Armoric romances, deals with a state of society not more unlike anything in the Britain of the fifth century than it is unlike to social life in Finland or Otaheite at present. And the same spirit of chivalry and romance gives the tone to those noble poems which interpret the spirit of the Arthurian romances to the present generation.

With that chronicle of the time which professes to be history and not romance is mixed up the narrative of the achievements of the prophet Ambrose Merlin. When Vortigern could not build his tower by reason of the sinking of the foundation, and his magicians could not solve the difficulty, he looked out for a man who did not owe his birth to a discoverable human father, as the proper person to be consulted in such an emergency, and thus obtained the services of the invaluable Merlin. The prophet told the builders to dig, and they would find a subterraneous lake; and so it came to pass. He bade them dig further, and they would come to two stones, each of which when broken would let loose an imprisoned dragon, the one white and the other red; and so also it came to pass. When the two dragons saw each other face to face, they fell a-fighting, and rehearsed the coming drama of war that was to desolate the land; for the white dragon represented the Saxons, and the red dragon the British. While the king sat looking upon the contest,

Merlin, inspired, poured forth his prophecies in a succession of the wildest and most picturesque of visions that human genius ever invented. When a suitable monument was wanted to commemorate the heroes who had died in the contest with the Saxons, Merlin suggested that the great upright stones called the "The Giants' Dance," standing on the Curragh of Kildare, in Ireland, should be brought over to serve that purpose. All efforts to remove these massive memorials were totally ineffective, till Merlin applied to them his supernatural engineering skill; then they were brought over to England, and set up on Salisbury Plain, where they became known by the name of Stonehenge, and may be seen to this day. All this and much more of the same kind is felt to be just as credible as those portions of the Arthurian histories which do not profess to touch the supernatural.

If any reality could be extracted from them, Scotland would have full share in it, since much of the narrative comes northward of the present border. Berwick was the Joyeuse garde of Sir Lancelot, and Aneurin describes a bloody battle round Edinburgh Castle. Local tradition and the names of places have given what support such agencies can to the Scottish claims on the Arthurian history. So the curious Roman edifice on the bank of the Carron was called Arthur's Oon or Oven;[1] and we have Arthur's Seat, Ben Arthur, Arthurlee, and the like. The illustrious "Round Table" itself is at Stirling Castle. The sculptured stones in the churchyard of Meigle have come down as a monument to the memory and crimes of his faithless wife.[2] A few miles westward, on Barry hill, a spur of the Grampians, the remnants of a hill-fort have an interest to the peasant as the prison of her captivity. In the pretty pastoral village of Stowe there was a "girth" or sanctuary for criminals, attributed to the influence of an image of the Virgin brought by King Arthur from Jerusalem, and there enshrined.[3]

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[1] See above, p. 53. [2] See above, p. 143.

[3] See the claims of these and many other spots to commemoration in these romances in 'Arthurian Localities, their Historical Origin,

The great romance of Sir Tristrem has been held by Scott and others to be the work of the Scottish Merlin, Thomas of Ercildoun; and another romance of the Round Table, Sir Lancelot of the Lake, is the work of a Scotsman. These, however, could hardly be held to prove any nationality in the original history, since this kind of romance became general over Europe. There is no reason to believe that it is of ancient origin, or older than the age of that chivalry that pervades it. Something in a contact with the Normans and their chivalry seems to have stirred the Celtic blood, and conjured from it imaginative historical pictures of surpassing brilliancy. It is certain that while the Welsh people seem to have been steeped in lethargy from the Saxon contest downwards, immediately on their coming in contact with the Normans their wonderful romance literature burst forth. It influenced the mind of all Christendom; and every legend or poem commemorative of the age of chivalry, be it in the language of the Norwegian, the German, the French, or the Italian, took its shape and its tone from the stories of King Arthur and his knights. Even if the nominal heroes were Alexander the Great, or Charlemagne, or Roland, the romance is no less an example of the Welsh school.[1]

Chief Country, and Fingalian Relations,' by John Stuart Glennie, M.A., 1869.

[1] "That the bards to whom these poems are in the main attributed are recorded as having lived in the sixth century, is certain. We have it on the authority of the Genealogia annexed to Nennius, written in the eighth century. That this record of these having lived in that age is true we have every reason to believe, and we may hold that there were such bards as Taliessin, Aneurin, Lywarch Hen, and Myridden at that early period, who were believed to have written poems. That the poems which now bear their name do not show the verbal forms and orthography of that age, and that the form of the language of these poems has not the aspect which the language of the sixth century ought to exhibit, it is equally certain. But this implies no more than that we do not possess transcripts of these poems made at that period. With the exception of two fragments, the oldest manuscript we now possess is that in the Black Book of Carmarthen, a MS. of the twelfth century, and the orthography and verbal forms are those of that period, but this is not conclusive. All transcripts show the orthography and forms of their period. There may have

Another literature, no less eminent, but totally different in character, professes to deal with Scotland near and after the end of the Roman sojourn. It was the object of one of the most memorable critical contests narrated in the history of literature. There was a time, perhaps within the memory of persons yet living, when a man considered the birthplace and the temper of those who sat at meat with him ere he would tell his mind on the question of "the authenticity of Ossian's Poems." This seemed to have passed away among buried contests, until it enjoyed a slight revival in recent days. The Arthurian romances, though false in the persons and the period of their heroes, are true to the spirit of their own age, and are the simple echo of its chivalry. The Ossianic literature combines various elements. The Arthur of these epics was Fian, son of Comhal, or Finn M'Coull, as he is more frequently termed,—the hero-king and the organiser of the great Irish armed force. The somewhat dreary literature in which his own and his followers' deeds are recorded was thus the framework of the whole. But to the finishing and decoration the great literary artist brought a knowledge of the Arthurian romances and the Norse Sagas, with a study of Homeric literature so deep that he ventured on a translation of the Iliad. Above all, he brought to his work the true power of a great poet, and, as it happened, of a poet who drew his inspiration from the scenes in which his heroes were to act,—stormy seas, precipices,

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been earlier transcripts, and if these had been preserved they would have shown earlier forms."—The Four Ancient Books of Wales, containing the Cymric Poems attributed to the Bards of the Sixth Century, by William F. Skene, i. 184, 185. This is the admission of one inclined to believe, as much as his skill and honesty will permit, that the manuscripts are not of the period to which the poems profess to relate. This difficulty is overcome by what is called "a restoration of the genuine text"—the bestowing on it, through the mere force of reasoning or genius, that pristine form of which all record is lost. Perhaps a more brilliant specimen of the fallacy called "reasoning in a circle" was never devised.—See 'Poèmes des Bardes Bretons du vi^e^ siècle; traduits pour la première fois, avec le texte en regard revu sur les plus anciens manuscrits par Th. Hersart de la Villemarque, 1850.'

cataracts, gloomy forests, and huge mountains, all frequented by misty clouds or swept by hollow winds.

The historical conditions have a grandeur in harmony with the physical. The aggrandising intolerant Roman empire is pressing upon the free heroic nations of the north, and calling up new warrior-chiefs to express the immortal sentiments proclaimed by Tacitus. The king of Lochlin, the head of the great northern sea-rovers, is invading Erin; and Fingal, the leader of the Celts of Scotland, leads his warriors to the rescue of the kindred Celts. The sea-rovers bring the poetry of the wild ocean to that of the mountain territories of the two countries, and the poet seems to have taken inspiration from that mountain territory still grander than his own, overhanging the Fiords whence the sea-rovers steered their war-ships — for it is said of the descriptive touches in these poems, that their full force is only felt, by those who have beheld the characteristic scenery of the Scottish Highlands enhanced in gloomy grandeur, as it is in Norway. That the influence on the mind of actual mountain scenery should be felt in reading these poems, has over and over again been pleaded as showing that none but a dweller in the scenery, feeling it in the time of events passing before him, could have written such descriptions.[1] But to this there comes the answer, that the Highlanders have ever shown themselves peculiarly unconscious of the merits of their native scenery, and that a passion for it is an emotion of recent origin, growing up in the bosom of the Saxon Lowlander who visits it as a stranger. And, indeed, it cannot be doubted that the Ossianic poems gave the first great impulse to the existing passion for Highland scenery.

[1] "In Ossian . . . the skies are cloudy, there is a tumult of waves on the shore, the wind sings in the pine. This truth of local colouring is a strong argument in proof of authenticity. . . . It is my belief that these misty, phantasmal Ossianic fragments, with their car-borne heroes that come and go like clouds on the wind, their frequent apparitions, the 'stars dim-twinkling through their forms,' their maidens fair, and pale as lunar rainbows, are in their own literary place worthy of every recognition. If you think these poems exaggerated, go out at Sligachan and see what wild work the pencil of moonlight makes on a mass of shifting vapour. Does *that* seem nature or

There remained another and a more formidable incongruity. A pure and high spirit of Christian chivalry developed itself in a race yet heathen—a race who, when they afterwards ostensibly belonged to the Christian Church, were so noted for treachery and cruelty that for centuries it was deemed a reproach to any civilised government to employ them in warfare.

The testimony of many Highlanders, that they were familiar with these poems in their native language, was generally held to prove too much, especially when they maintained that in the original they were infinitely finer poetry than they had become in the translation. But perhaps, in estimating the foundation of such assertions, sufficient weight has not been allowed to the tenacity of tradition in the Celtic mind. While the real and substantial hatred testified in so much bloodshed between England and Scotland has long been dead, it is remarked as significant that men of Irish race, even when they have been for generations severed from their country by the Atlantic, fight out in the streets of the American cities the feuds that shook the British empire in the seventeenth century. The broad assertion contained in the following words has been repeated with untiring pertinacity: "Every man of inquiry, every person of the least taste for the poetry or turn for the antiquities of his country, has heard often repeated some part or other of the Poems published by Mr MacPherson. Hundreds still alive have heard portions of them recited long before Mr MacPherson was born, so that he cannot possibly be deemed the author of compositions which existed before he had any existence himself."[1] There is a sediment of truth in this. When we reach the period of the Reformation, we shall have to deal with a translation into Gaelic of 'The Book of Common Order'—the Prayer-Book of Scotland. Its translator murmurs a complaint that his countrymen are too warmly

a madman's dream? Look at the billowy clouds rolling off the brow of Blaavin, all golden and on fire with the rising sun!"—A Summer in Skye, by Alexander Smith, author of A Life Drama, &c., i. 246.

[1] Remarks on Dr S. Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides, by the Rev. Donald M'Nicoll, p. 350.

devoted to "idle, turbulent, lying, worldly stories concerning the Tuath Dedanans, the sons of Milesius, the heroes, and concerning Fionn MacCumhaill and na Fhianaibh."[1] The Lowland literature of Scotland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries refers to these Highland traditions, not always in a laudatory spirit. Finally, in 'The Dean of Lismore's Book' we have the traditions as committed to writing in the sixteenth century. These traditions were in full vitality a century ago, and are not yet extinct.[2]

But now comes the simple and vital question, too apt to be stifled in the wrath of the disputants, Are these traditions poetry? By the specially initiated they are said to be poetry of a high order. Its beauties are incapable of translation. Those only who have absorbed the true spirit of the native language can feel and enjoy them. And it is often added, that to be so endowed one must have been born and bred a Highlander. Here, then, are literary beauties signal in their inaccessibility. The poetry of Virgil and the poetry of Schiller are both open to the world. If they be imperfect in translation, we may feel them in their living language. Perhaps the accomplished English scholar has as keen a relish for the melodious flow and the lyric spirit of Horace, as any of the wits who drank Falernian with Mæcenas. It may even be that while the beauties of the original are felt by the stranger, he also enjoys a translation into his own language, just because to suit it to the genius of that language it is not a faithful translation. It would be difficult to imagine the same story told so differently as in the Homeric Ilios and 'The Iliad of Homer translated from the Greek by Alexander Pope, Esq.' MacPherson's translation is also a work of genius, but how shall we discover, whether the original is poetry or very meagre prose? Are we to admit the existence in the Celtic race of a high, refined, poetic susceptibility, unattainable by the prosaic children of the

[1] Campbell, Popular Tales of the West Highlands, iv. 19.

[2] This is abundantly proved in the volume of Mr Campbell's 'Tales of the West Highlands,' just referred to. It is specially designed, "Postscript — Ossianic controversy — British tradition, Prose, and Poetry—Mythology—Highland dress, Celtic ornaments," &c. &c.

Teutonic races? These will be loath to admit the claim. We know that certain sounds, indifferent to the world at large, are ravishing music to certain secluded communities, who have long been accustomed to hear them, and to hear no other; but the provincial music that remains ever provincial, and has no hold on the susceptibility of the stranger, is not high in the esteem of critics.

The great contest about the "authenticity" has been accompanied by a subordinate dispute on the question whether the Ossianic Poems belong to Scotland or to Ireland? So far as there is anything to attach them to matters dealt with in history, they undoubtedly belong to Ireland. We may suppose them to have been brought over to Argyle by the earliest settlers, or to have spread, through the continual intercourse of the inhabitants of the west with their fellow-Celts of the north of Ireland. The "Fenian legends," as they are called, trace themselves back to the sea-rovers of the north, who were the terror of Ireland. They were called the Fin Gall, or White Strangers —whence the hero Fingal; and the Du Gall, or Black Strangers. The critics of the early annals think that the White Strangers meant the Norwegians, as descriptive of their complexion; and that the term Du Gall was applied to the Danes, because they wore dark-coloured armour. Through the wayward shifting of Celtic tradition, the term applied to the desolating stranger came to be applied to a mythical king who had been the father and protector of his country. This change had been effected when Geofry Keating wrote his great History of Ireland in the seventeenth century. He must be counted as scrupulous among the Irish historians of his day, since he has great doubts about the absolute truth of that part of the received history which deals with the progress of the nation before the Flood. But he is eloquent on the services of the great Fian, who ruled Ireland in the early part of the third century, and accomplished in the civil and military organisation of his realm a perfection not approached by any European government of the present day.[1] Fian is one

[1] Keating's General History of Ireland, 272 *et seq.*

of the great centres round which the national traditions cluster, and so it has come to pass that the name originally applied to the aggressive and oppressive stranger has alighted on those who would drive him from the land and re-establish Celtic rule.[1]

It has been found necessary to give this short account of the brilliant romances which record the chivalry at the courts of the two phantom monarchs, Arthur and Fingal. That they arose out of the political conditions connected with the decay of the Roman power, and the

[1] The most instructive book on this chapter of modern literature is 'The Dean of Lismore's Book, a Selection of Ancient Gaelic Poetry, from a Manuscript Collection made by Sir James M'Gregor, Dean of Lismore, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; edited, with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan, and an Introduction and Additional Notes by William F. Skene, Esq. 1862.' This book has a peculiar value and authority, since, if those who admit the learning of Dr M'Lauchlan yet suspect him of the prejudices of the race to which it is his pride to belong, there is a guarantee in the co-operation of the Saxon student of the Gaelic tongue.

The outline of the story is simple. MacPherson first published 'Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands.' Some men of mark admired them, and suggested that he should seek for more. He sought and found, and then the great work burst upon the world. No one, however, then saw or has yet seen an old manuscript of the original. MacPherson left behind him a Gaelic version of the whole, but it is admitted on all hands to be modern. Much inquiry was then made, but the only point on which it brought out distinct results was in proving the currency of the traditions referred to in the text.

In 1870 there were published, in two volumes, 'The Poems of Ossian in the original Gaelic, with a literal Translation into English, and a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems, by the Rev. Archibald Clerk, Minister of the Parish of Kilmallie, together with the English Translation by MacPherson.' This book was published under the auspices of the representative of the statesman Earl of Bute, who just a century before had been the chief patron of James MacPherson. It has everything that munificence and good taste could outwardly give to it, but it has added little to our knowledge. The "original Gaelic" is the version left by MacPherson, and pronounced to be modern. The "Dissertation on the Authenticity" only gathers up again the old testimony to the traditions no longer disputed. The old arguments for the "authenticity" are far less valuable now than they were seventy years ago, for this reason, that a great school of ancient Irish literature has recently been brought to light, but none of it helps to identify Ossian, the ancient Celtic bard, and the fruits of his mighty genius.

progress of those influences that made the Scotland and the England of later days, is in itself a fact, even if nothing but the meagreness of our historical knowledge of the period was the cause of their existence. Further, as there is still a fluctuating shadowy belief in some element of truth pervading these heroic fables, it is proper that we see as clearly as we can the sources whence they have come.[1]

Any attempt to look into the real history of the Romanised Britons, immediately after the withdrawal of the imperial protection, makes a meagre and dreary contrast with this glowing literature. Both their civilisation and their Christianity appear to have been very feeble, and unfitted to bear the roughing of their altered condition. It is uncertain whether the Saxons who broke in upon the places where Roman institutions flourished retained any portion of these institutions. It is pretty certain, however, that the British themselves soon ceased to possess any. As to their Christianity, the antiquity of the Christian Church in any community is ever well proved by a considerable authentic list of early saints; that is to say, a list of persons as to whom, although the sanctity may be an after-thought, the fact that they existed and were teachers of the Christian faith is well authenticated. We shall see that the Scots of Ireland, and the colony they sent over to Scotland, swarmed at an early period with these saints. A little later many were at work among the

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[1] We cannot well detach all this matter from Scots history so long as we find broad conclusions like the following—announced, too, in a book demanding all homage to its literary merits as pleasant and entertaining: "I shall show that as the traditions of Arthur and Merlin are what still live for us of the Cymry of the south, the traditions of Fingal and Ossian are the still living memorials of the Picts of the north of Scotland; that Scotland beyond the northern boundary of what the localities just pointed out suggest that we should call Arthurian Scotland, should, if it is to be similarly named from its traditional topography, be distinguished as Fingalian; and that the Cymry and Picts, to whom the Arthurian and Fingalian cycles of Celtic mythology respectively belong, were of kindred Celtic race and language, and in geographical relations to each other in Scotland similar to those which are now found to exist between the Arthurian and Fingalian topographies of that country." —Glennie, Arthurian Localities, 94.

Saxons and the Lowland Scots. The Welsh, too, have their list, and a very heavy one it is; but its elements disappear almost utterly on a close examination.[1]

Gildas, the author of some historical fragments, is claimed as an early writer of the British territory deserted by the Romans; but the Welsh antiquaries have hardly strengthened the claim by identifying him with Aneurin, their mighty bard, whose name, by the way, belongs to Scotland, since the Welsh traditions place his birth and the abode of his family between the walls, though he afterwards took refuge in Wales. Of Gildas, however, it is said by Mr Stephens, the latest and most learned editor of his fragments, that "we are unable to speak with certainty as to his parentage, his country, or even his name, the period when he lived, or the works of which he was the author." If we take the internal testimony of what he says of the condition of the British people and their Church as evidence that he lived and wrote among them in the sixth century, its tenor is certainly in unison with other testimony, but is not such as a patriotic people would eagerly claim as their own. He begins by lamenting to the world that he has no mighty deeds of valour to record, but has only, to his own deep grief and humiliation, to relate the history of a degenerate and slothful race. He then goes on to describe, after the fashion of the Scriptural prophets, the degeneracy of the times, and the decay of vital Christianity in the people among whom his lot is cast. Bede, in what little he tells us of the early

[1] In Cressy's Church History the list proceeds after this fashion: 1. Joseph of Arimathea, apostle of the Britons, and founder of the church at Glastonbury; 2. Mansuetus, a Caledonian Briton, disciple of St Peter at Rome, and afterwards Bishop of Toul, in Lorraine; 3. Aristobulus, a disciple of St Peter or St Paul, sent as an apostle to the Britons, and was the first Bishop of Briton, &c. If but a small proportion of the catalogue so beginning could be made good, it would form a very distinguished hagiological connection; but it all falls to pieces at the touch of inquiry. Mr Rice Rees's Essay on the Welsh Saints is a book one cannot read without some feeling of sympathetic compassion for the author. He appears to have taken to his task in a patriotic spirit, and a design to build up a solid memorial; but he was honest withal, and he lets us see how the ground slips from beneath his feet as he works.

British Church, rates it for its degeneracy, and especially for the encouragement given by it to the Pelagian heresy. If we set aside the affluent list of saints and bishops in the Welsh traditions, and look solely to what Bede and others, professing to give the history of the period, tell us, we shall find only two names famous for their connection with Christianity in Britain after the departure of the Romans. These are, St Lupus and St Germain, illustrious for having put to flight a Pictish army by the frightful yells with which they uttered their halleluiahs. But even these peculiarly-gifted saints were not Britons; on the contrary, we are told that they were sent over by a general council of the Gallican Church for the purpose of giving battle to the Pelagianism that was corrupting British Christianity.

It is strange that, for all the learning and labour devoted to it, we should know so little as we do of the great revolution which planted the Saxon race in Britain. About the details of the displacement of the original population, and the establishment of the strangers, we know hardly anything. When the political storm, which so thickens the historical atmosphere, clears away, we then find the British people residing in those western parts of the island, from Cornwall to the Clyde, which stretch out beyond the fourth degree of west longitude from Greenwich. Their portion is thus, as the eye will at once catch on a map, the most mountainous, rocky, and generally barren portion of the island. The Saxons, as the northern invaders were called, were in possession of nearly all that is now called England, in distinction from Wales, and of Berwickshire and the three Lothians in Scotland.

The early annalists, feeling bound to account for the details of this revolution, did so by a short process, which made the British population resolve to betake themselves to the fastnesses of the western mountains, since they could no longer cope with the hordes of ferocious northern depredators poured in upon them. The fuller knowledge we now have of the physical necessities that govern mankind make us doubt any such migration, unless it be supported by strong evidence—by evidence not only to the

general fact, but to the way in which it was accomplished. Supposing the phenomenon of the whole population of England proper migrating into Wales, we have no reason to think that they would have had a better chance of finding food and the other means of living there in the fifth or sixth century than they would in the present. We know of other instances of great migrations in the early periods of European history—as when the northern Germans moved away from the despotic rule of Charlemagne, and a crowd of Scandinavians migrated to Iceland, the Orkneys, or anywhere, to be free from the tyranny of Harold Harfager. But these exiles became the terror of every neighbouring nation. They took forcible possession of the places of refuge they selected, and covered the neighbouring seas with pirate ships, thus expressively proving to the world the economic principle that there must be a proportion between population and the means of subsistence. They did not, like the British of the old received histories, retire collectively into a corner of the territory which they had previously filled.

The world has, in later times, had many signal opportunities of seeing how the stronger races displace the weaker —how they do so by injustice and cruelty, when left to irresponsible will; but how, at the same time, the process goes on by a sort of physiological law, even when powerful machinery is established for prohibiting acts of injustice and violence by the dominant race. At the fate of the greater portion of the Britons of the Roman provinces we can only guess, on the data of such knowledge. The Saxons, we know, had multitudes of slaves, and as they would follow the ordinary old rules of conquest, we may suppose that their earliest stock of this commodity was acquired in the conquests by which they gained their lands. In this shape and in others a great proportion of the British people seem to have become absorbed into the Saxon.

Cornwall was subsequently occupied by the strangers, and the place of the Britons to the south of present Scotland became limited to what was afterwards known as the Principality of Wales. The narrow part of North England, Lancashire and Yorkshire, being occupied by the Saxons,

there was thus a gap between the southern Britons and those of Scotland. These latter became a little independent state, known as Strathclyde, endowed with a sort of capital and national fortress at Dumbarton. This country is now known as the shires of Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, Stirling, and Dumbarton. It had its own small portion in the events of the time through which it existed in independence, and became at last, as we shall see, absorbed in the aggregation that made the kingdom of Scotland. Such was one of the early elements of this aggregation.

Another and much greater was the kingdom of the Picts, which included at least the whole of eastern Scotland from the Firth of Forth northwards, and certainly a considerable portion of the North Highlands. It marched to the westward with the territory of the Dalriads or the Scots of Ireland, which will be discussed in its own place. We have seen that at an early period these Picts were spoken of by Roman writers as among the assailants of the imperial provinces of Britain. A mighty and exciting question has long raged among archæologists and etymologists—to which of the great European tongues and races did they belong? No one maintains that they were a Slavonic people, and the debate has lain between Celtic on the one hand, and Teutonic or German on the other. The mention of these people by contemporary Greek or Roman writers is of the most fugitive and tantalising character, and the problem of who and what they were had hence to be worked out by a process almost entirely limited to etymology. In the noisy altercation into which the inquiry heated itself, the only early passage which seemed to bear the testimony of a contemporary observer was overwhelmed. This passage is in Tacitus. He came to the conclusion that the large limbs and the red hair of the Caledonians attested a German origin, and he specifically noticed the contrast which these peculiarities afforded to the appearance of the inhabitants of the south, or of England. Among these he thought the Silures or inhabitants of the southern part of the west of England had come over from Spain. They inhabited the nearest part of Britain to that country, and the facility of access, with the

dark tawny complexion and curled hair of the Silures, suggested the theory. The inhabitants of the south seaboard of England had, he thought it likely, come over from the opposite coast of Gaul. The two sets of people resembled each other; they had common religious rites and belief, and the language of the two differed but slightly.[1] Among the many disputable points on which the combatants in this field of wordy strife have fought to the last, one thing connected with what Tacitus says seems beyond doubt—that the word Picti, afterwards used, included his inhabitants of Caledonia. The Scots of Ireland, it has to be observed, had not then come over. Had Tacitus examined the ground some three centuries afterwards, he would have found in the west of Scotland, as in the south-west of England, a dusky lithe people, whom he could put in contrast with the red-haired and large-limbed Caledonians.

Meagre as it is, this announcement of opinion by so sagacious a man is valuable in the dearth of contemporary information about the early inhabitants of Britain. It is not casually made for mere antithesis, but with deliberative earnestness; and the author expressly stops and calls the attention of his reader to the importance of the physical difference he has marked, intending, as he says, to draw conclusions from it. What Tacitus means us to infer is,

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[1] "Habitus corporum varii; atque ex eo argumenta: namque rutilæ Caledoniam habitantium comæ, magni artus, Germanicam originem adseverant. Silurum colorati vultus, et torti plerumque crines, et posita contrà Hispania, Iberos veteres trajecisse, easque sedes occupasse fidem faciunt: proximi Gallis, et similes sunt: seu durante originis vi; seu procurrentibus in diversa terris, positio cœli corporibus habitum dedit: in universum tamen æstimanti, Gallos vicinum solum occupasse, credibile est. Eorum sacra deprehendas, superstitionum persuasione; sermo haud multum diversus," &c.—Agricola, xi. There may be a doubt which of its several meanings *coloratus* should have, but the intention seems to have been to denote darkness of complexion. Seneca, speaking of the civilising influence of frequenting the schools of the philosophers, says: "Qui in solem venit, licet non in hoc venerit, colorabitur; qui in unguentaria taberna resederunt, et paulo diutius commorati sunt, odorem secum loci ferunt."—Ep. 108. Virgil, speaking of the Nile coming from the black Ethiopians, has "Coloratis ab Indis."—Georgic, iv. 293.

that the inhabitants of the south were Celts from Gaul and Spain, while the Caledonians of the north were of German or Teutonic stock. In this, however, Tacitus may be mistaken, and the discussion of the matter on other grounds of evidence created the memorable controversy of the Pictish question. The following were the rather scanty materials at the command of the combatants.

The earliest known allusion to the Picti is in a eulogium or triumphal address delivered in the year 296, in presence of Constantius Chlorus, afterwards Emperor, by Eumenius, Professor of Rhetoric in Autun. The occasion was the victory over Allectus, who had set up as Emperor in Britain. The orator, however, speaks of these Picti as a people of some standing, since, going back to Julius Cæsar's day, he says the British had then no more formidable enemy to contend with than the Picts and the Scots, half-naked savages. From this time onwards the term continued to be freely used. When we pass from the later imperial authorities to the earliest British chroniclers, they speak of the Picts and their Pictland as an established state under a monarch. Bede, writing in the early part of the eighth century, tells us that, besides the Latin, the Gospel was proclaimed in four native languages —namely, the English, the Scots or Irish, the British, and the Pictish. If this last was of Teutonic origin, then there were spoken two Teutonic and two Celtic tongues —counting the British as a Celtic dialect; and the distribution was, as it is continued to the present day, into Welsh or British, Gaelic, English, and Lowland Scots. On the other hand, if the Picts spoke a Celtic language, then there were three Celtic to one Teutonic. Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote early in the twelfth century, repeats the statement of Bede, but explains that the Picts existed no longer; they appeared to have been extinguished, and their language to have been so utterly annihilated, that the finding it spoken of in ancient writings seemed to him like a fable. It has been shown, however, by the writers with whose theories such a statement was not in harmony, that it was made at random, since, as we shall see afterwards, certain combatants called Picts fought at the great

Battle of the Standard, as late as Henry of Huntingdon's time. As exemplifying the difference between the language of the Picts of Scotland and the Saxons of England, just one little example has come down to us. Bede tells us of the northern Roman wall, that its western termination was at a place which, in the Pictish language, was called *Peanfahel*, and in the Saxon or English language *Peneltun*. It would be difficult to find, except among the momentous texts in the Bible, a passage so keenly and discursively commented on as the few words in which Bede, unconsciously telling a trifle by the way, records this distinction; but I cannot admit that the commentators have made anything out of it leading to a historical conclusion. There have been one or two other words traced to a Pictish source, with no more efficient conclusion.[1]

There is another and a rather more significant incidental reference to the language of the Picts in the early authorities. On two occasions St Columba is spoken of by his biographer Adamnan as communicating the message of salvation to inhabitants of Pictland through an interpreter.[2] This bears hard on a theory which would have otherwise seemed plausible, that the Picts were an earlier arrival of the same Celtic family which migrated from Ireland to Argyleshire in the fourth century, and that although the two differed slightly in speech, they had so much in common that they afterwards amalgamated, and became the common stock of the Scots Highlanders.

It was conjectured in this as it was in many other instances, that Picti was not the name given to the people by the Romans, but was the name given to them by themselves and their neighbours, merely changed to make it inflect a Latin noun. If the original word could be found, its etymology might help to discover the race of its owners. To this end the Picts were identified not only with the

[1] See in Reeves's St Columba the conclusions from Cartoit, "a pin in the Pictish tongue," and Scollofthes, discovered by Robertson to be applied among the Picts to a humble grade of ecclesiastical officers.

[2] Vita, i. 32, ii. 32

Piks, the Peks, the Pechts, the Pights, Pyhtas, Pekiti, the Peochtan, and others which gave some affinity in sound, but strayed so far away as to be identified with Petæ, Petar, Picardes, Paikiar, Peukini, Vihtar, Pygars, Pakhar, Baggar, and Baggeboar.[1] So wide a range of etymological analogy gave rise to many theories which it would be profitless to follow out.[2] The process of reasoning on

[1] See Ritson's Annals, i. 81, 96, 97.

[2] Here is one as a specimen: Pinkerton, probably in the course of the general survey which he required to make when compiling his System of Geography, found that the delta of the mouth of the Danube included an island called Peuké. From that moment he seems to have formed the determination to prove that here, on the shore of the Black Sea, was the cradle of the Picts, and consequently of his fellow-countrymen of Lowland Scotland. He finds Pomponius Mela speaking of Peuké as a large and important island. Apollonius Rhodius, Zozimus, Ammianus Marcellinus, Jornandes, all say something about Peuké. Still greater authorities come in—Herodotus, Tacitus, Ovid in his Tristia, Strabo, and Ptolemy; if they do not specifically say anything to the point about Peuké or the Peukini, yet they say something that can be brought to bear on the spot, and so give their great names to swell the fame of Peuké. Like the Greeks, the Peukini were Scythians or Goths. From their small island-home they soon spread over a vast space, for they are found to be identical with the Basternæ, who formed one-fifth of the whole Gothic race—the largest in the world; and they are, after a certain time, found stretching across Europe to the Baltic. We find that the Mount Peuké mentioned by old geographers must have been within sixty miles of that sea.

He finds something in Strabo to justify the belief that the Basternæ peopled Scandinavia, and "it can hardly be supposed that the Peukini, whose name is put by Tacitus as synonymous with Basternæ, and whom we have traced up to the very shore opposite to Scandinavia, should have sent no colonies into it. On the contrary, we have every reason to believe that they were the first Scythians who passed into it, and, moving on in constant progress, left room for their brethren the Sitones to follow." He finds no direct authority for the Peukini having ever been in Scandinavia, but this only strengthens his position. They were on the move from the Black Sea northward. They approached the Baltic. They were followed by the lazy Sitones. These Sitones are found occupying Scandinavia. The Peukini must therefore have been there before them; and as nothing more is said of the Peukini, it is clear that they vacated Scandinavia to make room for the Sitones. Whither could they go? In answer to this question comes the triumphant conclusion, "that the Peukini were the very first Basternæ who passed over, and proceeded northwest till they emerged under the name of *Picti*, the *Pehtar*, or *Peohtas*

them was disturbed, too, by the casual intrusion of the province of Poitou, in France. Its ancient name simplified the question—it was called Pictavia, and its inhabitants were Pictavienses and Pictavi, and sometimes Pictones—a term used in common to them and to the Picts of Scotland. So closely do the two nomenclatures resemble each other in the Latin form, that many a reference to the French province has been read as referring to the country of the Picts in Scotland.

A fertile source of debate in the Pictish question was the etymology of the part of Scotland in which the Picts dwelt, as being of Celtic or of Teutonic origin. The contest was only deepened by the somewhat impartial distribution of the weapons available on either side; and it will be seen from the instances presently to be given, that both often laid claim to the same word, the one tracing it clearly to a Gothic origin, the other with equal decision to a Celtic. In the first place, it is not etymological science to assign relationship to words merely because they are alike in sound and spelling. Words very unlike each other can, on the other hand, be allied, but this is done by a distinct phonetical and grammatical pedigree. The etymological escapades in the Pictish question have been condemned by later adepts, because they followed no such pedigree, resting on mere similarity of sound or spelling. But that empiric etymology has failed to settle such a question does not prove that etymology, however scientific, is capable of settling it. In fact, in their enthusiasm the two parties seem to have forgotten how little success could do in this shape without external aid. The clearest proof that a mountain or a river has a Celtic name, only shows that at some time or other Celts had been there: it does not tell us when they were there. Names, as the experience of the world amply shows, live after the people who bestowed them have long disappeared,

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of the Saxon chronicle, *Pehiti* of Witikind, and *Pehts* of ancient Scottish poets—and modern natives of Scotland and the north of England."—Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths, 176.

and that through successive races of occupants. There are native names in America and the Cape of Good Hope which have passed through Dutch and French occupancy, continue under British, and are likely to be continued by any other race that may be supreme where they are known. The name of a mountain or a river in Forfarshire or Aberdeenshire may be absolutely proved to be of Celtic origin, and yet this shows nothing further than that at some time or other people speaking a Celtic language lived there. We know that at the present day, and for hundreds of years, the present Gothic people of Lowland Scotland have occupied their place, and for all that etymology can tell us to the contrary, their occupancy may go back to any period of the age of the world, or they may have been the successors of some other or earlier Gothic occupants, with a Celtic or any other race interposing between the two occupancies. In short, whatever other useful things topographic etymology may teach, it fails to tell us whether the Picts were Celts or Goths, as the specimens of this kind of work given in the accompanying note will show.[1]

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[1] Rivers are naturally the best topics for topographical etymology, because they are the most distinct of the larger natural features of a country. About the position or boundaries of mountains, rocks, and forests, there may be dubieties; but the river, being of a separate element, is never confused with anything beside it. Hence, in taking what they have made of rivers, we take the etymologists in their surest position. Here, then, are certain Gothic derivations of names of rivers by Pinkerton: "The rivers *Durness*, *Navern*, *Armisdale*, *Hallow Dale*, *Forsa*, *Thurso*, *Wick*, *Dunbeath*, *Helmsdale*, *Brora*, *Uynes*, *Caran*, *Conan*, *Beaulie*, are all Gothic. *Ness* is most ancient Gothic; *Nessus*, a river of Thrace near Abdera, mentioned by Laertius, and Jamblichus in the Life of Pythagoras, and many others. *Nairn*, *Findorn*, *Lossie*, *Spey*, are Gothic; the last name, *Spae*, means, I believe, the foam of any violent water. *Uggie*, *Ythan*, seem Gothic; as does *Don*, the name of the river in England upon which Doncaster stands. The *Tay* is by all appearance Gothic. *Tavus*, *Tau*; *aw* or *aa* is water, river, in the Northern and German tongues, as *Almund Aa*, Almund river, *Uldal aw*, Uldal river, hence *Te-aw*, *The River*, by eminence. Forth is perfect Gothic: *Fiorda*, *firth*, the mouth of a river; the Firth of Forth is a solecism, meaning the Firth of a Firth. The *Tweed* is surely Gothic, for the name superabounds in Denmark and Norway, though it be there generally given to towns, and spelt

In any list of names of the present day, such as that of a street directory, we can set apart the names belonging respectively to the English, the Welsh, the Lowland Scots, and the Highlanders, with an assurance that the

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Twede. The pastoral streams that fall into the Tweed, *Gala*, *Etteric*, *Yarrow*, are Gothic; the last is also the name of a river in Northumberland, and is from the same root as *arrow*, implying swift. *Annan*, *Nith*, *Orr*, *Fleet*, *Cree*, seem all Gothic; *Nid*, a town in Iceland, the river *Nid* in the dutchy of Triers, in Germany; *Ora*, a river in Norway, and another in Sweden, and another in Fifeshire, with the lake *Ora; Fleet*, swift, *Stinsar*, *Girvan*, *Dun* or *Don*, *Air* (say *Ar*), *Irvin*, *Garnock*, are also Gothic."—Enquiry, i. 142, 143.

Celtic derivations of rivers from detached passages from Chalmers's Caledonia, i. 37-50:—

Awe, Ea, Avon.	"Aw, Ew, Ea, Ey, in the old Celtic signify water, a river. Aw in the British means a fluid, a flowing water, and is the root of a number of words denoting fluidity."
Naver or Navern.	"*Never* (British) signifies the gentle stream *Var*, *Par*, signifies water."
Ythan.	"*Eddain* or *Ethain*, in the British, signifies gliding."
Don, Doun.	"*Dwn* (British), *Don* (Ir.), signify a dark or dusky colour. *Dwvyn* (British), *Domhuin* or *Douin* (Ir.), mean deep; a quality for which the Aberdeenshire *Don* and the Ayrshire *Doun* are remarkable."
Tay.	"*Ta*, *Taw*, in the British, signify what spreads or expands; also tranquil, quiet."
Tweed.	"*Tuedd* (British), signifies what is on a side, or border; the border or limit of a country."
Yarrow.	"*Gare*, in Bas-Breton, signifies rapid. *Garw* (British), *Garbh* (Ir.), denotes what is rough or rugged, a torrent; these, by inflection, become Gharw, which, in composition, is pronounced *yarw*."
Nith, Nethy.	"*Nedd* or *Neth* (British) denotes a stream that forms *whirls* or *turns*. Nethy and Nethan are diminutives of the word."
Orr.	"*Oer* (British), cold, of a cold nature; but this stream probably derives its name from the British *Wyr*, denoting its brisk flow."
Cree.	"Signifies what is fresh or brisk (British)."
Irvine.	"*Ir-vin* (British) signifies a green margin; it derives its name from the verdure of its bank."

classification, with no other information but that conveyed by the names themselves, will be very nearly correct; if not correct as to the exact district of birth of the owner of the name, it will generally be found that his ancestors were born there. There is a list of Pictish kings accepted as tolerably authentic; and it was the most natural alternative for inquirers with etymological tendencies to look to the names of that list for a revelation of the race to which their owners belonged. The nomenclature in early documents is, as we shall find, often influenced by the country of the writer. But even in those names of Pictish kings which have been accepted and examined by both parties, there is a quality for adaptation to their opposite purposes which is apt to

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Connon. "*Con-an* (British and Irish) signifies the narrow or contracted stream. *Cwn-an* (British) means the water which is apt to rise."

Carron. "The Celtic *Car*, of which *Char* is the oblique case, signifies a winding, a bending: and *Car-an* means the winding water. *Caron* (British) signifies a strong or rough stream."

Pinkerton had no opportunity of triumphantly refuting these derivations, but he left a sort of protest against the efficiency of all Celtic etymology whatever:—

"The Celts being natural savages, and regarded as such by all writers of all ages, their tongue was simple and poor, whence they were always borrowing of others; while hardly in modern European language can one word derived from the Celtic be found. Our Celtic seers of etymology, ignorant of all these facts, derive modern words from the Celtic, without suspecting the real truth, that the Celtic words are derived from them. Without complete knowledge of the Gothic and its dialects, no man ought to meddle with Celtic etymology, else he will blunder in utter darkness. For want of this knowledge Mr Whitaker has derived near 3000 English words from the Welch, which had, in fact, past from the Belgic, Saxon, and Danish into the Welch; and most of them may be found in the Gothic, Theudesque, and Icelandic, to which they could never pass from the Welch. The Goths were the conquering people, and superior in all things to the Celts; and so numerous that they spread over all Europe and great part of Asia many centuries before Christ, while the Celts were pent up in two or three little corners."—Enquiry, i. 137, 138.

bring scandal on etymology as a source of historical evidence.[1]

There remains one other process from which light was expected—a critical examination of the tenor of the passages in Greek and Roman authors by whom the Picts were mentioned. An impartial bystander would not expect much from such a source. These authors have left us no specific information about the structure of any of the great languages spoken by the people they came in contact with, whether in the north or in the south. We have no specimens of their vocabulary. We do not know in what sort of tongue the Carthagenians, the rivals of Rome herself, discoursed; and though Plautus

	Chalmers for the Celtic.	Pinkerton for the Gothic.	Jamieson, "Teutonic Etymons."
[1] Drust.	Probably the British name Trwst, which signifies din.	Drust, a common Pikish name, is also Persian, and signifies *sincerus*. . . . The Persians were the old Sythæ or Goths from whom the rest sprung.	SU. GOTH., *troest, dristig.* GERM., *dreist.* ALEM., *gidrost*, dareing.
Brudi or Bridei.	Brudw, which is pronounced Bridw or Bradw, is in the British treacherous.	Brudi is the real Gothic name; Bout is the wounded (Bott *ictus* Wachter).	Island., Briddi *eminebat.* verel: breid-a, to extend: and Sueo-Goth, *e.* law; Q. one who extends the law, who publishes it?
Talorc.	Talarw in the British signified harsh-fronted; Talerg, dark-fronted; Talorgan, splendid-fronted.	The name seems from Talian *dicere.* Tal *Sermo* Lye—the speaker, the commander.	Island., Tala, number or tale; and org *jurgium*, or orkan *vires*, strength.
Necton Morbet.	Nechton was probably the Nwython of the British, signifying a person full of energy.	Morbet-Moer *celebris famosus.* Beta *pascere, jungere equos currui.*	Island., Neck-a *incurvare* Tanne *dens;* Q. crooked tooth? or neck-ia *humiliare* ton *vox;* Q. low-sounding? Su. Goth, moer famous bet-a *vibrare;* Q. famous in brandishing the sword?

makes a Carthagenian utter words which are not Latin, the labours of a large body of enthusiastic etymologists have been insufficient to prove that they are not a mere jumble of arbitrary sounds. That the language of one people resembles or does not resemble that of another, is the utmost we are ever told. We have found Tacitus thus speaking about the Caledonians and the Silurians; but neither he nor Cæsar, who sometimes also compares in this vague manner, shows a consciousness of the radical difference that must have severed the Teutonic from the Celtic. There was a sort of breach of etiquette in the haughty Roman too minutely noticing the ways of the barbarians: it was about as indecorous as it would be for a noble family with a tree back to the Conquest making inquiry about the pedigree of a tradesman or a domestic. And as it happened, the writers who had to mention the Picts were among the most unlikely to be precise in geography or etymology. They were the later eulogistic poets and the panegyrists who in their fulsome tributes to a Theodosius or a Stilicho would think it more dignified to be vaguely picturesque than to be distinct and accurate about the barbarous tribes whom they punished for an insolent assertion of independence.

Yet, with all these elements of vagueness in them, our antiquaries have stood upon the letter of these passages as polemics have on Scriptural texts, when they could be animated by a meaning capable of serving their purposes. No greedy unreasonable clients, aided by unscrupulous lawyers, have founded more tenaciously on mere quibbles from words than these critics have stood on the letter of some vague allusion to Pict, Scot, or Saxon. Nay, it had been well for the reputation of archæology as a science had they always adhered to the words as they were set before them, and done nothing more with them than found on them a pertinacious one-sided pleading.[1]

[1] Pinkerton, for instance, in his 'Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths' (p. 75), says, "Ovid is a witness of the similarity between the Greek and Gothic tongues—

'Exercent illi sociæ commercia linguæ,
Graiaque quod Getico victa loquela sono est.'—Trist., v. x."

This brief survey of the great Pictish controversy thus leaves nothing but a melancholy record of wasted labour and defeated ambition. It has been more fruitless than a polemical or a political dispute, for these leave behind them, either for good or evil, their marks upon the conduct and character of the populations among whom they have

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There is no use of asking whether these lines, taken in conjunction, make out his point, because Ovid did not join them, though both are in the Tristia. The upper line is in the tenth elegy of the Fifth Book, where he laments the years of exile, which seem many as those of the siege of Troy, and describes so forcibly the desolateness of his lot among a people in continual turbulence, among whom his acquisitions in the Roman refinements make him only a barbarian. The second line is from the second elegy of the same book, with a variation.

The critics of this school sometimes took a more honest alternative, in finding that the classic author who did not conform to their views had made a mistake. Perhaps he had; and if the critic had stopped at that point he would have been doing a service; but his sagacity must needs enable him to discover the process of thought through which the mistake had arisen, and enable him to correct it. For instance, Claudian, in his panegyric on the fourth consulate of Honorius, has a rapid episode on the deeds of the hero's father, the conqueror alike of the north and the south, who passes from the heat of the Lybian sun upon his helmet to arctic ice and storms. After his generalities, the poet, looking out probably for sounding names with proper quantities, and quite unconscious of the legacy of strife he was leaving for Scots antiquaries of the eighteenth century, has the following inextricable jumble :—

> "Maduerunt Saxone fuso
> Orcades; incaluit Pictorum sanguine Thule
> Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis Ierne."

The passage suited Pinkerton perfectly, when corrected as he knew how to correct it. Claudian had mistaken certain islands at the mouth of the Elbe, now submerged, for the Orkneys—"These isles were opposite to the Orkneys, according to Ptolemy, and Claudian has, from ignorance or want of memory, confounded them. His verses evidently mean, in bombastic praise, to assert that Theodosius, not content with repelling the Saxons, Piks, and Scots, chastised them all in their original seats, the iles of the Saxon, here absurdly called Orcades."—Enquiry, i. 187. Ptolemy's geographical arrangements do not quite fit into Pinkerton's for bringing the Peukini from the Black Sea to Scotland, and therefore he says: "As one or two Sarmatic tribes extended beyond the Chronos and Berystenes, he improperly puts the Vistula as the boundary between the Germans and Sarmatæ; though Tacitus, who wrote about fifty years before, had specially mentioned German nations beyond the Vistula, and the vast

raged; while here a vast outlay of learning, ingenuity, enthusiasm, and, it must be added, temper, have left no visible monument but a pile of forbidding volumes, in which should any one who has not studied the matter fundamentally expect to find instructive information, he will assuredly be led into a tangled maze of unintelligible pedantry, from which he will come forth with no impression but a nightmare feeling of hopeless struggle with difficulties. In another sense, it may be literally said of the controversy that it has but "pointed a moral" and "adorned a tale." Scott, who caught a cautious glimpse of it from a distance, took in at once its ludicrous proportions; and it is likely that posterity will remember the Pictish question in the discussion between Monkbarns and Sir Arthur Wardour after the volumes of Whitaker, Goodall, Pinkerton, Chalmers, Ritson, and Grant have been long entombed in their proper shelves. This failure must not be counted a reproach to the science of etymology, which indeed was accomplishing elsewhere its most distinguished conquests, while this obscure war raged afar off. The lesson it teaches is not to ask of a science what it cannot give. Etymology can only profitably accompany a substructure of facts, which it harmonises and adorns. When put to service alone, it runs wild, and is lost in abstraction.[1]

And even had we possessed a sufficient basis of fact to enable us to say whether the Picts spoke an absolutely Celtic or an absolutely Gothic tongue, we would have required still more to tell us who they were among the

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people of Peukini or Basternæ in particular, whom Pliny puts as one-fifth part of the Germans. But Ptolemy, living at the great distance of Alexandria, in Egypt, and probably not even understanding Latin, seems not to have read either Pliny or Tacitus, but puts his places according to the maps and itineraries of the generals, and to the Greek geographers." There is a signal instance of perverted vision in the frequent reference to "one-fifth part of the Germans." Pliny is enumerating the parts as 1st, 2d, &c., till he comes to "quinta pars."—Nat. Hist., iv. 14.

[1] Ten years after this had been written, it was startling to find the war renewed with all its old peculiarities. Any one desirous to acquire a thorough impression of its nature would do well diligently to read 'Celtic Scotland, a History of ancient Alban,' by Wm. F. Skene. 1876

families of men. The language of a whole people will generally point to the race prevailing among them, but it does not entirely prove even that. Among a Celtic-speaking people, we may hold it certain that a portion are of Celtic race, but what proportion this may be will depend upon many historical conditions; as, for instance, on the size of the instalments in which strangers have mixed among them. It is easy to suppose an instance where a small band of strangers comes and becomes absorbed, speaking speedily the language of the original natives; then comes another and another instalment, each in its turn becoming absorbed, and each adding to the power of absorption, and enabling it more effectually to obliterate the distinctive national tongue of their forefathers. We know that in the West Highlands considerable bands of Northmen became absorbed in the Celtic population.[1] France, beyond a doubt, sucked colony after colony of the Teutonic races into the influence of her Celto-Latin speech. The history of one of these we know well. The Normans forgot their homes and their broad Teutonic tongue, and became the leaders in all accomplishments essentially French. When they came over to this country as thoroughly naturalised Frenchmen, they had, after a tough struggle, again to bow to the authority of the Teutonic forms of speech.

Since etymology has been found so feeble a help through the Pictish difficulty, there has naturally been a desire to try what can be gained through that other aid of history to which the hopes and labours of investigators have lately been devoted—the testimony of ancient remains. But whatever is to be accomplished here is still in prospect, and will require new examinations and classifications. We have seen how little is to be really learned from a hopeful coincidence between the habits of the

[1] A Dane—a close observer—says he found the Norwegian type of feature among the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of the Hebrides: "Die Bewohner der eigentlichen Hebriden, galischer Zunge, wie in allen Hochlanden, sind in ihrem Aeustern den Nordgermanen näher als den Kelten." — Clement. Die Nordgermanische Welt, oder unsere geschichtlichen Anfange (Copenhagen, 1840), p. 301 n.

Germans, as told by Tacitus, and the underground works called Picts' Houses. The close examination lately given to the vestiges of ancient art seems to promise better results. Common elements have been found and classified in the sculptured stones from Northumberland to the south of Ireland; and the most ancient types of this school of art are found in the territory inhabited by the Picts. But until we have several other points adjusted, and especially the dates at which the art of stone decoration reached its several stages of development, we have yet gained nothing certain in this direction.

Meanwhile, since each of the cunning devices of criticism by which the great Pictish secret was to be divulged has proved futile in its turn, there is nothing for it but to return to where we were before the adepts began their work, and content ourselves with the old and rather obvious notion that by *Picti* the Romans merely meant painted people, without any consideration about their race, language, or other ethnical specialties. The painting of the skin was a distinctive characteristic, which seems to have excited curiosity even among the haughty Romans, and their authors frequently notice it. Julius Cæsar tells how, among other utterly savage practices, the Britons of the south—who were all that he saw—painted themselves in blue, to be terrible to their enemies in battle.[1] It has been fairly enough inferred, from the emphasis which Cæsar puts on this practice, that it was new to him, and that he had not met with it among the Gauls; and other negative evidence supports the belief that among them the war-paint was not practised. The painting practices of the Britons, as reported by the Roman invaders, are the object of many allusions of a picturesque or sarcastic kind in ancient literature. Herodian insinuates that they did not wear clothes, lest these might spoil the fine paintings of figures on the skin. Ovid, indulging in uncomfortable and unsightly pictures, brings up, among others, the Britons as green, probably because that colour afforded him a more convenient quantity for

[1] De Bel. Gal., v. 14.

his line than Cæsar's blue.[1] Martial calls them by the name afterwards applied to their northern neighbours, "Picti," in an epigram levelled at some fashionable barbarian importation.[2] Again, when he compliments Claudia Rufina on the possession of the refinements of her Roman ancestors, although she was born among the Britons, he calls them blue, like Cæsar.[3] Lucan, writing when the South Britons were probably abandoning paint, and talking of them in the past, when Cæsar was conquering them, calls them the yellow Britons.[4]

After South Britain had been for centuries a Roman province, the inhabitants had long ceased to paint themselves, and hence this practice was a specialty distinguishing the independent tribes in the north. It does not appear that the Scots immigrants from Ireland were self-painters, and hence the distinction between Scots and Picts.

It must be admitted that it is not so much from any precise enunciation of intention that the word Picti is supposed to have been thus given to the Britons of the north, as from the general context of its use.[5] In this there is a

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1 "Non ego Pelignos videor celebrare salubres,
Non ego natalem, rura paterna, locum,
Sed Scythiam Cilicasque feros viridesque Britannos."
—Am., ii. 16.

2 "Barbara de Pictis veni bascauda Britannis,
Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam."
—Ep., xiv. 99.

3 XI. 54.—De Claudia Rufina nata in Britannia.

4 "Flavis . . . mista Britannis."—III. l. 78. But some commentators suppose that the colour here applies only to the hair.

5 "Non dico Calledonum aliorumque Pictorum." Of other passages which point to the painting as the origin of the name, take the two following from Claudian, quoted *passim* in the Pictish controversy, of the victories of Theodosius—

"Ille leves Mauros, nec falso nomine Pictos
Edomuit, Scotumque vago mucrone secutus
Fregit Hyperboreas remis audacibus undas."
—De Tertio Consulatu Honorii, 54-56.

"Venit et extremis legio prætenta Britannis
Quæ Scoto dat frena truci, ferroque notatas
Perlegit exsangues Picto moriente figuras."
—De Bello Getico, 416-18.

Isidorus, an author of the end of the sixth century, says of the

careless way of mentioning the barbarian tribes in the mass by one conspicuous feature, affording a simple clue to many passages which put criticism at defiance when it attempts to extract an accurate and precise meaning from them. For instance, that earliest of all known allusions to the Picts in the Eulogium of the orator Eumenius, already referred to, speaks of the Caledonians and other Picti. This has caused a world of acute criticism, certain adepts holding that the passage is inverted, and should have been Picts and other Caledonians; while others have inquired in vain who were the remaining tribes that combined with the Caledonians to make up the nation of the Picts. That Eumenius spoke in utter indifference of precision is the one fact on which we can found with confidence; and if we hold him as speaking of the Caledonians and other painted people, without caring whether the Caledonians were only a part of the painted tribes, or might include the whole of them, we save the trouble of further examination, and get a more natural interpretation than the critics can give us.

It may seem inconsistent with common historical experience that a term thus vaguely applied should become the established name of a people, among their neighbours and in the history of the times, remaining with them when they had a form of government and a fixed position among nations, and continued as a memorial of the past after they ceased to be a separate state. The early British Christian authors, however—Adamnan, Bede, and others —writing in Latin, took the name which the Romans had used, and the vernacular chroniclers of Scandinavia and Saxony corrupted it into Pecht, Pechtar, and its other variations, when they rendered the Latin of the churchmen into their own vernacular. We do not know what the Picts called themselves in their own language. In the brief chronicles of their kings, written in Latin, and doubt-

Picts (the word he uses is Scoti, but in this instance the universal vote of the critics that this was a lapse of the pen may be admitted), "Propria lingua nomen habent a picto corpore, eo quod aculeis ferreis cum atramento variarum figurarum stigmate annotentur."—Monumenta, cii.

less the work of churchmen, they are called Picti. The Irish Celts gave them the name of Cruithne or Cruithnach;[1] and they were called, as we were told by the commentators on the Irish chroniclers, the Guidel Fechti.

Overlying the little that we absolutely know of the people called Picti there is a great fact, that at a very early period—whenever, indeed, the inhabitants of Scotland come forward in European history—the territory of old assigned to the Picts was occupied by a people thoroughly Gothic or Teutonic, whether they were the descendants of the large-limbed and red-haired Caledonians of Tacitus, or subsequently found their way into the country. To the southward of the Forth, we know pretty well that they were the Saxons of Deira and Bernicia, superseding the Romanised Britons; but all along northwards the Lowlands were covered with people of the same origin. Those who see their descendants at the present day acknowledge the Teutonic type to be purer in them than in the people of England. How far Celtic blood may have mingled with their race we cannot tell, but it was the nature of their language obstinately to resist all admixture with the Gaelic. The broadest and purest Lowland Scots is spoken on the edge of the Highland line. It ought, one would think, to be a curious and instructive topic for philology to deal with, that while the established language of our country — of England and Scotland—borrows at all hands,—from Greek, from Latin, from French,—it takes nothing whatever, either in its structure or vocabulary, from the Celtic race, who have

[1] "The name of Picti was most probably given vaguely by the Romans to all the extra-provincial tribes who adhered to the custom of self-painting. *Cruithin-Tuath*, *Peohta-Theode*, is occasionally used by the Irish writers for North Britain; and the name of Cruithnach may have been acknowledged at an early period by the people themselves, though scarcely as a generic appellation, belonging rather to a confederacy than to a people." — Robertson's Scotland under her Early Kings, ii. 369. It is a rather significant comment on the futility of much intermediate research and debate that this should closely coincide with the view of the first critical inquirer into these matters, —A Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of the Northern Parts of Britain or Scotland, by Thomas Innes, A.M.

lived for centuries in the same island with the Saxon-speaking races, English and Scots.

Having looked at the territorial condition of the Romanised Britons in the first place, and next to that of the Picts, who occupied the greater part of the country, let us now turn to that of the Irish Celts in the west, who are represented by the Highlanders of the present day. Causes of obscurity and contradiction formerly made the history of their connection with Scotland as inextricable as that of the Picts. It was, indeed, in worse case, for it was set forth in a distinct narrative, which all who were acquainted with the real sources of knowledge on the matter knew to be false. Now, however, these obstructions have been cleared away, and we know distinctly who they were and whence they came.

When Scotia, or the land of the Scots, is spoken of by writers in the earlier centuries of Christianity, they refer not to the country now called Scotland, but to Ireland. The concurrence of evidence on this point is so complete and distinct, that it would be a waste of words to refer to individual authorities. The writings of Bede and Adamnan, the letters of the popes and fathers during the eighth and ninth centuries, and all the historical vestiges referring to portions of the earth so obscure in these ages, are quite distinct in their reference to Ireland. At the same time, the earliest references to the Scots in Greek or Roman writers speak of them as fighting against the Romanised Britons in Northern Britain. How they were first referred to as existing in the country to which they afterwards gave a name, will have to be presently told—the coincidence is an apology for patriotic writers, not acquainted with the historical resources now available, becoming indignant at efforts to abbreviate the antiquity of their country.[1]

[1] Walter Goodall, a vehement vindicator of everything popularly considered typical of Scots nationality, was so angry at the proposal to shift old Scotia to Ireland, that, not content with struggling against the transference, he threatened to prove that the other ancient name of Ireland, Ierne, belonged to Scotland. He found the "glacialis Ierne," which, according to Claudian, wept for her slain Scots, in

There are other reasons why it became a tedious and rather invidious process to withdraw the history of the early Scots from present Scotland, and restore it to its true owners. The Scots of the early centuries acquired considerable fame over Europe; and when their name passed into another country, this fame went with it. It served to make Caledonian Scotland more remarkable among nations than she otherwise would have been, and naturally made her sons more reluctant to part with so honourable a birthright. While the great revolution that broke the power of the Empire was raging throughout the central territories of Europe, and even as far as the Firth of Forth, the Christian Church enjoyed a kind of repose in Ireland. We shall have occasion to see how numerous, powerful, and cultivated a body of ecclesiastics flourished there apart from the world, and independent of any separate European control. In this tranquil prosperity the Irish Church was so cherished and strengthened, that, as the storm subsided here and there throughout Europe, Irish ecclesiastics and scholars—Scots, as they were termed—were found establishing themselves everywhere as ecclesiastical leaders and teachers. Ireland, or Scotia, was called the Land of the Saints. Several religious houses were founded in their favour, to retain in the districts where they arose the services of men so distinguished. Some of these survived to later times, and carried over, not merely the fame of their early history, but the dignities and emoluments of the foundation, to the country to which the name of Scotia was transferred. The history of one of these especially shows how obstinately the notion established itself that present Scotland had always been Scotland. There existed from a very early age, at Ratisbon or Regensburg, an affluent religious house, called the Scots Monastery.[1] It was enriched and enlarged at the beginning of the twelfth century, and became a sort of head or

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Strathearn, and that by a process much more simple than Pinkerton's guidance of the Picts out of Peuké.

[1] Schottenkirche Benedictiner-Stifts S. Jacob.

metropolitan over a number of minor houses, originally connected, like itself, with the priesthood who had wandered from Ireland. In later times, and down to its suppression in the year 1847, it was treated as exclusively belonging to natives of Scotland. Its private annals, however, relate how, so lately as the fifteenth century, the Irish fought for its retention or its restoration, and were beaten. The local authorities were clear that the Scots monastery belonged to Scotland, and treated the partial possession of it by Irish ecclesiastics as an invasion. They were finally driven out in the year 1515. Leo the Tenth issued a bull, restoring it to its proper owners, the inhabitants of Scotland.[1]

Such incidental matters are noted for the purpose of impressing on the reader the importance of remembering not only that the names Scot and Scotland originally belonged to Ireland, but that for a long period this was not admitted by our historians, who arrogated everything that could be attributed to the Scots as referring to natives of North Britain. The recollection of these two facts will obviate much confusion in looking into the foundations both of North British and of Irish history. Further on I shall endeavour to show how the name passed over from the one country to the other; in the mean time let us return to the early migration of the Scots from Ireland to Scotland.

All that can be said of the term Scot or Scotus is, that the Roman writers fell upon it in some way, and it became their name for the inhabitants of Ireland, and the colonies which had migrated from Ireland to Scotland. Neither the word itself, nor anything from which it has been obviously latinised, is found in the old Celtic writers about Ireland. Attempts to connect the name with the Scythians, and to derive it from Greek words which have a close resemblance, or from Celtic words which have a

[1] Collection in the Scots Colleges Abroad, by the late James Dennistoun of Dennistoun, in the Advocates' Library. The Irish were charged with having made a fraudulent entry in the records of the establishment, in which they described Ireland as "Great Scotland."

distant and indistinct resemblance to it, prove, for any useful historical purpose, to be mere etymological pastimes. All we know is, that the term was used by writers, heathen and Christian, of the Latin language, when speaking of Irishmen; and that the term, which these Irishmen did not apply to themselves, and perhaps never had heard that others applied to them, came by a transition, which the following pages will explain, to be the name of another country.

We have seen that the Scots are first spoken of in the year 360 as a well-known tribe by Ammianus Marcellinus, who served as a soldier in Gaul, and was likely to have a familiar acquaintance with the various enemies of the Roman power. He speaks repeatedly of their attacks on the Romanised Britons in the middle of the fourth century; and Claudian the poet, who belonged to the immediately following generation, triumphs over the chastisements inflicted on them by his hero Stilicho; and though he refers to their incursions on the Romanised Britons, connects them with their proper country by representing Ireland weeping for her slain Scots. It is at the same period that St Jerome tells with horrible distinctness how, when a little boy in Gaul, he had himself seen the Scots, a people from Britain, eating human flesh; and though they were surrounded by swine, cattle, and sheep, yet would they cut off the buttocks of the herdsmen, or the breasts of women, and eat them as special luxuries. How a little boy could have seen such things any one may question, but that the saint has recorded such as his experience is undoubted. The portion of these Scots who emigrated to Ireland are said to have passed over in one body under the leadership of Erc, a descendant of Cairbre-Riadha. But as Erc belonged to the beginning of the sixth century, and the Scots had been fighting in North Britain in the fourth century, it was necessary to admit at least one previous exodus. It is one of the habits of chroniclers to attribute to some one event under one man what has been done by long degrees, as the result of the practice of the people. The Scots seem to have oozed out of the north of Ireland

upon the western coast of Scotland and its archipelago. The countries are nearer to each other than we are accustomed to think : from one great seaport to another, as from Greenock to Belfast or Drogheda, is a considerable voyage ; but the Mull of Cantyre, in Argyleshire, is only twelve miles distant from the county of Antrim. Thus, if we suppose them spreading by slow degrees over Argyleshire and the Western Islands, the passage from Ireland to Scotland may not have been in the general case the longest of their sea-voyages, or the one great conspicuous type of their migration, like a journey to Canada or Australia in the present day, or even like the journeys of the men of Scandinavia and Friesland to settle in Britain. However they may have first found their way to Ireland, these Celtic Scots have never been addicted, like their Teutonic neighbours, to long sea-voyages. One acquainted with the agricultural resources of the north of Ireland at the present day might question the inducement of a people to leave that region for the sake of settling in the west of Scotland. But it is observable of the Celts, as of other indolent races, that the elements of value to them are not the resources capable of development through industry and enterprise, but those which offer the readiest supply of some of the necessaries of life. Thus they are to be found near the peat-bog, which bears on its surface a cake of inferior fuel immediately accessible, while the industrious races settle over the coal-seam, which gives nothing promptly, but affords a rich reward to enterprise and exertion. In their new homes the Scots would find abundant fuel. But the geological character of the country would also supply them with a limited quantity of alluvial soil fit for immediate cultivation. It was found on the deltas of the mountain-streams, on the narrow straths around their margin, and occasionally in hollows containing alluvial deposits, which might have been the beds of ancient lakes. These patches of fruitful ground the first immigrants would find ready for use. Modern agriculture has indeed been able to add very little to their area, and has wisely determined that sheep-farming is the proper use of

those tracts of mountain among which the alluvial patches are thinly scattered. It is a curious coincidence worth remembering, that those very lands in northern Ireland which the ancestors of the Scots Highlanders abandoned, were in later times sought and occupied by Scots Lowlanders as a promising field of industrial enterprise.

Thus there were Scots in Ireland and Scots in Britain, and these latter have been identified as the people called Attacotti in a theory suggested from one side of the etymological squabble, and scornfully scouted from the other. But to keep clear of confusion in wandering among the old authorities, it is also necessary to remember that there were among these Scots, Dalriads both in Ireland and Argyle, and in each country a territory called Dalriada. It has naturally enough been questioned whether the migration from Ireland can have been extensive enough to account for so large a Gaelic-speaking population as that of the west and north of Scotland became. It seems never to have been seriously doubted, however, that the language of these people was fundamentally the Irish Celtic; and indeed it was ever called by the Teutonic Scots, Irish, Ersh, or Erse. We shall see that in the time of Columba the properly Irish colony of Scots did not spread beyond the latitude of Iona, and that the country northward was part of the dominion of the king of the Picts. But there is good reason to believe that the Irish was a spreading language. Such as it was, it was completed for the uses of a people who occupied a far higher grade in civilisation than any of their neighbours, except the Romanised Britons, whose day was passing away just as the Scots were spreading and prevailing. It was a language not only calculated for the public and domestic uses of civilisation, but it became a literary language earlier than any of the Teutonic tongues. Devotional books and histories were written in it, and it spread the Bible, and even classic authors in translations. The obscurity in which the language of the Picts has rested is itself evidence that, whether Celtic or Teutonic, it had not reached the same grade, or become available for the same services, as the Irish. That this spread among the Picts we can only

mfer. We know, historically, that in the west, group after group of Norse invaders were absorbed into the Irish-speaking population. Although the Norsemen were conquerors of the Highland region, and gave it monarchs and lords, the more civilised language absorbed the ruder though fundamentally stronger, and all spoke the Irish together. Thus, in language, the Teutonic became supreme in the eastern lowlands, the Celtic among the western mountains. From a general view of the whole question, an impression—but nothing stronger than an impression—is conveyed, that the proportion of the Teutonic race that came into the use of the Gaelic is larger than the proportion of the Celtic race that came into the use of the Teutonic or Saxon. Perhaps students of physical ethnology may thus account for the contrasts of appearance in the Highlands: in one district the people being large-limbed and fair, with hair inclined to red; in others, small, lithe, and dusky, with black hair.

Whether it was by this absorption or otherwise, the Scots Dalriada became a powerful state. When it was in close intercourse with the mother country, the name of Scot became common to the inhabitants of either—they might come from Ireland or from Argyle. These came to be distinguished from the Irish as the Scots of Albania. Sometimes authors speak of the two Scotias, the larger and the smaller.[1] It is not safe to count that the word Scot must mean a native of present Scotland, when the period dealt with is earlier than the middle of the twelfth century. Marianus, a great ecclesiastic in Germany, who was among the earliest of the medieval authors to attempt a general history of the world, lived in the latter part of the eleventh century. He was called Marianus Scotus. He speaks of himself and his country, from which he was obliged to migrate on account of religious disputes, but he does not tell which of the Scotlands he was born in. He speaks of others of his countrymen as Scoti, and in the midst of all narrates the death of King Duncan in *Scotia*.

[1] Columba is called "utriusque Scotiæ patronus," Ireland being Major Scotia.—Colgan, Thaumaturga.

By that time Ireland had become more divided and disintegrated than it was of old, while the colony of Irish Scots in Albania had been enlarging, and absorbing neighbouring territory. Through this process, and a concurrence of historical events, the descendant of the chief of British Dalriada became a monarch reigning over a large and tolerably compact state. By a sort of law of attraction, the term Scotia gradually loosened its hold on the old country, and, attaching itself entirely to the new, gave it the name by which it is known in history

CHAPTER VI.

HEATHENDOM.

DRUIDISM THE POPULAR SOLVER OF DIFFICULTIES—INQUIRY HOW FAR IT EXISTED AND HAD INFLUENCE—THE BRIEFNESS AND UNCERTAINTY OF CÆSAR'S ACCOUNT—THE IMPORTANCE ATTRIBUTED TO IT—FAINTNESS OF OTHER ANCIENT REFERENCES—NECESSITY OF HELPING THEM BY MODERN IMAGINATION—UNKNOWN AS OPPONENTS TO THE EARLY SAINTS AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES—THE MAGI AS ENCOUNTERED BY THESE—THE MAGI IN SCOTLAND—DOMESTIC REVELATIONS ABOUT ONE OF THEM—HOW FAR THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE NORSE EDDAS PREVAILED IN SCOTLAND—ITS SPIRIT AS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PEOPLE—PREVALENCE OF MANHOOD OVER CUNNING—ABSENCE OF THE IMPURITIES INCIDENT TO OTHER PAGAN SYSTEMS—ITS DOMESTICITY—ITS ADAPTATION TO THE PHYSICAL AS WELL AS THE MORAL CONDITIONS OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS—INCOMPATIBILITY WITH CLASSICAL AND ORIENTAL SYSTEMS.

To all inquiries as to the religion from which the inhabitants of North Britain were converted when they became Christians, there has generally been an easy answer; Of course it was from Druidism. This term has been used in history much in the same way as the names of general but undefined causes have been used in physics—to bring out a complete result without the trouble of inquiry. It is thus that we have had the theories of antipathies and affinities, animal spirits, the sensorium, phlogiston, and the like; and thus too have been frequently employed such terms as electric currents and magnetic influences.

It is appropriate to all these solvents of difficulties, which have passed current from time immemorial, and are accepted without examination, that there are no strict boundaries to their sphere of application. Whenever the

difficulty arises, the solvent is at hand without a question whether its application has limits which have been passed. What is said of old about the Druids is applicable to the Celts, as distinguished from the Germans. Those who have gone into the causes of Druidism attribute its vast power and mysterious influence to the special proneness of the Celtic tribes to subject themselves to the influence of some priesthood, while the Gothic people were shy of any intervention by human beings between themselves and the mighty deities they idolised. Yet in modern literature we find Druidism applied to the Gothic as readily as to the Celtic nations, and that although there are full means of being acquainted with the religion of those nations, and of knowing that it was something entirely different from the system brought into shape under the name of Druidism.

Modern authors, succeeding each other, have filled up the details of that system, and made it almost as complete as the Romish hierarchy. We have Archdruids and simple Druids; some set to this kind of work, some to that. We are told of the doctrines that they taught, and especially what they thought of the immortality of the soul. We are told of their various arrangements for exercising the influence of mystery on their deluded followers, and for preserving in profound secrecy the traditions of their order and the sources of their influence. Their costume, their pomp and ceremonies, are accurately described. They were long-bearded men clothed in white, and went forth with golden sickles to cut the mistletoe at the appointed hour of doom. We have their temples among us in a very distinct condition, with the altars on which they offered up human sacrifices, and the mystic signs which they left on the rock pillars which of old stood in the centres of their sacred groves.

After reading all that is thus piled up with the solemn gravity of well-founded knowledge, it is positively astounding to look back and see on how small and futile a foundation it all rests. When we are told of the interesting mysteries that surround the functions of this potent priesthood, we are led to a real source of mystery—how to account for the perverse ingenuity which framed such a

baseless system, and for the marvellous credulity that accepted it as solid truth. The foundation of the whole is that short passage by Cæsar so well known. He unbends himself from the solemn narrative of the aggrandisement of Rome under his guidance, and speaks of one or two of the curious matters that came under his notice in the country of the barbarians. First we have these Druids, who direct religious ceremonies, decide controversies, teach youth, hold annual assemblies, and make mighty osier cages like gigantic images, in which they burn human beings,—who were acquainted with the Greek character, and committed some of their secrets to writing. Next among curiosities is the unicorn that roams in the Hyrcinian forest, and another animal, frequenting the same district, which has no knee-joints, cannot consequently rise when it is once down, and, owing to this weakness, is caught by cutting through the tree against which it leans at night. The scornful carelessness with which he treated such matters becomes at once apparent when, after having spoken of the priesthood, he speaks of their deities. The chief object of their devotion is Mercury, and next in order come Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva, so that these Druids were either humble imitators of the Roman form of polytheism, or Cæsar spoke without knowing or caring what he said. The credulous mind of the elder Pliny seems to have found an interest in a people so peculiar, and he adds to what Cæsar says a little information after his own fashion. Among his supernatural wonders, one is the anguineum or serpents' egg, which the Druids used as a universal medicine or medical amulet. He had seen one; it was about the size of an apple. It was not laid by one animal, but collectively by a group of serpents, and he who secured it had to take flight on a fleet horse to escape the pursuit and vengeance of the plundered serpents. But perhaps neither Cæsar nor Pliny would have perpetuated the Druids without the story of their wild orgies at the capture of Mona, as told by Tacitus, and, like other wonderful incidents of the Roman war in Britain, by him only.

Let us try how far we can trace these Druids through

the events of history. We are told that throughout all the great Gaulish tribes there was a potent hierarchy holding supreme spiritual authority over the people and their secular rulers. They had the entire control over the education of youth, being alike the repositories of the venerable traditions of the past, and the recipients of all recent knowledge. They were the supreme judges in all disputes, and ratified their decisions by excommunication. Their rank and influence were made manifest to the eyes of the people by imposing ceremonies and awful sacrifices, of which human lives were an element. They were still further strengthened by their annual assemblies in the heart of Europe, whence each carried to his district a delegation from the central power of the vast corporation. We are told that all this was venerable in Cæsar's time, and that it lasted throughout the Gaulish nations, until one by one these were received into the bosom of the Christian Church.

What we naturally expect is to meet with the influence of this power, and with the conduct of the persons who wielded it, in history. The history of Europe from Cæsar's time to the reign of Constantine is sufficiently full of events, but we find no Druids concerned in them. Occasionally in rhetoric prose, or in poetry, they are brought up to give picturesqueness to the scene; as where Tacitus describes the shrieking women and the band of Druids invoking the gods in Mona; and Lucan, when enumerating the evils that befall unhappy Gaul when Cæsar crosses the Rubicon on his way back, makes the Druids resume their mysterious orgies. But we never meet with any distinct political result of their collective influence, nor are we ever brought in contact with an individual Druid as a historical personage. No doubt, in modern books, persons of celebrity in the ancient world are said to have been Druids, but this is because their authors have concluded that they must have belonged to that order, not because they are so called by any contemporary writer.[1] A Druid is indeed

[1] So Mr Godfrey Higgins, in a very learned quarto volume on the Celtic Druids, startles his reader by the announcement that Virgil was

a being rarely individualised in the literature of the latter Empire, and it has rather tended to confute the received notions of the hierarchy, that some—perhaps the greater number—of those individually mentioned are female Druids.[1]

The most distinct accounts, indeed, that we possess of Druids coming forward in the flesh and transacting business with human beings, are in some anecdotes told by Vopiscus, one of the Augustan historians, about certain Druids of the feminine gender. One of these, whom Diocletian met in a tavern in Germany, predicted to him that he should be emperor after he had slain the Aper. Though he slew many an "aper" or boar without the predicted result, it came when he stabbed Arrius Aper, whom he accused of murdering the Emperor Numerian.

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a Druid. Of Abaris, who, according to Herodotus, came from the Hyperboreans, conveyed on the silver arrow which Apollo had hidden among them, Mr Higgins says, "he appears to have been a priest of Apollo, and an Irish or Celtic Druid."—'The Celtic Druids, or an Attempt to show that the Druids were the Priests of Oriental Colonies who migrated from India, and were the Introducers of the First or Cadmean System of Letters, and the Builders of Stonehenge, of Carnac, and of other Cyclopean Works in Asia and Europe. By Godfrey Higgins, Esq.' P. 32.

[1] Mr Higgins, however, is the interpreter of one very notable instance, in which Lucian reports a conversation he had with a Druid :—

"There is a story told by Lucian, and cited by Mr Tolland, which is very curious. He relates that in Gaul he saw Hercules represented by a little old man, whom in the language of the country they called Ogmius, drawing after him an infinite multitude of persons, who seemed most willing to follow, though dragged by extremely fine and almost imperceptible chains which were fastened at one end to their ears, and held at the other, not in either of Hercules's hands, which were both otherwise employed, but tied to the tip of his tongue, in which there was a hole on purpose, where all those chains centred. Lucian, wondering at this manner of portraying Hercules, was informed by a learned Druid who stood by, that Hercules did not in Gaul, as in Greece, betoken strength of body, but force of eloquence; which is thus very beautifully displayed by the Druid in his explication of the picture that hung in the temple."—P. 20.

Here Mr Higgins relies on Tolland's reading, instead of going to Lucian, as he easily could, for he was an excellent scholar. Perhaps he anticipated that the reference would not be satisfactory, for Lucian says nothing of a Druid. The person who addressed him was Κελτος τις παρεστως—a Celt standing by.

Again, Vopiscus tells how Claudius Aurelianus consulted some Druidesses on the chances of the empire continuing in his posterity, and got some assurances about the lustre of the name of Claudius, which were fulfilled, but in a shape which made the answer equivocal.

Turning from the question how far individual Druids appear to have been recognised as persons of importance, and looking for any passages which connect them as a body practically with any political transaction, the most important is a short announcement by Suetonius, an author not given to verbosity. He says that the religion of the Druids, which had been denounced by Augustus, was extinguished by Claudius.[1] Were we strictly to interpret this after the fashion too common in dealing with such questions, there would be an end of Druidism early in the first century.

Whatever became of their worship, however, the Druids, such as they were, seem to have survived. Tacitus speaks of them in Mona some years later; and if we are to believe the stories of Vopiscus, the female part of the order did duty down to the third century.

Whatever they may have been in Cæsar's day, it would seem from these stories and some incidental notices that they were a set of people supposed to be endowed with gifts of divination and a certain limited power to work mischief—something partaking of the witch and the Bohemian of later times. Whatever fundamental reason there may be for it, it is certain, that in later times the beings endowed by popular superstition with such supernatural powers have always been despised as inferiors, and despitefully treated accordingly, instead of being regarded with an awe and veneration commensurate with their high endowments. In all European countries, the witches who held in their hands the issues of life and death, and the Bohemians who looked into the seeds of time, have been under social ban among the ordinary mortals who aspired to no such powers. This was when

[1] "Druidarum religionem apud Gallos diræ immanitatis, et tantum civibus sub Augusto interdictam, penitus abolevit."—Lib. v.

they mixed with the world, and brought their sibylline qualities in contact with the vulgar daily life of a partial civilisation; while still connected with the native wilds where they inherited their gifts, they have been viewed with the toleration conceded to the other picturesque features of savage life. So when the "Egyptians" came first to Europe to exercise their mystic functions in their Oriental finery, they were received with a respectful awe. The second-sighted Highland seer in the far Lewis is a different person from the mendicant fortune-teller who finds his way to the manufacturing districts. The witches that dance on the Brocken on Valpurgis Eve would be spoken of in a different spirit from the village hag who spavins the horse and curdles the milk. Even the red American's medicine-man is somebody in the forest, but a nuisance when he gets into New York or Boston.

Something of this distinction we can trace in the later Roman notions about the Druids. Rumours of them coming from the distant wilderness, and the rude tribes among whom they ministered, give the orator or the poet available material for the picturesque; but when he comes within the pale of Roman civilisation, the Druid is only to be got rid of.

One of the latest of the writers of the old world who alludes to the Druids is Ausonius the poet; though he lived in the fourth century, he is still treated as one of the minor classics. He was a citizen of Bordeaux, and of this his readers are kept in continual remembrance, as the greater portion of his poetry turns on local scenes and events, or commemorates his relations and the fellow-citizens to whom he was attached. He refers to two of these as descended from the Druids, whom he speaks of as a class or race who had charge of the mysteries connected with the worship of Apollo. This notion, if dependence could be placed on it, would contradict Cæsar, who expressly describes them as individually elected to office. But Ausonius, living in a part of Gaul which had for centuries been a civilised province of the Empire, probably knew or cared little about them, and spoke of them as beings of the far past or of some distant territory, with

whom his friends were connected by descent. These were among the "professores" of Bordeaux—personally civilised men of the Empire, whatever their ancestry or antecedents may have been; and the poet passes his good-humoured allusion to them much as one might suppose an Englishman rallying his brother professor on his descent from a second-sighted Highlandman, or a prophetic bard of Wales.[1]

Such is an attempt to convey an impression of what the Druids were in the eye of the intelligent inhabitants of the Empire, so far as materials exist for such an estimate.[2] Both their character and their scantiness point to the indifference and haughty carelessness of those who were at the trouble even to allude to such a matter as Druidism;—unless it in any way affected the success of the Roman arms, or interfered with the municipal organisation of the Empire, Druidism might have its own way unmolested and unnoticed.

The polytheists and sceptics of Rome had no commission to make spiritual war on it, to save human souls from the perdition it might bring them to; so that it is possible, for all the casual indifference with which it was treated, that the institution may have been as extensive as its later votaries have asserted that it was. Wherever a religion is polytheist, its outlines are apt not to be sharply defined from those of other creeds, especially other polytheisms. We have seen how readily the fragmentary hints about the religion of the Gauls were realised to the Roman in the attributes of Mercury and Apollo. The Romans were liberal in receiving the deities of their neighbours, slightly readjusting them in externals to suit the Roman fashion. It has been observed that many of the altars found in

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[1] "Tu Bajocassis stirpe Druidarum satus
Si fama non fallit fidem
Beleni sacratum ducis e Templo genus;
Et inde vobis nomena
Tibi Pateræ: sic ministros nuncupant
Apollinaris mystici."—Prof., iv.

[2] In an article in the Edinburgh Review for July 1863, the Author had an opportunity of more amply commenting on the amount of authority for the existence of the Druids.

Britain are dedicated to deities not known in the Pantheon, and believed to be of local acceptance in Britain. Among these are Vitres or Veteres, the goddess Hamia, the transmarine mothers, and the three Lamii, who seem to have been propitiated as beings of evil omen—vampires or fates. A like aptitude for amalgamation has often been a sorely perplexing problem to the Christian missionary, who finds his heathen auditors offering amicable compromises, and ready to take in so much of his Christianity as they can adapt to their own system without materially disorganising it.

From the beginning, the teacher of the Unity of the Deity and the doctrine of the Atonement could take nothing from the polytheist. Thus between Christianity and all other systems of belief there was a distinct outline. Between the details of Druidism and those of the new faith there could be no mixture, as there might have been between one heathen creed and another. Hence, when the Christian missionaries met the Druids face to face as a great hierarchy, their leading peculiarities would be noticed, and in the lives of these early missionaries we would hear of the Archdruids and their Suffragans—of the white robes, the golden sickles, the mistletoe, the Pythagorean mysteries, the serpents' egg, the sacrifices on the cromlechs, the worship and ceremonies within the great stone circles—all the specialties of creed and ceremonial, in fact, with which imagination has endowed the Druids of recent literature. So also in the public testimonies of the contest. Whether these were issued by the Church in canons or decretals, or for the Church in capitularies or other legislative acts of the civil power, the opinions and customs of heathendom were denounced. This war was conducted in Scotland especially down to the eighteenth century, but no one has succeeded in identifying the customs so condemned with the hierarchy and mysteries of Druidism.[1]

[1] A small historical sect has lately arisen professing belief in what is called Neodruidism—that is, in Druidism represented by heresiarchs in the early Christian Church. The sect counts one great name—that

The contest of conversion lasted from the days of Constantine the Great to long after the days of Charlemagne. The larger features of the contest are told by the ecclesiastical historians; the individual triumphs of the missionaries are to be found in the ample volumes of the Lives of the Saints. If, then, there had been in existence a heathen hierarchy holding spiritual rule over the greater part of Europe, to find nothing about it in the annals of the early Church would be as anomalous as to read a history of the Reformation which says nothing of the Popedom, the Romish hierarchy, and the Council of Trent. Yet on Druidism, its hierarchy and creed, these annals of the early Church are dumb. It has yet to be discovered that they speak of heathendom as represented by any general hierarchy or system. The forces of the enemy appear ever to be scattered and isolated. A local idol, the temple in which it is preserved, and a heathen priest or Magus taking charge of the temple,—such are usually the nature of the impediment with which the early saint has to deal when he penetrates the territories of the unconverted.

Some of the contests between the Missionaries and the Magi come home to Scottish ground. They are rather too apt to follow the precedent of the celebrated competition in the presence of Pharaoh. Thus when the King of Strathclyde suffers by an inundation, which St Kentigern claims as his doing, the king holds it as of no more account than the tricks played on him by the Magi, and is not brought to reason until the saint far excels these unsanctified adepts. We have some notices of the Magi in the Lives of St Columba, and as this narrative dates nearer to the time it deals with than the others, the notices are by so much the more valuable.

We find that the Magi he had to deal with had great

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of Henri Martin, Author of the 'Histoire de France depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'en 1789.' With him Pellagius was a Welsh Druid whose proper name was Morgan, and he finds Druidism in Scot, Erigena, and St Geneviève—i. 347, 407; ii. 469, 4th edit. One would naturally say, that since there is difficulty in identifying Druidism in its natural state, it will be still more difficult to find it when it is disguised as a form of Christianity.

power over winds and waves, and had an influence on places endowed with maleficent or beneficent qualities. They were men of consequence, for we find one of them the influential companion, the tutor, adviser, or minister of the great King Brud. We are told how Columba, speaking through an interpreter, converted the family of a certain plebeian in Pictland; how, soon afterwards, one of the children fell sick, and the Magi came about him, calling on the father to appeal to the old gods as more powerful than the one new God. The child died, and Columba came to the rescue of his faith, and performed one of his established miracles.[1]

It has been usual to praise the sagacity of the ancient missionary saints in clustering the sanctity of the new worship round the pagan altars, and outbidding, as it were, the influence of the old deities, instead of immediately repudiating their divinity. It would be interesting had we more evidence for this practice than we have. It is said to have left its vestiges in the partly heathen ceremonies practised down to late times in the spots sanctified by the first missionaries, and especially around the numberless fountains which bear traditionally the distinction of having received consecration at their hands. Wherever there was any such object endowed by the pagan priesthood with miraculous gifts, either of good or evil, it of course behoved the Christian missionary to prove upon it the superior power of his own Master; and this could be shown in the beauty and glory of beneficence, by imparting the powers of blessing or of healing to that which, under the maleficent influence of paganism, was endowed only with a capacity for cursing or injuring. We are told that there was a well in Pictland worshipped as a malignant deity, because whoever touched its waters became lame or leprous, or lost an eye, or suffered some other bodily calamity. Here was an opportunity for St Columba and his followers. As they approached, the Magi rejoiced in the calamities which the intruders were determined to bring upon themselves. Having invoked a blessing on

[1] Adamnan, II. 32.

the fountain, he and his companions washed their hands and feet, and then drank of the water. Whether with any significant intention or not, such is the order in which the external and internal applications are related. The Magi were put to shame, and their hideous well was enrolled in the catalogue of blessed fountains, which included one stricken by the saint from the dry rock, after the manner of Moses in the wilderness.[1] It may be gathered from other sources that a considerable portion of that pagan magic influence which it was desirable to supersede resided in fountains, but at the same time the first ceremony of conversion being the rite of baptism is sufficient in itself to account for the extensive consecration of fountains.

We are introduced through St Columba in some measure to the private life of one Magus who exercised an influence at the court of King Brud. His name was Broichan, a word which seems to have been nearly useless to the etymologists. He had in his possession a female slave, an Irishwoman, and it must be supposed a Christian. Columba took such a keen interest in the woman's fate as we may often suppose experienced in later times, when a European lady has been known to be in the hands of a Barbary pirate. He went to Brud's court on the banks of the Ness; but though the monarch was civil he would not interfere, and Broichan was inexorable, so that the saint must have recourse to a formidable miracle to obtain the woman's release. He threatened that if she were not released before he himself returned, Broichan would die. Columba walked down to the river Ness, and taking thence a white stone, he told his disciples to expect a sudden message from the palace. The message came: Broichan had been suddenly seized with the predicted illness. As he was lifting his drink to his lips, an angel came and smashed the vessel—it is called a glass vessel, by the way—and struck the Magus with deadly sickness. Columba sent two of his disciples with a message, that the Magus must die unless the slave

[1] Adamnan, ii. 10, 11

were released. She was released, and Broichan was permitted to recover by drinking the water in which the white pebble taken from the Ness had been dipped.[1]

It might be thought that Broichan would attempt no further trials of strength after his escape, but he was again tempted, to his confusion. He asked Columba when he was going to leave the Pictish court. Columba told him the day he had fixed for his departure with his disciples. Broichan said they should not go that day, for he would exercise his power of raising contrary winds and bringing down dark mists. In the face of a contrary wind, and shrouded by dark mists, the little band embarked on Loch Ness; but as they proceeded the mist arose, and the wind changed and wafted them on with propitious gales.[2]

In the telling of these things there is a certain placidity alien from the horror and contempt with which the biographer of a Christian saint might be expected to treat them. On the other hand, it is observable that we have no record of these Magi combining—as a great organised priesthood certainly would—to put down the intruders by persecution. Britain's share in the imperial persecutions of the Christians has been told, whether accurately or not. There are instances, too, of the slaughter of missionaries by the barbarous people; but there does not appear to have been anything that could be counted ecclesiastical persecution led on by the priests of the heathen.

The unlucky destiny of "the Pictish question" pursues it through these meagre notices of heathenism in Pictland. They are not clear enough to be assigned either as Celtic or as Teutonic forms of superstition. The influence of the magus over the deities that have the elements in charge might belong to the Norse mythology, but is not distinct enough to be absolutely assigned to that source. Without a great stretch of imagination, some of the deities assumed by the Romans in Britain might be identified in the Norse mythology — the three Lamii, for instance, might be the terrible Norns who held the

[1] Adamnan, ii. 33. [2] Ibid., 34.

issues of life and death; but here, again, there is nothing to support a distinct conclusion.[1]

Whether as Picts, Saxons, or by any other name, however, we know that Scotland was inhabited by men of the Norse race, who brought with them the Scandinavian mythology—the religion of the Eddas—retaining it until they were converted to Christianity. Even without the vestiges that can be so easily found in our language, literature, and customs, it is one of the things that may be pronounced as historically certain, that these Northmen, while retaining their language as a separate people, would retain also their religion until it yielded to the influence of Christianity. It was not a fetishism depending on the existence or presence of the thing worshipped. It had no local hold upon any sacred spots or objects, such as a sacred city or a sacred mountain, conferring vividness and reality on the worship, and acting on the beholder through a materiality that would render the influence of his religion feebler and feebler the farther the emigrant wandered away. It was a universal system, with its several invisible worlds for all its parts, and had no other local hold upon the votary, save that it was formed for the cold and stormy north—and these conditions would scarcely desert it in Scotland.

Besides fainter relics, the names most used among us of all names—those of the days of the week—come from the Norse gods. Wednesday is Woden's day, named after Odin, the great father of the Æsir, or deities of Asgard. Thursday is from Thor, the son of Odin and the Earth or Yoerd—whence the Scots *yird*. Thunder was the rumbling of his chariot, and the Germans call the day Donnerstag. Friday is so called after Frigga, the wife of Odin and the mother of Thor and Balder. Tuesday comes from Ty or

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1 "Vitres, or Viteres, or Veteres, is a god whose name is confined to the north of Britain. Hodgson remarks that Vithris was a name of Odin, as we find in the death-song of Lodbroc, 'I will approach the court of Vithris with the faltering voice of fear.' If Veteres and the Scandinavian Odin be identical, we are thus furnished with evidence of the early settlement of the Teutonic tribes in England."—Bruce's Roman Wall, 399.

Tyr. In the Eddas he is a deity of minor renown; but he may have been popular among the Angles or Saxons, for different districts had their favourites among the Æsir. Thor, for instance, has occasionally so much popularity that he seems to take precedence over his father Odin, as Jupiter did over old Saturn; but in Britain as in Scandinavia, Odin was first. Saturday, the name given to the old Jewish Sabbath, is popularly supposed to take its name from Saturn; but it is much more natural to derive it from Saetere, a Norse deity popular among the Saxons, whose similarity in name to the classic father of the gods is probably accidental.[1]

Besides these we have in Scotland a special annual reminiscence of Norse names and customs in the Yule or mid-winter festival, called in England Christmas, and in France Noel. The Scots word is a mere form of the Norse Joel, applied to the darkest days of the year, when the controller of the seasons stopped in the career of advance in cold and darkness, gradually to restore to the earth the giver of light and fruitfulness.[2] It was a time of fearful revelry both among gods and men, and the degenerate races of our own day have done their best to show reverence for the venerable institution.

We cannot complain of this religion, or the deities by whom it was administered, being vague and difficult to realise, like the Druidism, or whatever else the Celtic tribes may have had for their religion. The cosmogony and pantheon of the Eddas are preserved with fulness and minuteness. There is no room here to give them at length, and an abridgment of them would be dry and useless. At the same time their peculiarities are very broad and distinctive, and a passing glance at these affords us strong characteristics of the people by whom such a religion was imagined.

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[1] Kemble's Saxons in England, i. 372.

[2] "Jola-aptan M vesper Festi Jolensis; *Dan.* jul.; *Pict. Scot. et vet. Angl.* Yule; *Gall.* Noel; *A.S.* Geol, Geohol Iule (*unde menses Januarius et Februarius* Giuli *dicti fuerunt*); *Finn.* Ioulu; *Ssr.*, Holi, Houli Saturnalia Indorum recentiorum."—Glossarium in Partem Historicam Eddæ Saemundinæ.

The Norse cosmogony, or history of the creation of the existing world seen and inhabited, as well as the other worlds provided for glory and happiness, or for degradation and misery, was extremely complicated. Not being restrained by the laws of the Copernican system, or compelled to treat the earth as a round ball, the inventors of the system created what they wanted—a world of ice here and of fire there, chaoses, seas, abysses, regions of gloom, and sunny fruitful places of happiness, at discretion. The Hell of the system was a peculiar creation, very eloquent of its northern origin. It does not exactly correspond with our hell as the receptacle of the damned, though it is a place disliked and dreaded as the abode of oblivion, where those who have not by great deeds earned a better fate are absolutely locked up, and detained by strong gates. The character of this place is in harmony with the common story, of the Danish missionary Hans Egede, when he preached to the Greenlanders, requiring to abandon the usual definitions of the place of torment, and describe it as a region of eternal frost. An accomplished Norse scholar thus tells us how "the realm of Hel was all that Wælheal was not—cold, cheerless, shadowy; no simulated war was *there*, from which the combatants desisted with renovated strength and glory; no capacious quaighs of mead or cups of the life-giving wine; no feast continually enjoyed and miraculously reproduced; no songs nor narratives of noble deeds; no expectation of the last great battle, when the *einherjar* were to accompany Allfather to meet his gigantic antagonists; no flashing Shieldmays animating the brave with their discourse, and lightening the hall with their splendour: but chill and ice-frost and darkness; shadowy realms without a sun, without song, or wine, or feast, or the soul-inspiring company of heroes, glorying in the great deeds of their worldly life."[1] Valhalla is the reverse of all this. It glitters with gold, and the shields and spears of the countless heroes received into it by its forty gates, which admit eight hundred guests at once. Here there is eternal revel which

[1] Kemble's Saxons in England, i. 393.

knows no satiety or pall, and all the fierce joys which the warrior felt on earth are intensified. It is a world of action still, and here is its attraction to those to whom the lazy luxury of the Elysian fields, or the more enervating enjoyments of Oriental paradises, would be no encouragement. It is only, however, for those whom the choosers of the slain promote to happiness. Death on the field was almost a condition of such promotion; and mighty warriors, if they felt death coming on them in another form, would pray to be enclosed in their armour, as a sort of protest that they had worked well for the great object of ambition, a soldier's grave, though the surly fates had denied it to them. To lose all this, and be closed up in a dismal place called hell, it was not necessary that there should be positive misdeed. It was the place for the indolent, the unambitious, and the timid. The mere absence of the high heroism which earned an entrance to Valhalla left no alternative but the other place. For those who had done actual wickedness there was a separate place, called Nastrond, of positive torture by poisonous serpents and other agents of affliction.

There is nothing of the ideal or the spiritual in the Scandinavian mythology. All its creatures are essentially corporeal — large-limbed, strong, and jovial, ravenous eaters, and unassailable either in brain or stomach by the largest conceivable potations. They are supernaturally endowed with all the elements of physical enjoyment. Asceticism is unknown to them. Yet there is nothing in their personal histories of the pruriency that stains the classical mythology, or of the more loathsome sensuality that saturates the Oriental supernatural. Asgard is the model of north-country domestic life. There is no questionable bachelor like Apollo, no exceptionally chaste Diana there; fidelity between husband and wife is so much a matter of course that it is not spoken of as a special virtue. The abode of Balder and his beautiful wife Nana was so hallowed that nothing impure could enter it. Even in the punishment of Loki the mischief-maker, after he had accomplished the inexpiable offence of Balder's death, there occurs a touching picture of a wife's devotion. He was

bound to three fragments of rock, and a venomous snake was hung over his head, so that its poison might drop upon his face and torture him. Sigyu his wife watched by him during the long ages, until the Ragnaroek or twilight of the gods should come. She held a cup over her husband's head to catch the dripping venom. When it was full, and she had to empty it, the drops falling in the interval tortured him so that his writhings shook all nature and made earthquakes.

Among beings endowed with supernatural strength, and with no profession to be above the influence of human passions, but, on the contrary, partaking of them in a measure proportioned to their strength, it was natural that many harsh and bloody deeds were done. But all were in fair fight, and from their superiority of strength—there was no treachery or subtlety. Evil deeds of this class were left to the order of beings whose province they were. Loki was the mischief-maker among the gods themselves. He answers more to the Mephistopheles of Goethe than to the common Devil of Christendom. He is a cynical, practical joker, who carries his jokes a great deal too far. The beautiful life of Balder, the son of Odin and Friggia and the brother of Thor, seems to have roused a special malignity in him. There was a sort of presentiment that the great ornament of Asgard was too good to be let live, and his mother set about getting everything in nature separately exorcised and pledged not to be the instrument of Balder's death.[1] This was supposed to have been so completely effected, that it was one of the amusements of Asgard to make a target of Balder, and pitch all sorts of deadly weapons against him, to see how they would recoil. Loki, by a diligent search, found a twig

1 "Of all the Gods," Balder, "the fair, the just, the good, is the most attractive, and the most likely to pass over into the counterpart of Christ." "In fact, in the early middle age things called after this son of Woden were re-named usually after Christ or St John. And this silent melting of the mythical Balder into the historical Christ took place all over the north. The oldest Scandinavian poems offer many instances."—Stephens, The Old Northern Runic Monuments, 431.

that had not been exorcised, owing to its insignificance. To aggravate his offence, he handed it to the brother of Balder, who threw it at him, and so slew him.

Loki confined his tricks to the gods. There were other powers to work evil upon mankind. Chief of these was the Neck, whence comes our Old Nick, and perhaps the Nick Niven, who is a chief among the Scots witches, holding something like the place that Shakespeare gives to Hecate. Among the most seafaring people in the world, the great bulk of calamities come of shipwreck and other disasters by water; and Neck's operations came to be almost entirely limited to that element. In later times he was in the northern nations a mischievous imp of the stream, like the water-kelpie in Scotland.

The Nornir—or Fates, as they are called, to make their nature intelligible—are not properly malignant beings. They are so associated, however, with scenes of slaughter, that, naturally enough, they are spoken of with a shudder. They are the choosers of the slain, and it is the function of the youngest, Skuld, who deals with the future (the eldest, Urd, having charge of the past, as the second, Verdandi, has of the present), to watch over battle-fields and send off the illustrious dead to Valhalla. This is a holy function, yet as a right of choice or promotion, has not been exercised without the suspicion of partiality that accompanies such powers; and somehow the function of choosing the slain becomes mixed up with the power of arranging who are to be slain and who to be spared. As Gray has it in that ode of the Fatal Sisters, which has so thorough a Norse spirit—

> "We the reins to slaughter give,
> Ours to kill and ours to spare."

The nature of these beings is full of material for poetry; but perhaps for that very reason it is thoroughly illogical. They are inferior to the gods; yet they dispose of the gods as absolutely as of human beings. The term Wyrd or Weird comes up along with the Nornir. Norse scholars have found difficulty in fixing its meaning, for though they hold it to be derived from Urd, the eldest Norn,

yet it is used to express generally that Fate of which they are the mere ministers. In Scotland the word has been long used with almost the same equivocal or double meaning. It has been employed to express the announcement of a prophecy, destiny, or fate, and also to describe the person who can prophesy or pronounce a destiny. Thus, when Wyntoun, the monkish chronicler, of whom we shall have a good deal to say, tells the story of the fatal stone, now in the coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey, and of the prediction that wherever it is, the race of Fergus shall reign, he calls this prediction a "weird." For the other sense, when Bishop Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, comes on the Parcæ or Fates, he calls them "the Weird Sisters."[1]

It seems an inconsistency that the gods themselves should be at the disposal of these questionable beings; but this is part of the magnanimity and simple grandeur of the character of the mighty Æsir. They were not only free from all treachery and cunning, but the use of policy was beneath them; they confided entirely on their absolute strength, or on what is now called brute force. The greatest of them was not ashamed of being befooled by some cleverer power. Indeed, he needed not to disturb himself about such an incident, for his own innate strength was sufficient to protect him from the consequences without recourse to the wisdom of the serpent. There is a memorable instance of this in the sojourn of Thor and his party among the Giants in Utgard. They went in high heart, confident in their strength; but they were doomed to mortification one after another, until their return, when the spell set on them had ceased, and their entertainers were bound to explain the tricks played on them. The first competition was in eating, when the

[1] A word coming from a source so solemnly significant, and still in use in Scotland, has naturally had an eventful history, so far as a word can be spoken of. A great deal might be written about it, as one will see at once by reading the quotations from Scots literature in prose and verse, ranked under the word "weird" in Jamieson's Scots Dictionary and its supplement.

two champions met half-way in the huge trencher set between them; but to the annoyance of the Æsir, theirs had not picked the bones clean as his opponent had. That opponent, who seemed one of the giants, was in reality a devouring flame. Running was another trial: after three races, Thialfi, on whom the Æsir's reputation for swiftness was at stake, was obliged to acknowledge himself beaten; and no wonder—he was matched against "Thought." Thor's own first great trial was in drinking—an accomplishment in which he believed himself to be entirely unmatched. A drinking-horn was brought: Thor thought he could empty it at one hearty pull; but no—and indeed, after repeated efforts, he was obliged to leave the horn more than half full. The fact was, that the horn communicated with the ocean; and when Thor returned over the earth, he could see that he had drunk the waters over the whole globe, so as to sink their level, raising headlands and numerous sunken islands. In wrestling he barely stood his own in a contest with an old woman—but that old woman was Old Age. And so, although there was mortification for the moment, their achievements in Giantland went far to enhance the mighty reputation of the Æsir.

There was one celebrated occasion when Thor resorted to policy, even to deception; but he did so with excessive reluctance, and the affair was a crisis. One day his mighty hammer Moelner was missing. It was not only his badge of distinction, but the physical force by which he asserted his dominion. If it were finally lost, heaven and earth would all go wrong—in fact, the possessor of the hammer would supersede the gods. Loki, who had a guess where it was, paid a visit to Giantland, where Thrym, one of its principal inmates, who was sitting on a hill making golden collars for his dogs, coolly told him that he had the hammer buried eight miles deep in Giantland, and would not give it up, except as an equivalent for the hand of Freya, of the golden tears. The emergency was so terrible that the Æsir wished to persuade Freya to consent, or appear to consent; but her matronly modesty and queenly dignity were so shocked that she gave a great

snort, celebrated for having shaken Asgard to its foundations. In solemn conclave the Æsir recommended, even besought, Thor to personate Freya and go to Utgard. He long resisted the humiliating alternative, but the public interests prevailed, and, arrayed in the head-dress and other magnificent robes of the queen, and veiled as a bride of Heaven, he set off for Giantland, accompanied by the Machiavelian Loki, who had not yet lost himself by his great offence. The giants were rather astonished by a glimpse they got of the bride's fierce eyes, and still more at her fine appetite, when she ate an ox, eight salmon, and no end of sweetmeats, the disappearance of which was a mortification to the bridesmaids. At length the mighty hammer was brought in on a truss borne by four giants. Thor seized it, and laid about him, crashing skulls to the right and the left. He was now himself again, and restored to his authority. It is observable that even in this instance the moral of the Eddas, that sheer strength is everything, and policy unworthy of the gods, is not entirely abandoned. It is when deprived of his proper element of physical force, and consequently enervated, and in a manner demoralised, that the great Thor has recourse to policy.

Even from these small glimpses one may see how thoroughly the Eddas are filled and animated by the spirit of the northern people. Throughout there is ever-striving energy, determination of purpose, the physical power seconding the unbending will, a courage that is manifest not only in contempt of death, but in patient endurance of suffering, a distaste of all politic devices and diplomatic intrigues, and a reliance on honest strength to carry out the mighty designs of a never-resting ambition. There are no applications of gentleness and mercy, but there is a strong sense of justice and an aversion to wanton cruelty. There is no pretence of abjuring the good gifts of nature, and shrivelling into impotent asceticism; on the contrary, there is mighty feasting and revelling when the bow is unbent and the sword sheathed, but there is honest domestic faith and fidelity withal. Such are the qualities set to struggle with the ice, the storms, and the arid soil

of the northern land; and all these difficulties are conquered so effectually that their conquerors abide in affluence and splendour.

Yet the propensity to hunt forth analogies, and make a display of learning and ingenuity, has not overlooked this stormy region; and we are taught to connect its thoroughly northern legends with the voluptuous aspirations of the Oriental nations and the polished ideality of the Greeks. It does not strengthen the distinctive features of Balder's history to derive it from the Syrian myth of Thammuz and Adonis, or to compare him with the Persian hero Ispandier. It profits little that one compares Asgard to Olympus, seeing that there is another ready to identify it with Troy, and a third is prepared to prove that the whole is a phase of Buddhism. The Olympian comparison has, however, unfortunately taken a hold, Odin being Mercury; Thor, Jupiter; and Friggia, Venus: and this has been stamped by the highest authority, in our country at least, the usage of Parliament, in the votes and proceedings of which Wednesday is *dies Mercurii*, Thursday *dies Jovis*, and Friday *dies Veneris*.[1] But there are protesters against even this, who find that Thor and Odin came from a still remoter distance, being in reality the Vishnu and Siva of Hindostan; and again others, who find the system of the Eddas in the Persian Zend Avesta. Besides their being so conformable to the spirit of the people and the place, the northern nations laid a stronger hold upon the Eddas as peculiarly their own, for the tribes and great families professed to be descended of the frequenters of Asgard. They brought this proud pedigree with them in their wanderings; and when the chronicles supplied a leader for the Saxons in Britain, calling him Hengest, they likewise provided for him an Asgard pedigree, making him sixth in descent from Odin.

It is fortunate that in the abundance of old Norse lite-

[1] The earliest instance of the classical analogies that I have met is in the folio History of the Northern Nations, by Olaus Magnus (1567). He tells how Friggia "tantum apud Gothos quantum Venus apud Romanos venerabatur:" and says of Odin, "armatus sculpitur, uti Mars simili gentilium superstitione apud Romanos" (95, 96).

rature we have the Scandinavian mythology in its original heathen purity, uncontaminated by either philosophical or doctrinal gloss.[1] This is of all the greater moment that

[1] There are many minor sources of information on the Scandinavian mythology, but the great storehouse is in the Elder Edda, printed at Copenhagen in three quarto volumes, and issued at long intervals. The first was published in 1788, with the title 'Edda Rhythmica seu Antiquior vulgo Sæmundina dicta, Pars I. Odas Mythologicas a Resenio non editas continens.' The second came in 1818, edited by Thorkelin, and the third in 1828, edited by Fin Magnusen. Very necessary for most English readers, the Norse text is attended by a verbatim Latin translation, and to each volume there is an explanatory index or glossary, which is virtually an encyclopedia of Scandinavian mythology. The preservation of the fundamental treasures of this great work is owing to a fortunate incident of a kind not common in literary history. When, as we shall have to see, central governments were established in Scandinavia by powerful kings, many of the landed proprietors or nobles, who could not bear their aggrandising rule, and would not have the Christian religion forced on them, swarmed off into distant countries. True to the characteristics of their race, they preferred even a residence in barren Iceland to submission, and many of them settled there in the manner so picturesquely described in the story of Burnt Njal. Christianity followed them, and they took to it heartily when it was left to their own free will. It happened that while it was yet time a certain Saemond thought of collecting the heathen Sagas. He was born in the middle of the twelfth century when Christianity had not been so long supreme that the traditions of the old religion were extinguished. It is thus in Saemond's, or the Elder Edda, that we possess the freshest and least corrupted record of the Scandinavian mythology.

In the path of such things reaching us in their original purity there are many dangers. The worst of all is when they pass through the hands of the sensible historians, who think they can see the truth at the bottom of the supernatural, and profess to give us it. In Saxo Grammaticus, and other writers of the class, the story of Balder, for instance, stripped of its supernatural apparatus, fits well enough in as an episode of real history. Such attempts are useless and very mischievous. Given a story full of exaggeration and of the supernatural, though it may all be based on a real and sober foundation—given no assistance but from itself—the human being has not yet appeared who possesses the analytic power of decomposing it so as to separate truth from falsehood, and the task has to be abandoned.

Another danger run by the Sagas was, that their deities became very convenient to serve as fiends and evil demons to the ecclesiastical writers. Though dethroned as gods, they were treated as still at work counteracting the beneficent influence of Christianity, and when drawn in this spirit the portraits made of them were apt to be inaccurate.

many of the old Norse superstitions lingered in Scotland long after the established ascendancy of Christianity. They were the object of uninterrupted reprobation, first by the Romish, and next by the Reformation clergy. The General Assembly had to denounce them even in the eighteenth century, and they call many lamentations from the clergymen who compiled the two Statistical Accounts of Scotland. They have prevailed chiefly among the Celtic-speaking Highlanders. Many of these, as we have seen, were of Gothic origin. There has already been allusion to a moral phenomenon, often very provoking to missionaries, exemplified in races who are very ready to accept the articles, especially the more picturesque ones, of the new religion offered to them as a pleasant addition to the creed, or perhaps conglomerate of creeds, they already enjoy. The Highlanders are especially susceptible to the impression of the supernatural, and it can easily be believed that, once receiving a portion of the Norse heathen superstitions, they might retain them after all belief in them had long departed from the descendants of the old believers in the mythology of the Sagas.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

ST KENTIGERN AND HIS MISSION IN STRATHCLYDE — ABSENCE OF ASSISTANCE FROM RELICS OF ROMAN CHRISTIANITY — DEALINGS WITH THE KING—ST PALLADIUS—LARGER POSITION IN HISTORY OF ST COLUMBA—CHURCH OF THE IRISH AND ALBANIAN SCOTS—INDEPENDENT OF ROME—SPECIALTIES SEPARATING FROM THE REST OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD — ITS MONASTICISM — POSITION AND FUNCTIONS OF WOMEN — TENDENCY OF LATER ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE TO SUPPRESS THESE SPECIALTIES — IMPORTANCE OF THE EARLIER SOURCES—PERSONAL HISTORY OF ST COLUMBA—HIS ROYAL RANK — DISTRIBUTION OF POLITICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL POWER AMONG RULING DYNASTIES—HIS POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES—HIS MISSION—ESTABLISHMENT AT IONA—THE ARCHITECTURE OF HIS MONASTERY — RELICS OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE SEPARATE FROM THE ROMAN TYPE — GOVERNMENT — POSITION OF BISHOPS—ABSOLUTENESS OF MONASTIC RULE—ABSTINENCE—INDEPENDENCE OF THE ROMISH HIERARCHY.

We have seen how far there remains historical evidence that the Romans established Christianity in Scotland. We have also seen that in the legends adopted at a later period in history, the Romanised Christians had serving among them an apostle or bishop called St Ninian, and the prevalent belief that the Christian community of Scotland under Roman dominion supplied to Ireland her great missionary, St Patrick. However it was before the departure of the Romans, it is certain that they did not leave in Scotland a Christianity of sufficient vitality to maintain itself through the troubles that followed. Part of the Roman province was not permanently attached to the Christian Church until it was penetrated by Christianity from the Saxon side, and brought into the fold of the suc-

cessors of St Cuthbert. Earlier than his day, however, Christianity was taught in the west. In the kingdom or district of Strathclyde, supposed to contain within it part of the old Roman province, St Kentigern, otherwise known as St Mungo, was received as the local apostle. His death is laid in the year 601, so that he belonged to the latter part of the sixth century. He was thus a contemporary of Columba, who paid a memorable visit to him in his district or "diocese," as the later ecclesiastical writers call it. They exchanged crosiers, and we are told that Columba's, doubly blessed in the sanctity of the giver and the receiver, was seen in the fifteenth century in the Reliquary at Rippon in a precious jewelled shrine.[1] His life was written by Jocelyn of Furness; but as this is a work of the twelfth century, it does not give us through the usual fables those close glimpses of ecclesiastical customs and domestic life which we shall meet with in the History of Columba by Adamnan, who lived about five centuries earlier. Jocelyn's book is all hard miracle-working of the conventional kind, accompanied by a deal of bickering with the secular power, in which the saint, by virtue of his supernatural support, is always victorious. The writer had to do his duty to the ecclesiastical polity of his day, when the Romish hierarchy was firmly established, and the biographer of a saint had a sort of formula for the method in which he was to do his work.

The armorial bearings of the city of Glasgow perpetuate three renowned miracles wrought by St Kentigern. On a shield argent a bird proper represents a pet rubisca, or robin-redbreast, which belonged to the renowned St Serf when he kept an academy of young neophytes. Among these the bird, whether from mischief or accident, was torn to pieces. On the approach of the saint with his avenging rod they threw the fragments, and with them the blame of the deed, in the lap of young Kentigern, the best boy among them. His latent sanctity was immediately acknowledged by the creature gathering up his limbs, flaping his wings, and singing a song of welcome on the

[1] Scotichron., iii. 30; Reeves's St Columba, 324.

approach of his sacred master. A tree or branch forming the crest commemorates an occasion when Kentigern's enemies had extinguished his fire, and he had to bring a tree from the frozen forest and breathe into it the breath of fire. A fish in base, with a ring in its mouth, is connected with one of the established miracles of the hagiologists,—the finding of a ring, which has been cast away, in the body of a fish, just when some critical result may be effected by its possession.

If there is any light to be derived from this story, it is to confirm the belief that the Romanised Britons north of the Solway, if they had ever been Christianised, had lapsed into heathenism. In the special territory of St Ninian it might be expected that there was little for a missionary to accomplish, but it seems, from the king's court downwards, to have been all fresh heathen ground to Kentigern. He had a renowned controversy with King Morken, to whom he applied for temporalities for the becoming support of himself and his priestly followers. Morken's answer did credit to his power of sarcastic retort, whatever may be said for its seemliness. "Was it not a pet precept of the saint, 'Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He will care for thee'?[1] Now," continued the king, "here am I, who have no faith in such precepts, who do not seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness; yet, for all that, are not riches and honours heaped upon me?" What would the saint have?—practice proved his doctrine to be naught. In vain the saint pleaded that it was part of the inscrutable policy of the Almighty to afflict good and holy people with the wants of the flesh, and heap the world's wealth on the ungodly—it was to both a trial, giving an opportunity for acts of beneficence and self-sacrifice. The prince would by no means see the logic of this, and told the saint to have done with words and come to deeds. There were the royal granaries full of produce, and there were the Christian priests starving. There would be something to

[1] "Jacta curam tuam in Domino, et ipse te enutriret."—Vita Kentigerni, c. 21.

believe in if the God in whom they trusted would bodily transfer these good things into their hands. The saint retired into his oratory and prayed. In the intensity of his sufferings he began to weep, and then, behold, as the tears filled and flowed from his eyes, so began the waters of the Clyde to swell into a mighty flood. It overflowed the banks where the royal granaries were, and, carrying them down the stream, deposited the whole at the saint's very door, beside the Mellingdevor or the Molindinar stream, which flows through Glasgow to join the Clyde. It is characteristic of the difficulties these missionaries had to deal with, that this blow from his own weapons did not silence the king. It was just such a thing as the magicians would attempt, and he threatened the saint with such consequences as a modern justice of peace metes out to a vagrant fortune-teller. While he was in this mood, the saint, founding too rashly on his triumph, came to the palace to continue the argument. Driven beyond the last stage of his patience, the king kicked him. The measure of iniquity was now fulfilled, and it was necessary to assert the divine authority by a heavy bodily affliction, which fell not only on the king but his chief adviser Cathen, who, though he worked in secret, was known by the saint to have taken a mischievous delight in prompting the unhappy king throughout the whole affair.[1] Out of such a story we may perhaps safely take as much as tells us what, according to the writings and traditions of the Church in the twelfth century, was the position it held in Strathclyde in the sixth. Further than this, although Jocelyn tells us that he had the use of old Lives of Kentigern, his book is not a very safe guide. He calls Kentigern "a bishop," because in the days of Jocelyn no one could be supposed to teach the Word who was not a bishop, or under episcopal authority. But it was impossible, in telling the facts of so isolated a life, to find that he had been advanced to the order in the legitimate fashion by the laying on of the hands of three other bishops. Jocelyn therefore tells us that a bishop was sent

[1] Vita Kentigerni, cap. 21, 22.

over from Ireland to consecrate him, according to the custom of the Scots and British Churches of that time; and this story of his having been consecrated by a single bishop is often referred to by punctilious Churchmen as a great ecclesiastical scandal. Jocelyn goes on to tell how, in a sort of despair, Kentigern left Strathclyde to do duty among the Southern Britons in Wales. There afterwards, however, occupied the throne of Strathclyde, Rederech, a pious monarch, eager to restore the Gospel to his benighted subjects, and at his desire Kentigern returned. The narrative that follows shows us less of the religious condition of Strathclyde in the sixth century than of the contemporary of Becket doing his duty to his order. The king, stripping himself of his royal robes, fell upon his knees before the bishop, doing him homage, and admitting his superior authority, even as Constantine the Great had admitted the superior authority of Pope Sylvester; whence, says the satisfied biographer, it became the custom in that kingdom, while it remained separate, that the prince was subject to the bishop.[1]

There are still some other hints of early Christian ministration in Scotland, which may be briefly looked at before we come to the history of the mission which was destined to lay the solid foundation of Christianity in the country.

In the Chronicle of Prosper of Aquitaine, a work attributed to the fifth century, and esteemed as a high authority about the early Christian Church, there is a short passage which has caused volumes of controversy. It states how in the year 431 Palladius was consecrated by Pope Celestine, and sent to the Scots believing in

[1] Vita, c. 33. This Rederech's existence, and his high esteem in the Christian world, are attested in Adamnan's Life of Columba, where there is a chapter (15), "De Rege Roderco filio Tothail, qui in Petra Cloithe regnavit, beati viri prophetia." Petra Cloithe is Dumbarton. The prophecy was given in answer to the anxious inquiry of an ambassador or messenger sent to ask some prophetic light concerning indistinct announcements that this king was to die a violent death. The answer was, that, on the contrary, he was to die in his own house "super plumatiunculam," which is interpreted his bed.

Christ, as their first bishop. He is not to be confounded with the celebrated Palladius of Helenopolis. Beside him, indeed, in contemporary literature, the bishop of the Scots was an obscure man, though controversy in later times has made him renowned by the frequent echo of his name. Naturally enough, the Scots to whom he was sent were supposed to be the natives of existing Scotland. After a stormy contest, Ireland succeeded, for reasons sufficiently obvious, in claiming him to herself, but the acquisition does not appear to have been in all things fortunate. He was sent to the Scots believing in Christ, whence it had to be inferred that they were already converted, and he was their first bishop. Here was a clear invasion of the two distinctions of St Patrick—that he was the converter of the Irish, and their earliest prelate. Nor could it work out any satisfactory extrication of the difficulty, that, in comparing the writers about the early Church in Ireland, the acts of St Patrick and those of St Palladius were found to be so inextricably mixed up with each other, that some writers have only found relief from the confusion by supposing that Palladius and Patrick were one and the same.

So far is clear, that if there was a Palladius in the British Isles, Ireland was the place of his original sojourn. But writers of a later date than Prosper of Aquitaine, though not so late as the period when the name of Scot was transferred to North Britain, bring him over from Ireland to Scotland. The legend they record is, that he was on his way to Rome, but being tossed by storms and driven out of his course, he was at last wrecked on the north-east coast of Scotland. There he remained ministering until his death, making some converts and founding the church of Fordun, in Kincardineshire. Scotland having thus a sort of alternate hold on Palladius, made the one strengthen the other. He became one of the most conspicuous of the national saints, and was commemorated and honoured accordingly in the services of the Church.[1]

[1] His day was the 6th of July, and under this he will be found commemorated in the Breviarium Aberdonense, where he is said to have

Some holy men, reputed to have been colleagues or disciples of Palladius, are naturally still more indistinctly recorded in any writing so old as to be trusted, yet some of these have a stronger hold on tradition and topographical commemoration than he had. There is, for instance, St Ternan, who gives his name to the parish of Banchory-Ternan, near Aberdeen. St Serf was commemorated in the Monastery of St Serf, on an island in Loch Leven, where Wyntoun wrote his Chronicle of Scotland. This saint had a reputation for the neatness and appropriateness of his miracles—as, for instance, where a rough fellow was charged with stealing and devouring a lamb, and denied the charge, the saint made the animal bleat forth the tale of its wrongs from the guilty stomach of the thief.

These are but casual and indecisive notices of Christian missions and other services in Scotland. It is convenient to clear them off before we come to the history of the Christianising of Scotland through the memorable mission headed by St Columba. The character and influence of this mission will perhaps be best understood by considering them in their relation to the ecclesiastical conditions of the place whence the mission came.

However it was that the faith reached Ireland—whether it was by St Patrick alone, or by any number of refugees from Christian Europe—it found there a genial soil, where it rapidly took root and flourished. The Christian community that so arose was different from all others, with a very significant difference. In those others the secular power of Rome had asserted itself, making the Christian religion law, but not always obtaining for it the hearty acceptance of the people. Here in Ireland the sword had

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died at Longforgan, in Perthshire. Nennius seems to be the earliest writer to tell the story of his shipwreck and the spending of his latter days in Scotland. In one instance, at least, it is acknowledged by an Irish authority of considerable but not accurately ascertained antiquity, the ancient Scholia, or comments on the Lives of St Patrick, rendered by Colgan from Irish into Latin; and in these the name of Fordun twice occurs—"Coactus circuire oras Hiberniæ versus aquilonem, donec tandem tempestate magno pulsus, venerit at extremam partem Modhaidth versus austrum, ubi fundavit ecclesiam Fordun; et Pledi est nomen ejus ibi."—Trias Thaumaturga, Prima Vita; Scholia Veteris Scholiastæ, 13 n.

not penetrated, but the Gospel was received with special enthusiasm. It was where the Roman arms had dominated, and created wealth and civilisation, that the reactionary tide of the unconquered heathen nations broke in; and thus it was, that when all was war and tumult and the destruction of the elements of civilisation within the bounds of the Roman empire, here, outside that once sacred cordon, the Christian religion and the arts of peace flourished together in security.

Thus isolated, the constitution and customs of the Irish Church were peculiarly its own; and as it became renowned and powerful, these peculiarities exercised a significant influence wherever the Irish Church had an opportunity of acting. Its first leading peculiarity was its isolation from the Roman system, after that system had grown into consistency and symmetry over the rest of Europe. The early source of the isolation in a separate and independent growth of Christianity was forgotten, or, if remembered, was permitted no weight. The rest of Christendom held the conduct of this community to be the grossest schism, and a rebellion against all sacred authority. In the ecclesiastical histories of later times it was consequently hushed up, or casually mentioned among the corruptions or heresies that had crept into the Church.

The early Irish ecclesiastics, however, took the enmity of the rest of Christendom in a rather defying spirit. Proud of their learning and their influence over their own people, they stood by their standards with sturdy controversy; and even the distinguished men they sent into the heart of the Romish Church itself would sometimes hold by their peculiarities, and were brought to conformity with extreme difficulty. This isolation was productive of historical results standing forth strangely in a country ever so closely associated with the influence of Rome. Even long afterwards, when there came to be a nominal admission of the supremacy, we shall find that the Irish Church was ever counted at headquarters a troublesome, self-willed establishment, and every effort was made to bring into it fresh elements from sounder sources of Catholicism. The opportunity for doing this with thorough effect at last

came. When Henry II. wanted to annex Ireland, the country was made over to him by the celebrated bull of Adrian IV., who by that one stroke served the Holy See and his own original sovereign—for he was an Englishman. By that bull the English king was instructed to make known the true Christian faith among the barbarous people, to see to the annual payment of St Peter's pence, and to preserve proper conformity to ecclesiastical rule. This brought to Ireland a body of Anglican priests, who were countenanced in suppressing the old Irish system. There was for some time much contest, but the priesthood of the original Church dwindled away, and Romanism became supreme under Anglo-Norman protection. The tenor of more recent history has made it difficult for us to realise such a thing, but few historical positions are better attested than this, that the English Saxon was sent to bring the Irish Celt to a sense of his duty to the Holy See of Rome.

Some of the specialties of this Irish Church—the dioceseless bishops, the observance of Easter, and others—are likely to come under our notice in particulars. The leading peculiarity of the Church was, that in its form it was monastic, but with a monasticism strongly mixed up with active secular life. There seems to have been no law or even understood custom of celibacy. Even when competing for the highest honours of asceticism, it does not appear that the monk must have been a bachelor; it was sufficient that he lived an anchorite's life while on trial, separating himself from his family, whether for a time or for ever. Women held great ecclesiastical influence among them. There was in that peculiar Church a functionary or dignitary called the Co-arb. It has been difficult to assign his place; and authors, unable to realise a church where bishops were not supreme, have spoken of the co-arb as the bishop's deputy or his assigned successor. It is clear, however, that the co-arb was a greater person than the bishop, being possessed of temporalities as well as ecclesiastical power. What bears on the present point is that some of these co-arbs were women.[1]

[1] Perhaps the clearest announcement to be found anywhere about

This Church had in St Bridget a female saint more powerful than any of Ireland's male saints—even than St Patrick himself. Her influence was so strong in Ireland that it spread itself over all England and Scotland. It may be questioned if any one appearing on earth since the days of the apostles has been so devoutly worshipped. The yearning towards a feminine nature in the conception of the Deity, which took another direction in the ordinary Catholic world, seems here to have concentrated itself on St Bridget, who has been aptly called the Madonna of the Irish. A bishop or two seem to have hung about her court, whether seeking advancement, or as becoming appendages to the establishment of a person so eminent. A legend of one of these, whether there be a word of truth in it or not, is instructive as to the position which she and her Church were understood to hold towards the See of

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these co-arbs is the following passage in Dr Todd's St Patrick, p. 171, 172: "On the whole, it appears that the endowments in land, which were granted to the ancient Church by the chieftains who were first converted to Christianity, carried with them the temporal rights and principalities originally belonging to the owners of the soil; and that these rights and principalities were vested, not in bishops as such, but in the co-arbs or ecclesiastical successors of those saints to whom the grants of land were originally made. It is easy to see, therefore, that in the districts where such lands were so granted, a succession of co-arbs would necessarily be kept up. It did not follow that these co-arbs were always bishops, or even priests; in the case of Kildare the co-arbs were always females; and there is an instance on record, although in a different sense, of a female co-arb of St Patrick at Armagh. But it is evident that the abbat or co-arb, and not the bishop as such, inherited the rights of chieftainship and property, and was therefore the important personage in the ecclesiastical community. Hence we have in the annals a nearer approach to a correct list of the abbats and co-arbs than to a correct list of the bishops. The bishop, or bishops, for there were often more than one bishop connected with the monastery, or with what afterwards became the episcopal see, were in subjection to the co-arb abbat, and did not necessarily succeed to each other, according to our modern notions of an episcopal succession. There were frequent breaks in the series. The presence of a pilgrim or travelling bishop, who remained for a time in the monastery, would be enough to supply the wants of the community for that time, by giving the episcopal benedictions; and it was not until he had left them that the monastic 'family' would feel it necessary to provide themselves with another."

Rome. His name was Condlead; and besides being a bishop he held another function, which has been rendered so as to reconcile it to modern notions by saying that he was St Bridget's artist. This man wanted to go to Rome, whether for artistic or other purposes; but his arbitrary mistress forbade him, under the denunciation that if he went he would be eaten by wolves on the way. The wilful man went, and for his disobedience was eaten by wolves accordingly.[1]

But there sometimes fell to women functions of a totally different character. They had to test the command of the saints over their passions. This points to a specialty in the asceticism of this peculiar Church, as being of a defiant and aggressive temper rather than passive. Physiologists will tell us that in the dry hot climates where ascetic monachism began, fastings and other mortifications have not so much the effect of immediate suffering, as of reducing the physical constitution so as, without immediate danger to life, to render continued abstinence comparatively easy. This negative, indolent asceticism does not appear to have satisfied the Irish notions of probation. It was their glory to court temptation and defy it; and the rank achieved was not merely in proportion to the abstract virtue of the aspirant, but to the strength of the temptations which he had resisted. Hence it happens that some of the writings which do honest justice to such wrestlings with the powers of evil might, from the distinctness with which the temptation and its conquest are described, be confounded with infamous books, cunningly devised for exciting evil passions in the young. Fasting at Iona or Kells is, as every one will admit, a much more serious affair than the same practice in Egypt or Syria; and the infliction was enhanced by the active worldly habits in other respects of those who chose to subject themselves to it. As was the endurance, so was the reward in the acquisition of spiritual power. Great acts of fasting are ever discussed as serious affairs, destined to bear great results. The power of fasting, as a cause capable of pro-

[1] Todd's St Patrick, 24, 25.

ducing a definite effect, is curiously exemplified in a little incident in the life of Columba. A saint had been fasting, long and vehemently, for the purpose of getting the better of a perverse monarch with whom he had a quarrel—but it was all in vain; and he found out the reason to be that his enemy had taken to fasting too, and had thus protected himself.

In the history of the branch of this Church which settled itself in Scotland, we shall come across a few more of its peculiarities.[1]

[1] With all desire to avoid the unseemly practice of fighting the battles of Protestantism in history by carping at the ecclesiastical system of the middle ages, there is one point on which a layman brought up in the principles of the Reformation must take his stand against it, if we would fairly give the history of still earlier Christianity. The ecclesiastical historian of that school was bound to believe that all the complex articulation of the system of which he found himself a part in the thirteenth or fourteenth century had existed from the beginning; the untrammelled student knows that it is the creation of time and design. The ecclesiastic had to obey the Church, and if the Church told him that such things were of old, he must believe accordingly, whatever archæology might say to the contrary. Clergymen are generally disinclined to look back into the origin and early history of their Church, as they are apt, in pursuit of such a task, to find things which they would rather not find. The old priesthood had far stronger restraints from inquiry. They were not only told what to believe, but the complicated framework of their system greatly impeded independent investigation. Each had enough to do with the immediate affairs of his own place. Work was made for him in the significance and importance of what other people count small things. Every posture and motion—every article of costume, first in its colour, second in its structure, thirdly in the time when it was put on or off—symbolised some great truth or mystery of the Church. So did the multiplied ceremonies, small and great; the numerous articles in the ecclesiastical treasury, the specialties of the furniture, and all the peculiarities of the architecture. It would be impossible to classify all the minute and artificial interests thus created to give the ecclesiastic enough to think of in his own little corner of the vast system, and keep his mind from inquiring backwards into the history of it all. Even when a great genius like Mabillon appeared among his brethren, he would utter his knowledge as one afraid to disturb the foundations of a mighty fabric.

The reference of all this to the present point is, that one cannot trust the ecclesiastical historians as correctly rendering events removed to any distance back from their own age. They write about everything as if the Church were constructed—say in the sixth century—exactly

Columba was born about the year 520, at Gartan, in the county of Donegal. Both by Fedlhim his father and Ethne his mother he was descended from Irish royal houses, and many of his near relations held rule among the Irish kings. Indeed, it is almost invariably found that the Scoto-Irish saints or churchmen of the period were connected with royal houses, or the families of those

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on the model to which it has grown in the twelfth century. The St Ninian whose bare existence is hardly proved to the lay archæologist, is with them the head of a completed hierarchy, with dioceses for bishops and parishes for presbyters. Hence the extreme value of authenticated early records, such as Adamnan's Life of St Columba. But even the records professing to be early must be viewed with caution if they come through later transcripts; for it was the duty of the devoted clerk, if he found that the machinery of the Church was imperfectly described, to fill up the deficiency: it was no fraud, but the filling up of an omission, since he knew that every practice of the Church in his own time was only more perfectly fulfilled in its earlier stages.

Dealing merely with the early Irish and Columbate Church, the inquirer gets gradually into the practice of considering it evidence, either that a work belongs to a late period, or that it has been tampered with, if he finds in it any of the following specialties :—

1. The term archbishop or bishop, given to every man possessed of high ecclesiastical influence.
2. When a bishop is mentioned, the assignment of a diocese to him.
3. The deification of the Virgin.
4. The invocation of the saints in prayer.
5. (and this will account for some of the others.) The acknowledgment of the supremacy of the See of Rome.

The intervention of clergymen not belonging to the old Church has sometimes rather increased than mitigated these difficulties and confusions. The men of the Church of England who have gone back into very early ecclesiastical inquiry, have often shown a rather more active hankering after traditions than even their Romanist brethren, to whom such matters have not the zest of novelty. On the other hand, the way has not by any means been cleared by some zealots, who would place themselves on the opposite side from both. They have striven to make out that Columba was a great Presbyterian light, and that the ecclesiastical polity of Iona was constructed exactly in the form which was devised by the Huguenots of France and Geneva, and brought over to Scotland by their Covenanting followers. It is to the learning and honesty of the new school of Irish archæologists that we owe literally everything we have on so significant a chapter of our history.

potent chiefs who receive from the annalists the title of King. So dynastic, indeed, was ecclesiastical authority in the Western Church, that a genealogical table made out by the Irish antiquaries contains fifteen abbots of Iona, who, including Columba, were all descended from the royal Culban, head of the Cinell Conaill.[1] Among the Celts of that or even of a far later period there was nothing resembling the strict hereditary succession to temporal dignities and property which the Normans brought to perfection in the feudal system. The path of ambition was open to any member of a royal house. It was evidently a matter of selection according to qualifications and chances whether the ambitious descendant of kings should seek power as a temporal monarch or as a spiritual leader. Each had its attractions,—the Church often affording more real power than the State. Though in Iona he lived as a recluse, holding rule only over his own small community, Columba, when in Ireland, was deeply involved in the political affairs of his day. It was not until the commencement of the ninth century that, in Ireland, the functions of the soldier were made incompatible with the position of the ecclesiastic; and from the manner in which the severance was made, it is clear that these powerful priests of royal origin were often terrible in battle. There is considerable ground for believing that Columba was concerned in three great battles, and that he crossed over to Iona at a time when the power of his enemies rendered it prudent that he should leave Ireland. The cause assigned for one of these—the battle of Coldreim—curiously illustrates the devotion with which transcripts of sacred books—of which, even in that age, there were a few—were valued. Columba had copied St Finnian's "Cathac," or manuscript of the Psalms. A question arising as to the ownership of the copy, King Dermod decided scornfully that "to every cow belongs its calf"—to every book belongs its transcript; and this decision was, as some autho-

[1] 'A Genealogical Table of the early Abbots of Hy, showing their affinity to one another, and their connection with the chief families of Tirconnell, constructed from the Naehmseanchus,' by Dr Reeves.

rities maintain, the cause of the great battle between the two branches of the Hy Nial.

It was in the year 563 that Columba seriously commenced his mission by sailing for Hy or Iona with twelve disciples. The geographical position of this remote island seems to have been important to his purpose. It had ready communication on either side with the two great races inhabiting Scotland. Towards the south, both on the mainland and the islands, the saint's own countrymen, the Dalriads from Ireland, were thickly colonising. To the north and east stretched the territories of the Picts, whom it was his mission to convert.

It is not to be understood that any of the ruins, primitive as some of them may appear, which now bring visitors to Iona, represent buildings raised by Columba, or for many a generation after his time. The oldest of them, St Oran's Chapel, is in that great transition style between the classic and the Gothic known by the name of Norman, and seems to be no older than the twelfth century. There is some evidence that ecclesiastical buildings were raised in stone so early as the period of Columba in Ireland, and much interest attaches to their reputed remains, because they exhibit no traces of classic origin, as if they had been raised by worshippers who took neither the internal organisation nor the external symbols of their religion from Rome. Among these early and very simple relics a small dome is of frequent occurrence—a dome so small as to be constructed of large stones without a scaffolding, and therefore practicable to builders whose architectural science had not reached the structure of the arch. They are supposed to have been cells or oratories; their size is insufficient to have enclosed any congregation. Of these quaint beehive-shaped edifices the researches of the Irish antiquaries had discovered traces among the Western Isles. The hint thus given has been followed up, and we know of several such vestiges of primitive Christianity scattered through these remote solitudes—buildings which show ambition and skill, yet leave it evident that those who raised them had not attained the knowledge of the structure of the arch from those who took their ecclesiastical discipline and their architec-

tural skill from Rome.[1] It is noticeable that none of these very early buildings have been found in Iona.

Stone buildings of any kind were, however, the exception. We have already seen that the churches and the houses of their ministers were then generally constructed of wattles, and there is evidence of the use of this material in Iona. It is recorded by the saint's biographer, that having sent some of his disciples to fetch bunches of sticks for constructing the hospitium, they returned with their boat loaded with sticks, but indignant at the plebeians who occupied the ground for complaining of the loss suffered by their removal. Thus the coppice, or plants whatever they were, which supplied the wattles for edifices, appear to have been held in commercial value. The saint made restitution to the grumblers in the shape of six measures of corn-seed, the rapid sprouting and fructification of which are recorded as one of his miracles. It did not infer poverty or sordidness, even for a considerable period afterwards, that sacred edifices were built of wattles. Down to the eighteenth century, the Highland gentleman who could not obtain a castle or fortress would as readily live in "a creel-house" as any other kind of edifice. The method of structure was this: A wall-plate was made of uprights, with twigs interlaced between them in the usual method of basket-making; the pattern, thus so familiar to the eye, is supposed, as we have seen, to have suggested the basket-work decorations on the ancient sculptured stones.[2] A second fabric of the same kind was placed within the other at a short distance, and the space between was filled with turf or clay, forming a pretty solid wall. In numerous spots over Argyleshire and the Western Isles, where sculptured stones and crosses now exist in profusion, but where there are no remains of a stone building, we may presume that the church or other religious house around which they clustered was built of timber or wattles. The church at

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[1] See Mr Muir's extremely interesting volume, 'Characteristics of Old Church Architecture, &c., in the Mainland and Western Islands of Scotland,' 1861.

[2] See above, p. 155.

Iona, as well as the hospitium, the refectory, the kitchen, and a cluster of huts which formed the cells of the brotherhood, appear to have been made with wattles. The church was either of the same material or of wood. Whoever chooses to do so, may infer that the altar was of stone, from a story in the hagiologies, how St Kannechan, kissing it too impetuously, cut his head and lost some blood, which became a valuable relic.[1] The abbot possessed a house or chamber, built, as it appears, of logs, apart from the others, where he maintained the seclusion suited to his position, and was ever attended by messengers ready to communicate with the other departments of the establishment. All the principal buildings were surrounded by a fen or ditch like the smaller fortresses of the day, which were erected on a similar system.

The method of government in the early Church of the West has been a source of much dispute, carried on less for the purpose of finding out what it really was, than of citing it as an example on one side or the other in modern ecclesiastical contests.

One thing is clear, that no bishop held authority in Iona or its dependencies. The monastic dignitaries held absolute sway. There was no bishop in any way connected with Iona in the days of Columba; but subsequently there were bishops there, who were under the authority of the abbot, and were apparently bound to the same absolute conventual obedience as the other clergy. Bede, in whose days diocesan episcopacy had settled down into the established rule dictated from Rome, distinctly mentions it as a strange exception and irregularity, that in Iona the bishops were subjected to the abbot.[1]

But even in Columba's days bishops were not unknown in Iona, and they appear as persons endowed with peculiar functions and a certain dignity. A bishop seems to have been received in the conventional hierarchy with the same kind of honours of courtesy which we may find shown in one kind of government to an officer of another kind of government; such, for instance, as might be

[1] Note by Reeves, 357. [1] III. 4.

shown in a king's court to a Doge of Venice or a Stadtholder of Holland. There is one instance in the life of Columba of a bishop ordaining a presbyter—an instance which has given rise to volumes of controversy. It is involved in strange incidental peculiarities, which render its reference to any broad principle provokingly equivocal. St Findchan was the superior of a Columbian monastery in the island of Tyree. Here he procured the ordination to the ministry of Black Aida or Aidus, a person of great influence and regal descent, but in his character a man of blood—the murderer of King Dermot, and the perpetrator of many other crimes. Findchan called in a bishop to execute the ceremony, as one calls in a notary to certify a legal act.[1] Adamnan says the bishop would not have dared to lay his hand on the head of Aida if Findchan had not first laid his own right hand on his head. Columba was very wroth at this occurrence. He prophesied that the hand which Findchan had laid on the son of perdition would rot off, and that the new-made priest would return to his old courses, and die the violent death of him who sheds man's blood; and so, of course, it came to pass. The advocates of primitive episcopacy say that the wickedness of the man shows the potency of a bishop to ordain, and the sending to a distance for the bishop shows how impossible it was to ordain without him. A priest might, it seems, be a bishop without the fact being generally known, as he might hold a degree of Master of Arts, or any other honorary distinction, at the present day, without its necessarily proclaiming itself, and drawing any distinct line between him and other clergymen. We learn this from the prophetic acuteness of Columba, in discovering, by looking in the face of an obscure wandering priest, that he held episcopal rank; wherefore the saint, in virtue of his rank, desired him alone, unassisted by another priest, to break the bread at the altar.[2]

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[1] "Hic itaque idem Aidus, post aliquantum in peregrinatione transactum tempus, accito episcopo, quamvis non recte, apud supradictum Findchanum presbyter ordinatus est."—Adamnan, i. 36.

[2] I. 44.

It is evident that, in the Irish ecclesiastical community of that day, the bishops, whatever official rank they may have held, were obscure men in comparison with the monastic dignitaries. Few of the great array of Celtic saints have the title of bishop in the earliest writings in which they are mentioned. It was mentioned in later ages—for instance, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—as a scandalous usage among the Irish, that a single bishop often performed the act of consecration, instead of the canonical three—a practice which, to the strict observers of the rules of apostolic descent, should have invalidated the whole hierarchy. It could not arise from any paucity of bishops. Those consecrated by St Patrick alone were counted by hundreds. One of the more moderate of the estimates makes them three hundred and sixty-five—just one for each day in the year. Whether or not we believe all that is said about their multitudinousness, it is beyond doubt that the early Irish bishops were so numerous, and at the same time so obscure, that the most resolute champions of diocesan episcopacy cannot find for them provinces with corporations of presbyters over whom they held diocesan rule. This is, in fact, just one of the many peculiarities which that primitive Church of the West owed to its severance from Rome. The Saxons of England, receiving their Christianity at the hands of teachers commissioned directly from Rome, received also the Roman notion of a bishop—as an ecclesiastical ruler, whose authority in spiritual things was coextensive with the monarch's in temporal things; and they had a bishop for each kingdom of the heptarchy, instead of the hundreds who frequented Ireland. These, when the Papacy extended its influence to Ireland, were converted into rural deans.

Naturally there is not a word in the great life of St Columba importing that he considered himself in any way under the orders of the Bishop of Rome: that bishop, indeed, does not happen to be mentioned in the book, though it is discursive and gossipy, speaking of contemporary ecclesiastics and distant states. Twice the city of Rome is mentioned—on one occasion to lament that pestilence was rife there, and on another to proclaim that the fame of St

Columba had spread over Britain, Gaul, and Spain, and had reached Rome, the greatest of cities.[1] His contemporary, St Kentigern, according to our record of his life, made seven visits to Rome, for the purpose of transacting ecclesiastical business with Gregory the Great; but then this record of Kentigern's life was written by Jocelyn of Ferns in the twelfth century.[2]

The rules of asceticism and obedience were in strict force among the brotherhood. The relaxations, dictated by the spirit of hospitality, show the severity of the ordinary rule. When a stranger arrived on a fast-day there would be a *consolatio cibi*, permitting of a slight refection of bread and milk before evening. On one occasion the principles of asceticism and obedience came curiously into collision: a pragmatical brother persists in abstinence, re-

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[1] Reeves's Columba, 183, 241.

[2] The latter legends about St Columba give the particulars of a visit which he also paid to the same Gregory at Rome; and if we accept of the rest of the legend, we may easily take in this also. Brandubh, a very popular king of Ireland, died; and whenever the soul was released, certain demons siezed on it, and made off with it through the air. Maedhog, abbot of Ferns, standing among the reapers, heard the cries of the soul thus tormented by the demons, and, finding it a case for the exercise of his supernatural powers, rushed into the air, doing battle with the demons. The quarrelling group passed over Iona, where Columba, writing in his chamber, heard the noise, and, knowing what it imported, stuck his style or pencil into his cloak, and, ascending, joined in the contest. The noisy group passed over Rome, where Columba dropped his pencil. It was immediately taken up and preserved by Pope Gregory. The remainder of the legend is not very consistent with the desire to rescue Brandubh's soul from demons. Columba followed the soul into heaven, and there, we are told, he found the congregation at celebration, in which he joined as if he were one of them. The celebration was *Te decet hymnus*, and *Benedic anima mea*, and *Laudate pueri Dominum*. In the end the champions brought Brandubh's soul back to his body. Columba seems to have been disturbed by the loss of his pencil. Perhaps another was not easily to be got in the Western Isles, where Johnson, when he despaired of recovering his lost walking-stick, said, "Consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber in this part of the world." In fact, as he passed again he dropped in upon St Gregory at Rome, with whom he remained for some time. Gregory kept the pencil, but presented Columba with a brooch, which afterwards became renowned.—Reeves's Adamnan, 205.

fusing to partake in the meagre hospitalities dedicated to the advent of a stranger. Such ostentatious self-constituted asceticism must be put down, and it encountered the severe denunciation of the superior, who told the too self-righteous disciple that the day would come when he would struggle with starving banditti for a meal of putrid horse-flesh—a doom which the biographer of course traces to its practical conclusion. The most torturing penances, like the most arduous duties, must be undergone without a murmur. It is indeed difficult to believe in the abject obedience of the brethren, and their ecstatic veneration for the superior who ruled them with a rod of iron, without supposing that to their belief he was absolutely environed with supernatural qualities and powers.

Remembering the poverty of Iona at the present day, and the remoteness of the island from the frequented world, nothing is more remarkable in its early annals than the busy intercourse with the world which they appear to disclose. Guests, illustrious by kingly descent or ecclesiastical rank, were ever coming and going. In his native Ireland Columba was wont to travel in a chariot; in Iona there would be little use of such a vehicle, but there appears to have been a small fleet of vessels at his disposal. There were horses, cattle, and sheep on the island, and the extent to which farming operations seem to have been conducted, either there or along some of the neighbouring coasts, would seem inconsistent with the capacity of those barren rocks, if we did not remember that a considerable community must have found the means of living in Iona without drawing their supplies from distant places.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

(*Continued.*)

COLUMBA'S DISCIPLES AND SUCCESSORS—ADAMNAN, HIS BIOGRAPHER —THE NUMEROUS SAINTS — CONSTITUTION OF EARLY NORTHERN SAINTSHIP—PREVALENCE IN THE CELTIC RACE—ST TERNAN—ST SERF AND OTHER MINOR SAINTS—ST CORMAC AND HIS ADVENTURES —ST MAELRUBHA AND HIS NORTHERN ESTABLISHMENT—THE GREAT QUESTION OF EASTER—COMMUNICATIONS AND CONTEST WITH THE NORTHERN ENGLISH CHURCH — PAULINUS—AIDAN — FINNIAN—THE QUESTION OF THE TONSURE—THE ROMANIST SHAPE AND THE SCOTS SHAPE—PRESSURE OF CATHOLIC UNITY ON THE SCOTS CHURCH— SPREAD OF COLUMBITE CHURCHES—CALAMITIES OF THE CENTRAL ESTABLISHMENT AT IONA.

HISTORY has largely profited from the devotion with which the disciples of Columba commemorated his acts and virtues. Among other memorialists who were his contemporaries, or nearly so, Cummenus Albus, the seventh abbot of Iona, wrote a book on the virtues of Columba. His death was sixty years after that of Columba, whom he may have seen and known in his youth. The matter of this, as well as of other eulogistic and biographical notices, mingled, doubtless, with a considerable quantity of verbal tradition, was incorporated in the great work dedicated by the piety of St Adamnan, the ninth abbot, to the memory of the founder of his house. It is important to remember that this author was born so early as the year 624, just a quarter of a century after the death of Columba. He was more than a mere recluse, whose thoughts are limited to the established routine and the devotional exercises of a convent. Like all the other Celtic ecclesiastical dignitaries

of the day, he was highly connected—*ortus regibus*. He spent a great portion of his days in Ireland, where he had every opportunity of acquiring the scholarship which the incursions of the Northmen and intestine wars had not yet blotted out. He had opportunities at the same time of enlarging his mind by contact with the infant efforts of a new and powerful civilisation struggling into existence and shape among the Saxons; for he made frequent visits in England, and was well received at the court of the Northumbrian Alfrid, to whom, on one occasion, his countrymen commissioned him as a sort of ambassador, to negotiate for the restoration of certain Dalriads taken prisoners in battle. The inquisitive and discursive character of his mind is shown by this, that having once fallen in with a foreign wanderer who had sojourned among the holy places in Palestine, Adamnan took from his mouth a description of them, which, hundreds of years afterwards, was found and published as the earliest account, coming from modern Christian Europe, of the condition of the cradle of Christianity. His wide acquaintance with the practice of the Church prompted him, as we shall presently see, to be the first to urge upon the Irish Church and its colony in Scotland conformity with the rest of the Church on certain points where his brethren had a practice of their own. He wrote in Latin, in a peculiar style, which will not stand criticism on the standard of the Roman classical Latin, but is yet a serviceable language, in which he expresses what he has to say distinctly. No doubt the great bulk of his Life of Columba is occupied by vaticinations and miraculous fables. But there are small facts to be found in the telling of the large fictions; and if we disbelieve all narratives because they have the supernatural in them, it is difficult to say at what period true ecclesiastical history commenced, or, speaking strictly, is to commence. We can believe that Columba went over the Grampians to visit Brud, king of the Picts, on the borders of the Ness, and that his royal blood and saintly character gave him power to adjust the succession to the kingship of Dalriada, without the necessity of believing that he miraculously saved the life

of the heathen priest at the Pictish court, or that he prophesied the fate that befell the sons of the Dalriadic king. All that is to be regretted in Adamnan's book is, that the notices of the men and the customs of the time should be so scant in comparison with that portion of his work which doubtless, to himself and those for whom it was intended, was its only element of value; the scattered incidents of practical life which are now greedily caught up by the historical inquirer having been to the writer the mere references to time, places, and persons, by which he identified and rendered practically emphatic the heavenly teaching and the miraculous actions of an accepted saint. The value of the few incidents of history and social life in Adamnan's book may be estimated by remembering that it was written in the seventh century, and that we have to pass through seven hundred years to the fourteenth ere we reach the period of Fordun and the other chroniclers who have hitherto been the fathers of Scots history. This is a wide gap. We may attribute it, with many other gaps in European history, to the invasions of the Northmen, a second breaking in upon the feeble resuscitation of Roman civilisation. The recluses of Iona, as we shall see, had to seek refuge from these marauders, and resumed their seat with faded lustre.

Not only do we find St Columba's own name obtaining an influence so prevalent in Scotland as to outlive the Reformation and all other ecclesiastical revolutions, but many other Irishmen, who were either followers or fellow-labourers of his, have obtained a permanent hold on Scots local nomenclature and tradition. Preserving, as they do, a faint but enduring commemoration in the ecclesiastical divisions, and the names of places in Scotland, it is interesting to find them identified and traced back to their homes and schools in Ireland by the scholarly labours of the Irish antiquaries. They are nearly all spoken of as saints; and in fact the missionary and the saint mean, in the ecclesiastical history of that time and place, much the same thing. There was no regulation for canonisation, and no purging of the list of saints. Collections of their lives were like biographical dictionaries of eminent men in

later times. The names of the less important men, or of those who had not the fortune to be commemorated by lively biographers, would drop by degrees from each successive compilation; but all who had the fortune to be retained in biography were to be counted eminent, and so all those early churchmen whose lives and deeds continued to be recorded were to be counted saints. Many of them at the same time had the holy attribute assigned to them in a more distinct and permanent form by a place in the Scots commemoration-book or Breviary. Here, down to the Reformation, the deaths and miracles of these Irish saints who served in Scotland were continued, not only as the knowledge, but as the worship of the people.[1]

It would be a tedious task to enumerate these fathers of Christianity; and yet, though all that can be said about any of them is very meagre, their names should not be altogether overlooked, were it only for the sake of giving some idea of the extent to which their memory is preserved in local history and nomenclature.

Among the most illustrious of these was Donnan, called, in the collect to his service in the Breviary of Aberdeen, confessor and abbot. There were, it seems, three saints of this name in Ireland, and the Donnan who followed Columba is identified, through the diligence of the Irish antiquaries, by the day of his martyrdom, which was Sunday the 17th of April 617—his day also, of course, in the calendar. He was a few years younger than Columba. The great event of his life was his martyrdom in the island of Eigg, a small island of the Hebrides north of Iona, conspicuous for the lofty basaltic peak called the Scuir of Eigg. According to the most ancient martyrologies, Donnan landed there with fifty disciples. He was told by Columba to expect martyrdom, and the doom was inflicted by a fierce woman, the queen or female chief of the island.[2] Whether before or through his death, he succeeded in planting the cross in Eigg, for a successor serving there is recorded to have died about a century

[1] Breviarium Aberdonense; Forbes, Kalendars of Scottish Saints.
[2] Reeves's Adamnan, 304-309.

later; and Martin, in his wanderings among the Western Isles at the beginning of the eighteenth century, tells us that there "is a church here, in the east side of the isle, dedicated to St Donnan," and that "St Donnan's Well, which is in the south-west end, is in great esteem among the natives, for St Donnan is the celebrated tutelar of this isle."[1] There are many places among the Western Isles and Highlands named Kildonnan, as the sites of religious houses dedicated to the martyr. There are two in the south-western Lowlands, one in Wigtownshire, another in Ayrshire; and at the other extremity of the Scottish Lowlands, at Auchterless, in the interior of Aberdeenshire, a church was dedicated to St Donnan, where Dempster, who lived near it, says that his pastoral staff was preserved; and a cattle-market held periodically in April is still called Donnan fair.[2]

Conspicuous among the companions or disciples of Columba was Cormac, of the tribe of Lethan, who claimed descent from Oillil Ollum, an illustrious king of Munster. He seems to have had a strong liking for the sea, and he often took boat from Ireland to visit his friends in Iona. His reception on one of these occasions gives us a peep into monastic life, and the incidents that might enliven it, touched with the customary homage to the preternatural powers of the saint. The brethren are talking about Cormac. He had sailed some time before to the Orkney Islands, and they are speculating from appearances whether or not he has had a prosperous voyage. The voice of Columba breaks in on their prattle. They shall see Cormac himself that very day, and have the account of his fortune from his own lips. Accordingly, an hour or so afterwards, Cormac steps into the oratory, to the delighted surprise of all, and their strengthened confidence in the prophetic gifts of their chief. But a journey to Iona—even to Orkney—seems to have been but a step to Cormac. We are told of a wild voyage of fourteen days' duration straight northwards before he touched land, whence it has been

[1] Martin's Western Islands, 277.
[2] Collection for the History of Aberdeen and Banff, 506.

supposed that he went as far as Iceland. He encountered not only the usual perils of the deep, but the attacks of sea-monsters of hideous and unknown form, which struck against the oars, and threatened to break through the leather sides of the vessel; for a currach or coracle made of skins stretched on a skeleton of wood, propelled by oars, was the frail vessel in which the missionary struck into the North Sea.[1]

We get something like a tangible notion of the object and character of Cormac's journeys in some arrangements that preceded the voyage to Orkney. It is one of the few brief notices in which the biographer of Columba brings persons of the day in a life-like shape before us. Columba is on one of his proselytising visits at the court of Brud, king of the Picts, "beyond the back of Britain," or the Grampian range, perhaps by the side of the Ness, as we have on another occasion found king Brud's court. There the saint meets with a secular visitor to the same court—the Regulus of Orkney. He takes the occasion of the meeting to desire King Brud to enjoin this Regulus, as his tributary, to give protection to his own friend Cormac, who, in his wanderings, is likely to find his way to the Orkney Isles; and we are told that, through this recommendation, Cormac's life was saved when he was there in imminent danger.[2]

Cormac was one of the many Irish ecclesiastics whose name became domesticated in Scotland. Connected with his residence in the country, there are, indeed, some remains that may be contemporary with Columba's mission. A little way off from the shore of South Knapdale, in Argyleshire, opposite to the old church of Kilmory and its many sculptured monuments, is a small bare island, called Ellan Moir Vic O'Chormoig, which is rendered "the Island of the Great Cormac." In the centre of it is an old ecclesiastical building—very old for Scotland. This, however, is not contemporary with the two saints, since it has been

[1] "Ut pelliceum tectum navis penetrales putarentur penetrare posse."—Adamnan, ii. 42.

[2] Adamnan, lib. ii. c. 42.

built by masons acquainted with the Norman arch, and though it has few distinctive features, can yet be fixed as a work not earlier than the eleventh century. There is a stone in a recess within it, reputed by tradition to be the tomb of Cormac, with a recumbent image of a churchman above it; but these things are still later than the oldest part of the church. They all go, along with a still more recent addition to the church, to show the veneration in which the saint's name was held for centuries.

There is, however, another piece of stone-work that might almost escape observation. It consists of two thick walls within a cleft, the sides of which partly support them. These walls are built with much pains, of thin slabs of stone without cement. There is no arch or roof over them, but the top could have been easily covered by beams and turf, and there is a square-topped entrance-door. At the end of this primitive building is a deep narrow cavern of the kind used by the early anchorites. The whole may be of any antiquity, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that one of Columba's companions dwelt there. As we have already seen, there are some other unarched buildings in the far west which may be of like age, but we have not the same trace of connection between them and any of these early missionaries.

Another follower of Columba has lately come forth in remarkable and rather startling light. All through Argyleshire there are scattered the sites or remains of ecclesiastical buildings, coming under names which have a generic similarity—as Kilmary, Kilmory, Kilmorich, Kilmora or Kilmoray. Near Applecross, in Ross-shire, is the beautiful mountain-lake called Loch Maree, and one among its many islands, with many ecclesiastical traditions clustering round it, is Eilen Maree. Local tradition in some instances connected these names with that of the Virgin, and the parochial clergy, when drawing on their etymological resources, were still more decisive in having it so. Still there were in some instances faint traditions of an eminent person, who might have been called a saint in old superstitious times, whose memory was connected with some of these spots. So obstinately, indeed, had such a legend attached

itself to Loch Maree and the adjoining Applecross, that in the seventeenth century the ecclesiastical tribunals had a severe conflict to make the people abandon some strange rites for the propitiation of the spirit of the place—rites that, if they were accurately described by the ecclesiastical authorities, partook not merely of the abjured ceremonies of the old Church, but of the incantations and material sacrifices of heathendom. It was more to the point that some connection could be made out between the being so commemorated and a certain Maelrubius, who has his day and his appropriate service in the accepted breviary of the old Church in Scotland.[1] This commemorative biography connected him with the church of Applecross, which was distinguished as the place of sepulture of his martyred body.[2]

The legend brought him to a martyr's death at the hand of the northern pirates, and it was accompanied by the usual miraculous manifestations. All this might point to some possible churchman of the early centuries, born and bred in Scotland, whose reputed holiness of life had made him one of those by popular tradition placed on the list of the saints. Were there no more than this to found on, farther search were useless; traditions might be heaped together to any amount, but nothing of a distinct biographical character need be hoped for.

It would be otherwise if he were one of the distinguished band who came over with Columba. The Irish antiquaries have identified him as one of these; and the consequence is, that out of their old hagiological literature they have drawn an account of St Maelrubha so distinct, both biographically and genealogically, that it would do credit to a modern peerage.[3]

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[1] Breviarium Aberdonense, Pars Æstiv., fol. lxxxix.

[2] "Corpusque ad basilicam quæ a vulgo dicitur Appilcroce transferri," &c.—Ibid.

[3] Dr Reeves gives us a connected summary in 'St Maelrubha, his History and Churches:' "St Maelrubha, son of Elgana and Subtan, descended on his father's side from Niall the Great, through the Cinel Owen race, and by his mother from the Dalriadian stock, and, through her, nearly related to St Comgall, was born on the 3d of January 642.

According to these accounts he was the founder of a great monastic house, ruling over several subordinate establishments. The spot honoured by his selection did credit to his taste in scenery, for few districts, even of western Scotland, excel Applecross in the abundance and variety of objects, both beautiful and grand, scattered around. He was not cruelly martyred by the Northmen, as late tradition said, but lived in the midst of his own people to a good old age.

Far more significant, however, than the history of the life of the saint himself, is the traditional history of his great foundation, and its subsidiary religious houses. A large group of churches and cells, supposed, from their names as traditionally preserved, to have been dedicated by the early Scottish Church to the Virgin Mary, are thus taken from her and given to this Maelrubha. Twenty-one different spots, scattered over the west and north of Scotland, have, in some instances not with complete success, been connected with his name in his capacity of saint.[1] This curious extinction of traditional etymologies touches on the question, whether the deification of the Virgin was an ancient usage of the Church, and harmonises with the belief of some inquirers, that it was at all events not an ancient usage of the Scots Church.

Those who study old breviaries for purposes other than devotional, know that, apart from the inextricable complexities of the purely ritual elements of the book, there is

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He received his early training at his kinsman's famous monastery of Bangor, where he rose so much in esteem that, according to some authorities, he became the abbot, or, what is more probable, was appointed to the subordinate station of prior. In 671, having attained his twenty-ninth year, he left his native country and withdrew to Scotland. Two years, which were probably spent in choosing a place of abode, having elapsed, he settled in 673 at Apurcrossan, on the north-west coast of Scotland, where he founded a church, which became the nucleus of a conventual establishment, following the order of Bangor, and for a long period affiliated to that monastery. After a presidency of fifty-one years, during which time he enjoyed a character of great sanctity, he died a natural death at Apurcrossan, on Tuesday the 21st day of April 722, at the age of eighty years, three months, and nineteen days."—Proceedings Antiq. Scot., iii. 264.

[1] By Dr Reeves, in his paper cited above.

a little repository of biography in the *Proprium sanctorum*, full of characteristic and curious memorials. The breviary or the missal which had established its use over any district, generally tells us of the saints who were of most influence within it, by enlarging on their services or sufferings. They instruct sometimes in what they want, as well as in what they contain. A missal of the period when Scotland was alienated from England has no service for the great St Thomas-à-Becket, to the English clergy the most thoroughly national of all their ecclesiastical heroes.[1] The Breviary of Aberdeen in this way commemorates a multitude of saints especially dear to the old Church, as it was in the north.[2]

On turning the Gothic pages, we come, one after another, through a crowd of these ancient saints. We thus see that they were familiar objects of reverence with the people of Scotland nearly 1000 years after the time of their sojourn in the flesh—down, in fact, to the Reformation, when at once they were plunged into oblivion, so far as the prevailing ecclesiastical literature is concerned, though their memory, ever growing more indistinct, lingered for some time round the spots which they were believed to have especially sanctified. In turning the pages, the immense preponderance of Celtic names is conclusively distinct. We have,

[1] It is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, where the omission is noticed in a recent note at the beginning. See an account of it in Forbes, Preface to Missale de Arbuthnott, p. xxxvii.

[2] The Breviarium Aberdonense, which seems to have established in Scotland something like the supremacy of the 'Usum Sarum' in England, was printed by Walter Chapman in the year 1500. Only two copies of it were known to be in existence; they were both imperfect, but between them a complete reprint was practicable. The whole Breviary was reprinted at London in 1854, in two volumes quarto, making one of the finest specimens of facsimile reprinting in existence. There is no introduction to the reprint, though the opportunity might have been a good one for drawing on liturgical learning. No doubt, as a reprint it is all the more perfect in the eyes of the collector without any modern comment. There are others, however, who would have been glad to have it along with so scholarly an essay as Bishop Forbes's Preface to the 'Liber Ecclesiæ Beati Terrenani de Arbuthnott, Missale secundum usum Ecclesiæ Sancti Andreæ.'

indeed, a crowd of early saints venerated in Scotland, whose Celtic origin is brought individually home to them. There is little doubt that at the time when they existed there was a large Teutonic element in Scotland, yet among those not known to be of Celtic origin it would be difficult to prove that any one came of the race now inhabiting Lowland Scotland. There are some who will perhaps deem this a national distinction rather than a blot.

It may be observed, in passing, that the brief notices of these holy men to be found in the ritual books of the Church, as well as the larger biographies to be found in the great collections, are to be taken as an exhibition of each saint's position and fame in the later traditions of the Church, rather than as a true history of his life. The brief notices here given of the early Scots saints are taken from authorities near their own day. Enough has been drawn from these to show that they do not always tell the truth, and that, indeed, they conspicuously depart from it into the region of the impossible. But they give all their miracles in a plain blunt fashion, as men of the present day would describe splendid phenomena in science. There is no circumlocution. The saint uses his supernatural powers, and effect at once follows adequate cause. Thus any small everyday incidents, or larger facts bearing on history, that happen to be mixed up with the more momentous doings of the saint, come out with a clearness that enables us in some measure to set apart the natural from the supernatural.

In the course of long use the writing of saints' lives, or hagiology, as it was called, like all other pursuits, was improved according to the notions of improvement current in the Catholic world. It was systematised and brought into the service of the Church. The supernatural elements were not withdrawn, but they were modified. It was not so much that the saint possessed isolated individual supernatural strength to do such things, but that the Deity was pleased to commemorate exceeding purity and holiness of life by some signal and generally beneficent suspension of the ordinary law of nature. How much actual belief is

given to these productions by the educated of later times, even when they are sincere followers of the old Church, is one of the mysteries which it is useless to attempt to solve. It is not the less impenetrable in the personal secret of the heart, that externally it is a phenomenon of continual occurrence in a minor form. Everyday people of all creeds and opinions are content to take things for granted on authority, declining the labour of examination, more especially from a suspicion that it may have troublesome results. The hagiologies were dictated by the Church, and so were to be received with uninquiring deference by its members.

If examined as merely worldly literature, perhaps the life of a saint was, after all, not intended to be taken as an accurate biography even by a credulous person. Its spirit was fully repeated in the *éloges* pronounced on the dead members of the French Academy. It was a kind of rhapsody or written ecstasy, displaying to the best of the artist's power the idea of a poor human creature achieving all but perfection in devotion to the Deity, obedience to the moral law, and humble observance of the duties towards fellow-mortals. Perfections are strung together by such a slight thread of personal history as may keep alive the recollection that they do not refer to any heavenly creature, but to one who, like the reader, has inhabited the poor tenement of clay. There is something to be said for the conception of a literature suited to bring every day, before the contemplative Christian, visions of glorious achievements in godliness, which yet are linked to the world and the human race by the individuality of the person to whom they are attributed. There is an elevating lesson, too, in that unselfishness which, after the saint's full task of godliness is completed, leads on to the works of supererogation which are to be credited to frailer brethren when the great account is made up. Such small items of redemption by mere human worms, instead of superseding, only tended to keep more fully in view the magnitude of the great Atonement. Looking at them in this light, there was in these ideal biographies much to supply the devout mind with elevated and beautiful

thoughts, but they give very little help to the sober purposes of biography and history.[1]

We must not leave the Columban brotherhood without noticing the most important affair in which, as a body, they figure in the external history of Church affairs. The readers of books relating to the ecclesiastical history of Britain at this time, must be familiar with the existence of the great dispute about the time of holding Easter, though they may not have thought fit to study its merits. Apart altogether from these, we shall see that the external conditions of the dispute give it a great interest in political and ecclesiastical history. Before the Council of Nice there were considerable diversities throughout the Christian world in the method of calculating the annual return of Easter. It was the peculiarity of the Eastern Church generally, that they held it on the fourteenth day of the paschal moon, or first Jewish month, whether that day were Sunday or not. The Jewish passover, held on the fourteenth, or full moon, and the Christian commemoration, were apt to coincide. The Council of Nice, in 325, established as a rule over the Christian world that Easter must be celebrated on a Sunday, that the Sunday must be the first after the fourteenth day of the paschal moon, and that the paschal moon is that of which the fourteenth day follows the vernal equinox, fixed on the 21st of March. The regulation might be complicated,

[1] All that from these sources the Author can draw for his present purpose, is to take them as testimony to the high position which the Columban brotherhood held in the esteem of later ages of the Christian world. For the interpretation of these legends in the spirit of the times in which they were written, the fundamental quality is wanting. Yet he cannot help thinking it fortunate that they are not without an interpreter who can utter them in the language and in unison with the tastes of the nineteenth century. To unite an admiration of the practice of the British House of Commons with a devotional affection for the traditions of the old Church, were the qualifications of a rarely gifted man — the late Comte de Montalembert. In this spirit he gave a large portion of his eloquent book on the Monks of the West to the Columbite community. And doubtless, though on the present occasion the interest excited by that work is in its merits as a piece of imaginative literature, there are others to whom it possesses a weightier tenor.

but it was distinct, and the Church at large was directed to obey it.

The Irish ecclesiastics, however, and their Scots mission, followed a traditional method of their own in the fixing of the day which was to be observed as Easter. Bede tells us that they thought the day of the resurrection was to be celebrated between the 14th and 20th of the moon, and that they were obstinate in adhering to that tradition. In the long controversy through which they maintained it, their adversaries charged them with a preference for the passover of the Jews over the Christian sacrament, and at the same time endeavoured to prove that they had blundered in their application of the paschal week, and that their Easter was liable to stray out of the limits of the Jewish law as well as the precept of the Christian Gospel. The large space occupied by this controversy in the early history of the Christian Church in Europe, is a lasting testimony to the important position held by the Scoto-Irish Christian communities. One of their eminent saints, Columbanus—sometimes not unnaturally confounded with Columba—brought censure on himself by insisting on following the Scots practice so far from its native home as Burgundy. It was, however, in England that the contest raged hottest; and there, indeed, it assumed the significant type of a contest of the locally powerful Columbites with the missionaries who came from Rome as the head of Christendom, demanding implicit obedience to the regulations adopted there.

It was shortly before the middle of the seventh century, and in the time of Abbot Seganius, the third in succession from St Columba, that a member of the order was desired as a pastor to the Northumbrians, partly converted to Christianity. Their king, Oswald, in his banishment, had taken refuge in Scotland, and had there received some Christian training. When he requested the Columban establishment to send one of their number to take the ecclesiastical charge of his kingdom, a certain Paulinus, not otherwise known, was appointed to the duty. He returned in a very short time to the fraternity, tired of his task; and the monk of Iona explained to his brethren that he found the barbarity of the inhabitants of Durham

and Yorkshire unendurable. The Columban brethren were seriously grieved for the lot of the Northumbrians, and still eager to help them. One blessed with greater missionary zeal, or more geniality for the task, only found in that which proved so repulsive to Paulinus an attractive field of duty: this was the illustrious Aidan, whose virtues and services are commemorated by Bede with so much earnestness and eloquence. Discoursing on his innocence and abstemiousness, on his genuine piety and his untiring perseverance in his pastoral duties, the historian of the Church has to admit one blot in Aidan—his opposition to the usage of the Church in the observance of Easter. But he had a thorough veneration for Aidan, and made the best of the defect, explaining that he did not adopt the Jewish full moon, but took the first Lord's Day after the full moon as his day for the celebration of Easter. It was now more than three hundred years since the matter had been settled by the Council of Nice. It had been forgotten that there ever was such a question open to debate; and with many other things which had been matter of discussion and dispute in the early Christian Church, it was in the seventh century established at Rome, and deemed the law of all portions of the Church which acknowledged the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, that the method of fixing Easter now set down in the usual chronological authorities, and adopted in almanacs, is the only true method. That the Church of Ireland and Scotland should thus have held its own method uninterrupted for so long a time, is one of the many conditions which show how entirely it was separated from the Romish connection and influence. Bede makes excuses for the Columban community as a body so far out of the world, that there was no one to bring to them the synodical decrees concerning Easter; and he compassionates them as men left, without any supreme guidance, to find the paths of piety and goodness for themselves in the prophetical, evangelical, and apostolical Scriptures.[1]

[1] "In tempore quidem summæ festivitatis dubios circulos sequentes, utpote quibus longe ultra orbem positis, nemo synodalia paschalis observantiæ decreta porrexerat: tantum ea quæ in propheticis evangeli-

Aidan was a mighty saint, and the places and things with which he was connected were gifted with miraculous virtues, the effect of which Bede faithfully relates, ever, at the same time, to the last lamenting that one so signally favoured should, in pursuance of a provincial tradition, have strayed from the observance of the great festival as fixed by the Church. But the Northumbrian Church still required to be spiritually supplied from Scotland. Aidan was succeeded by St Finnian, who built on the isle of Lindisfarne a church, afterwards venerated as a cathedral, and as the parent of the episcopate of the north of England. It was, as Bede says, not built of stone, but of oak, and roofed with thatch, afterwards removed by the Archbishop Theodore, who covered both roof and walls with lead.[1] Finnian was as stubborn in the Columban observance of Easter as his predecessor had been; and again Bede has to lament the single blot on the memory of one who was otherwise a true saint and servant of Christ, in humility, abstinence, devotion, and all the sanctifying qualities. To one who held so large a place in the history of the English Church, it would have been impossible to deny the qualities of a great Christian missionary, without throwing a shadow on the reputation of that Church itself; and hence the perplexity of the Catholic historian, who has to record the history of men whose services as Christian missionaries made them great architects of the Catholic Church in England, who yet were, on one important point, at variance with Catholic practice as dictated from Rome. Finnian was fiercely opposed in his Easter practice by a brother Columban, St Ronan, who, having travelled, had become a champion of the Continental practice. He appears to have been a man of high renown in the Western Scots Church — if he be that same Ronan from whom the isle of Rona, and more than one church dedicated to St Ronan, derived their names. But as a single champion he was no match for the great

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cis et apostolicis lateris discere poterant, pietatis et castitatis opera diligenter observantes."—L. iii. c. 4.

[1] Bede, iii. 25.

St Finnian, whose name and influence were spreading with the progress of Christianity. Penda, prince of Southern Mercia, came to seek in marriage the daughter of the king of Northumbria, but could not obtain her hand, until he embraced the Christian faith, and was baptised under the auspices of Finnian, who commissioned four priests to attend him back to his father's realm, one of whom became bishop of the new Christian kingdom of Mercia when the young prince became king. The East Saxons, who had relapsed from the faith and expelled their bishop, were again to be restored to Christianity by the hand of Finnian, who baptised their king and his followers near the Roman wall when they were visiting Northumbria.

During Finnian's day his heterodoxy about Easter was, as Bede tells us, tolerated; but it would have been difficult practically to question the practice of one who was as much the head of the Church in his own district as the Pope was at Rome. In the days of his successor Colman, however, the Scots Church was destined to meet the Continental in a formidable contest on this point. Augustin and the other missionaries from Rome had included the Scots ecclesiastics in their pastoral addresses and admonitions, sometimes censuring their schismatic conduct in the matter of Easter; but these were such mere empty fulminations as ecclesiastical authorities are wont to discharge against those over whom they claim an unadmitted rule. Now, however, the branch of the Scots Church in the north of England had to contest the point with the great St Wilfrid, who, like Ronan, had sojourned among the Continental churches, but who had the advantage of being a brother Saxon, and brought to his side of the controversy the support of Alfrid, the son of Osway the king.

It was determined that a great discussion should be held on this and some minor points of observance in the monastery of the Bay of the Lighthouse — now called Whitby—presided over by the celebrated abbess Hilda. The date commonly given to this meeting is the year 664; and a clear account is given of it by Bede, who doubtless heard it discussed with animation by fathers of the Church

in his day, acquainted with persons who had been present, if they had not themselves been so. We have Wilfrid's arguments, doctrinal, traditional, and chronological, at length. But the feature of historical interest in his pleading comes towards the end, when he charges his opponents with sinning against the decrees of the Apostolic See and the universal Church.[1]

This was probably the first occasion on which the Scots Columban ecclesiastics heard the authority of the See of Rome solemnly referred to as a rule requiring their obedience. The controversy ends in a manner characteristic enough for its own day, but not easily to be described at this time without an appearance of levity. Wilfrid referred for the Catholic observance to the sanction of Peter, the prince of the apostles, who held the keys of the kingdom of heaven. The king, turning to Colman, asked if this said of St Peter's powers were true. It was. Had any such power been given to Columba? His follower could not say there had. To the perceptions of the monarch the way to the solution was now clear. He would not contradict him who kept the key of the door to salvation, lest when he presented himself there he might be refused admittance by the person he had offended.

The controversy about the observance of Easter was accompanied by a minor dispute about the Tonsure, or shaving of the head as a sign of dedication to the Church. The practice in those churches which professed the Catholic unity of the See of Rome was to shave a circular area on the crown of the head, leaving it surrounded by a circle of hair. The Catholic party, as we may call them, were astonished and horrified to find that the Columbites shaved a long narrow streak in the shape of a crescent from ear to ear, leaving unshaven a narrow semicircle in front and the crown and back of the head. There have been several theories of the symbolic meaning of the tonsure; and if the prevailing theory, that it symbolised the crown of thorns, be the true one, the Columbites and their Irish brethren had certainly misunderstood it. The Abbot

[1] Decreta Sædis Apostolicæ immo universalis Ecclesiæ, iii. 25.

Ceolfrid, in his letter to the king of the Picts, presently to be noticed, explains this symbolisation in an appropriate and attractive manner. The tonsure is a crown, but it is a crown symbolical of humility and suffering—of humility, as it removes the honours from the head, and exposes it shaven to the scorn of the thoughtless; of humility and suffering together, as it represents the crown of thorns around the Saviour's head. The Columbite tonsure, he said, might look like a crown in front, but behold it from the side, how grotesque it then became. In discussing the matter with St Adamnan, Ceolfrid had recourse to arguments more of this world, asserting boldly that the Columbites had adopted the tonsure of Simon Magus.[1] Another method of debasing it was the assertion that it had been introduced by the swineherd of the pagan king who resisted the missionary labours of St Patrick.[2] Adamnan yielded to the arguments of the English ecclesiastics on both the objects of controversy, the observance of Easter and the tonsure, when he was on a visit, or perhaps a mission, to his old pupil Alfrid, king of Northumbria. He endeavoured to bring the brethren over whom he ruled to the same view, but in vain. If their monastic obedience was still as absolute as in the days of Columba, it did not include compliance on such matters of old traditional observance.[3] Adamnan went to Ireland, where he was more successful, at least in the southern portion of the island. But soon afterwards the pressure of Catholic unity was brought to bear on Iona. The letter of Ceolfrid, abbot of Jarrow, already referred to, was addressed to Naitan, king of the Picts, about the year 710; it occupies a considerable space in Bede's History, and may be profitably read by any one desirous of studying in full the grounds of the Catholic observance on both the disputed points, as set forth at the time when the schism was yet in existence.

We are told by Bede that King Naitan, to whom this state paper was addressed, was a studious man and an ardent seeker after Catholic truth, who had studied the

[1] Bede, v. 21. [2] Adamnan; Reeves's Notes, 351. [3] Bede, v. 15.

matter for himself, and had come to a correct conclusion. He desired support, however, from the high authority of the English ecclesiastics, and to be furnished by them with arguments sufficient to silence the gainsayers. As an inducement to give him earnest assistance in this matter, he expressed his wish to bring his dominions into general conformity with the Roman Apostolic Church, so far as the remoteness of his people from the Roman nation and language permitted. He desired, especially, that architects might be sent to him, who would build for him a church in the Roman manner, to be dedicated to St Peter. Hence the ample letter to the king of the Picts from the Abbot Ceolfrid.[1] We are told that it was translated into the Pictish language, and solemnly read to King Naitan and certain learned men. The sequel was, that the king accepted of the pontifical observance of Easter day and the tonsure, and decreed that it should be held among the clergy throughout his dominions.[2] Had it not been that the object of this decree was to further Catholic unity as proclaimed from Rome, Bede would hardly have accepted it acquiescingly as he does, as coming from a competent authority on matters ecclesiastical.

It is a pity that there is hardly anything of a distinct kind on the other side to tell us how this decree was received. We can only see that there were difficulties. On the community of Iona itself it does not appear that the Pictish monarch felt himself entitled to enforce conformity. Near the period of Naitan's decree there are notices in the Irish annalists of children of Iona having been driven out of the Pictish dominion. The community of Iona brought the dispute to an end by conformity in the year 716. This is no doubt very close on the great letter and King Naitan's

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[1] In the preface, by Joseph Robertson, to the Statuta Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ, a suggestion is thrown out, that "the letter was written, probably by Bede's own hand, in an English monastery, in the name of the English abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow," xvi.

[2] "Palam profiteor, vobisque qui adsidetis præsentibus protestor, quia hoc observare tempus Paschæ cum universa mea gente perpetuo volo; hanc accipere debere tonsuram quam plenam esse rationis audimus, omnes qui in meo regno sunt clericos decerno," v. 21.

decree, yet it is significant that Bede records the conformity of Iona as a separate transaction, with a cause of its own. It was the work of Egbert, one of those favourites of his, whose zeal, piety, asceticism, and sacrifice of self to the great cause, he dwells on with affectionate earnestness. Egbert had devoted himself to a mission among the heathen Frisians and Danes on the Continent, when a friend and fellow-labourer in the cause gave him a message which he professed to have received from the lips of the Saviour. Its purport was that Egbert was not to work among the heathen, but to bring into conformity the brotherhood of Iona, whose ploughs do not go straight. Through his persuasions Iona was brought to conformity both on the holding of Easter and on the tonsure in the year 716. There was great joy in the Anglo-Saxon churches on this event; and it was noted that while the Scots had communicated to them through holy Aidan the divine truth, so had they returned the gift by bringing their erring brethren to conformity with the rule of the Church.[1]

To enumerate all the religious houses, churches, and cells planted by the Columbite brethren and ruled from Iona, would make a tedious topographical list. The manner in which they spread one after another through the country has been exemplified in the achievements of Maelrubha and other subsidiary missionaries. Spreading over Scotland, the Columban Church met that of St Cuthbert at the Firth of Forth; for nearly what Iona was to the north of Scotland, St Cuthbert's establishment at Lindisfarne was to the north of England and the Lothians. For the rest of Scotland it has been well said that "the abbots of Iona were for many years in point of fact the primates of northern Scotland, and their monastery the centre of ecclesiastical government and religious enterprise."[2]

Evil days, however, were in store for this community of pious recluses. Nothing could have been better calculated to

[1] Bede, b. iv. ch. 9, b. v. ch. 22.
[2] Grub, Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, i. 69.

serve the purposes of the Norse sea-rovers than the collection of valuable movables which might belong to a religious house, easily accessible from the sea. They plundered Lindisfarne and such others as they could find near the coasts in England and Scotland, and thoroughly exhausted whatever was to be got along the Irish shores. Iona was, however, peculiarly in their way, as they passed along the western coast of Scotland to their great marauding ground in Ireland, and had no chance of toleration from them until they should be brought under the influence of Christianity. At a very early time this, the centre of ecclesiastical government in Scotland, was paralysed, but the parts of the system held together, and seem indeed to have been comforted and assisted by the powerful houses of the same brotherhood in Ireland. Adamnan is the last of the abbots of whom we have a distinct account, although, like the genealogy of an exiled royal house, the succession was kept up; and indeed some members of the order seem to have hung round their desolated abode, taking in the spirit of martyrdom the dangers and the hardships of such a lot. With their habitual brevity, the Irish annals tell us that in the year 806 the Gentiles slew sixty-eight of the brethren. The Irish annals and the traditions of the Church tell how the holy relics of St Columba were concealed in the island, and how in the year 825 Blaithmac suffered martyrdom, being slain by a party of the rovers because he would not give them access to the relics, or rather to the shrine containing those which were likely to be worth acquiring.[1] A few years afterwards we hear of these relics being removed—one portion to Kells, in the county of Meath, in Ireland, a spot rife with memorials and traditions of St Columba. The other portion was removed to Dunkeld, to which the ecclesiastical supremacy of Iona was virtually transferred in the middle of the ninth century. The chronicles make this the establishment of a bishopric there, which was for a time the primacy of Scotland. At

[1] Tigheman and Annals of Ulster at the date. War of the Guedhil with the Gaill. Index Hy Del Norske Folks. Historie frunstillet af P. A. Munch, 443. Lanigan, Eccles. History of Ireland, iii. 252.

all events, the community there set down was endowed by King Kenneth, and was in fact so well off, that the Norsemen, getting scent of its possessions, were tempted to press on to that very inaccessible spot in one of their plundering expeditions, as we shall find when we turn to the narrative of secular events.

The religious community thus arising in Dunkeld was one of those which afterwards became so famous under the title of Culdees. Of these, as the term did not come into use until a later period, it will be as well to reserve mention until we reach another epoch in the ecclesiastical history of the country.

CHAPTER IX.

NARRATIVE TO THE UNION OF THE SCOTS AND PICTS.

HISTORY AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROMANS—STRATHCLYDE AND ITS DYNASTY—DISAPPEARANCE FROM HISTORY—PICTLAND—BATTLE OF NECHTANS-MERE—ITS INFLUENCE ON THE ADJUSTMENT OF A NATIONAL BOUNDARY—THE EXTINCTION OF THE SEPARATE PICTISH NATIONALITY—THE SCOTS—THEIR IRISH ORIGIN—CARBER RIADHA—FERGUS—AIDAN AND THE ADJUSTMENT OF THE DYNASTY—CONFERENCE OF DRUMCAT—BATTLE OF MOYRA, AND ITS EPIC—SCOTS CLAIMS ON IRELAND—THE CHRONICLES AND THEIR IMPORT—KING KENNETH AND THE UNION OF THE PICTS AND SCOTS—ITS MYSTERIES—CONDITION OF THE SCOTS CELTS—THEIR HIGH PLACE IN CIVILISATION.

After the departure of the Romans, the first germs of events that can be called national history appear in the sixth century. The partition of the country, such as we have seen it, had not greatly varied. On the east side, the Saxon invaders pressed hard on the Britons between the walls; and when the terrible Ida at that time built himself a fortress at Bamburgh, within twenty miles of the Tweed, he seems to have ruled the country northwards to the Tay. The Britons continued to maintain an independent territory in the west, from the Solway to the Clyde; and northward the country was divided between the Picts on the east and north, and the Irish Scots on the west.

These last were in the ascendant; and as it is through them that the thread of history is connected, it will be convenient to deal briefly, in the first place, with the other two states.

The last retreat of the Romanised Britons was called

originally Strathclyde, but in later times more frequently Cumbria. Since we must reject the legends of Arthur and Merlin as romances, there is very little fit to be called history that can be put in their place. We see nothing but a feeble race dwindling away before the pressure of their aggrandising neighbours. There was not sufficient vital strength in them to hold and work the civilisation which Rome had bequeathed to them. Their history is altogether a sad one. Through the imperfect and confused story of the occupation by the Romans, we can easily see that these encountered a high-spirited and warlike people, whose subjugation was difficult and dangerous work. Whether it was that they were a people not adapted for civilisation, or that the Roman kind of civilisation did not suit the race, and withered instead of nourishing its vitality, it is certain that the Britons came from the hands of their civilisers a damaged race. In the scanty notices of the chroniclers the district is generally called a kingdom, but this may have been more from the habit of using that term towards the neighbouring nations, than because there was any fixed form of monarchical government in Strathclyde. Strathclyde has less renown from its political history than as the theatre of the triumphs of St Kentigern. Through him the two kings, who were his contemporaries—Machen his persecutor, and Rederech his patron—come out of the utter darkness of political into the doubtful light of ecclesiastical history.

We have the names of some other rulers of Strathclyde, but little more than the names, unless we should accept the narratives of Geoffrey of Monmouth and the Welsh traditions.[1] The Irish chronicles tell us here and there, with their usual brevity, of attacks on the Britons by their neighbours, the Picts, the Saxons, or the Scots. Sometimes the routine is varied by a raid from "the black strangers," as the Vikings were called, who pounced on

[1] In the more authentic Welsh chronicle, the Brut y Tywysogion, or Chronicle of the Princes, the entries about Strathclyde are few and brief. It would be difficult to find any reference to the country in the Annales Cambriæ.

any place where they could get abundant booty, with entire indifference to the nation or language of the sufferers.[1] Among the most emphatic of these casual records, it is told how, in 756, a Saxon and Pictish army, under Egbert and Unst, pressed so hard on Alcluyd or Dumbarton, that the place was surrendered to them after a siege of four months.[2] Four years afterwards we are told of the burning of the fortress, which was probably, after the fashion of the day, a large collection of wooden houses, protected by the height of the rock on which it stood, and, where necessary, by embankments.

There is a story, scarcely supported by sufficient evidence, how, in the year 878, a body of the harassed natives of Strathclyde fought their way through their enemies, and though their leader, Constantine, was killed at Lochmaben, succeeded, in considerable numbers, in reaching the shelter of their fellow-countrymen in Wales, where they continued to exist as a distinct and distinguished colony.[3]

A glimpse has been obtained of incidents which look like matrimonial alliances between the royal families of Scots Dalriada and Strathclyde, leading to peaceful adjustments of the government of the two countries. A certain Eoch, indeed, son of a king of Strathclyde by his wife, a daughter of the king of Scots, makes his appearance as a joint ruler of the Scots along with Grig, who figures in the fabulous historians as Gregory the Great. But the whole affair is so fugitive and confused as to afford nothing but perplexity to those who have tried to unravel it.[4]

There remained so much life in the province for more

[1] See during the eighth century the Annals of Ulster, the Welsh Chronicle of the Brut, the Extracts collected by Ritson, ii. 175. In the Brut the narratives are naturally turned so as to enlighten the downward progress with slight gleams of success, thus: "Seven hundred and fifty was the year of Christ when the battle between the Britons and Picts took place—to wit, the action of Maesydog; and the British killed Talargan, the king of the Picts."

[2] An. Ulst., 230; Hoveden, i. 7.

[3] See Chalmers, i. 355; Robertson's Early Kings, i. 54.

[4] See Chalmers, i. 354, 382; Robertson's Early Kings, i. 34.

than a century later, that we hear of its king, Domnal or Donald, dying in the year 975 on a pilgrimage to Rome; and in 1018, at the battle between the Scots and Saxons at Car, near Wark, in Northumberland, the king of the Strathclyde Welsh is the ally or tributary of the king of the Scots.[1] A few years later, in the reign of Malcolm II., the separate kingdom became absorbed into Scotland generally.

Of the much larger territory inhabited by the Picts we have hardly more materials for the early history than we have found for Strathclyde. We have enough only to let us see a strong people, holding their own, and often formidable to their neighbours. The oldest chroniclers supply the country with a complete list of kings, reaching to a very distant period. It has been customary to accept the list as genuine, from Drust, who reigned when the Romans abandoned Britain, downwards. This gives, from the middle of the fifth century to the middle of the eighth, when Pictland ceased to be a separate state, forty-three kings.[2] It is a bare catalogue, connected with but one or two isolated events; and thus, whether it affords the names of persons who were real kings, or was made to meet the demand of the old chroniclers that every state must have its regular dynasty of kings, is a matter of small moment.

The chief event in the separate history of Pictland is the missionary visit of Columba in the reign of King Brud, already twice referred to. There were wars between the Picts and their neighbours, the most formidable of whom were the aggressive Saxons. Their kingdom of Northumbria extended over the Lothians, and was separated from Pictland by the Forth. The great conqueror Ida, and his successor Ella, seem both to have had too much on their hands otherwise, and to have been shy of a contest with the Picts. Edwin, the reputed founder of Edinburgh, and his successors, Oswald and Osway, are spoken of as draw-

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[1] Ritson, ii. 185.

[2] See the list given in a chronological table in Chalmers's Caledonia, i. 207.

ing tribute from the king of the Picts, as well as from the other northern sovereigns. The extent of the power thus spoken of is not very distinct; but it is certain that the next king, Egfrid, resolving to try the game of conquest, passed the Forth and marched into Pictland. He crossed the Tay, and penetrated inland as far as a place called sometimes Dun-nechtan, and sometimes Nechtans-mere. It has been identified as Dunnichen, where a rising-ground with a fort on it answers to the one name, and a small adjoining lake answers to the other.

Of the details of the battle we know nothing. It has almost escaped the notice of the fabulous historians, so that we are spared the embarrassment of dealing with fictitious enumerations of troops and imaginary military operations. There can be no doubt, however, that, to carry the decisive results given to it with common consent in the early authorities, there must have been a mighty battle on the 20th of May, in the year 685. The Saxon invaders were defeated. Their general, King Egfrid, was slain. It has been said that great honour was paid to the dead king, and that he was buried in Iona, where Adamnan, the biographer of St Columba, then reigned as abbot. The Saxon army was destroyed; the frontier of the Forth was abandoned; and the kingdom of Northumbria, taking its limits at the Tweed, foreshadowed the boundary-line between the England and Scotland of later times. The Saxon kings of Northumbria had established a bishopric, or, if not a bishopric, a great monastery, in the old Roman province. The centre of its influence was at Abercorn, near the Forth, and a short way westward of Queensferry. But after the battle of Nechtans-mere this ecclesiastical establishment shifted for safety to Whitby, in Yorkshire.[1]

This affair of Nechtans-mere is, in a confused list of

[1] The battle of Nechtans-mere is mentioned by the chroniclers generally, but its political influence is best laid down by Bede (iv. 26), who says it was a judgment on Egfrid for making a raid on the harmless people of Ireland, and wasting even their churches and monasteries.

battles, the one that comes out in history as leaving a marked territorial influence. It is held by some to have permanently severed the country between the Tay and the Forth from the influences that would have made it part of England. Of other fights, sometimes with the Saxons and sometimes with the Scots, we have only the ancient names, leading sometimes, but not always, to the places where they were fought.

But we have notices of other conflicts, more suggestive of hard-fought battles, within Pictland, where both armies, by name at least, were Picts. The historians, with nothing to found on but the names of the conqueror and conquered in the brief record of the chronicles, had yet to give the proper conventional harmony to their picture, and to speak of civil wars, weak and strong governments, and the suppression of rebellions. But the impression left by looking only to the materials they had to work upon is a doubt whether the country of the Picts was the established kingdom it is represented to have been—a doubt not only extending to the question whether it may not have had a variety of rulers and methods of government, but whether the country was inhabited by people of one race and language. In the midst of this dimness and confusion the Pictish kingdom drops out of history, and Kenneth, the king of the Scots, is found reigning over its people in the middle of the ninth century. The name of Picts continued to be applied to the inhabitants of Galloway, but through the north-eastern districts, where it had predominated, it rapidly faded out of use.

Such a phenomenon has naturally puzzled historians. Those of the patriotic and fabulous class—whose rise we shall afterwards have to consider as part of the history of national feeling in Scotland—naturally found a shape for it which suited the nationality of their narrative. There was but one way in which, of two hostile nations, the one should disappear from history, and that one way was conquest. The Irish origin of Scot and Scotia had then been forgotten or repudiated. The great object was, in rivalry with England, to take for Scotland the position of a great and ancient nation. There had no doubt been among

them intruders called Picts, with whom they had an obstinate contest; but the might of Scotland at last prevailed, and the Picts were not only vanquished, but absolutely extirpated—not one of them left to hand down the memory of the race, save some who fled into England.[1]

In times still later—when the idea of the total extirpation of a people was not thought an event so very likely that it was to be believed on the authority of tradition, when contemporary authorities said nothing about it — other theories were devised to account for the disappearance of the Picts. A favourite among these is that a union came about through royal marriages, and the opening of a united succession to the two thrones in the person of Kenneth. To prove this laborious genealogical inquiries have been made, and specialties in the Pictish principles of succession have been sought for and established to the satisfaction of the seekers. They started on a fanciful story by Bede, who sometimes gave himself to idle gossip, though not often, at least on secular matters. "The Picts," he said, "came to Scotland without wives, and on their earnest solicitation the Scots gave them wives, on a condition that when any difficulty arose in a succession to the throne, the female should have a preference to the male line." It is in vain, however, to seek a principle of succession in those times—it was a thing not discovered for centuries to come. The War of Succession in Scotland, the Wars of the Roses in England, the Hundred Years' War in France,

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[1] The Picts have left traditions of their existence. The great Roman wall was called "the Picts' Wall." There is "the Picts' Work Ditch," and "the Picts' Houses." In Orkney, the Picts or Pechts are believed in as an uncanny or elvish race—small black creatures, living underground, like the Kobolds of Germany. The late Mr Robert Stevenson, the lighthouse engineer, when sojourning in Orkney, was told by some people that they rejoiced to have met with a man of his learning and experience, who could decide for them a delicate question. They thought they had caught "a Pecht." If it was so, he must be put to death; but a mistake would be unpleasant. Mr Stevenson was taken to see the captive, and found sound asleep an old school-companion of his own, named Campbell, small and swarthy, afterwards celebrated as a missionary. Scott mentions this incident in his journal.

all arose from the problem of a principle of succession not having been solved.[1]

In times so much earlier, it is only natural that we should be unable to find a principle capable of giving effect to itself in the face of interests, prejudices, and powers. The strongest ruled, and there was an appearance of hereditary descent because the strongest person was somewhere near the last possessor. We must look to other forces for having brought the two peoples under one governor, and must be content, until we can find more specific causes, to attribute it to the influence of the high civilisation we shall find to have existed among the Scots —to the influence of this civilisation in a compact and organised government, over a people with no strong organisation or principle of unity among themselves. It is an instance of the often invisible process of absorption and aggregation by which nations grow.

Let us now go back and trace the entrance and progress of the community which, prevailing for the time over the

[1] It admits but of one solution, and that is the law of primogeniture. This may be in two shapes, either by absolute primogeniture, without regard to sex, or exhausting the one sex in each degree before the other sex in the same degree is drawn on. The succession to the crown of England is in the latter form, male taking precedence of female descendants. This is the only principle of succession, because it is as uniform and self-acting as a law of nature—as the mechanical laws of gravitation and hydrostatics. The degree of relationship being once established as a fact, there never can be any doubt of the extent of right it confers, and we at once know a claimant to be in bad faith if he has any doubt about it. We may make other rules if we like for succession, but if they deviate from primogeniture they will never be self-acting. They will always require an interpreter, and always be liable to doubts arising from cases not anticipated by the framers of the rule, and from such doubts come disputes and wars. The system of primogeniture, though so long of being discovered, is, like many other laws long delayed to mankind, exceedingly simple. There are many other instances equally striking of simple alternatives long delayed, while complex substitutes were in use. Nothing can be simpler, for instance, than an absolute alphabetical arrangement of matters ; and yet neither the Greeks nor the Romans had any notion of a dictionary or an encyclopedia. What can be simpler than the Arabic numeral system? yet it was not known until the rise of the acute school of practical philosophers from which it takes its name.

others, became the centre to which they gravitated, and finally gave a name to the territory inhabited by all. A chief among the Scots of Ulster, called Carber Riadha, who lived in the middle of the third century, became, according to the Irish annals, so important as to found a dynasty. The people governed by his descendants were called Dalriads, and their territory, forming the northern part of the present county of Antrim, became known as Dalriada. When they had passed over in such numbers as to form a considerable colony in Argyle, some of the descendants of Carber thought it worth while to seek their fortunes in the colony, and became governors there over a people who took the name of Dalriads. Thus Erc, who ruled in Irish Dalriada, had at least two sons—some annalists say six—bearing rule in Scotland. The eldest was Loarn More, or the Great Loarn, whose name still lives in the district and marquisate of Lorne. He may be counted the first king of Dalriada, and thence the first king of Scotland—at least it is impossible to carry the thread of even a probable ruling authority, vested in the ancestors of the kings of Scotland, any farther back. His period is the commencement of the sixth century. The year 503 has been stated as the first of his reign. To trace the course of his successors is difficult, since the race brought with them the ways of the Irish monarchies or chiefships, and of many others of the same age, in which there was neither an absolute law of succession nor definite boundaries either of territory or authority. This difficulty has been aggravated by the efforts both of annalists and antiquaries, who have endeavoured to bind the few known facts of the period to the pure hereditary principles which grew in feudal times, or to some other rule of succession which they have attributed to the Irish monarchies. For some such reasons as those just alluded to, no rule of the kind can be found, and we must be content with the simple facts, which show us several members of the predominant family all holding portions of territory more or less extensive; while one, not always indicated by any established principle of descent, is generally the most powerful, and may be numbered among the kings or

chief rulers of Dalriada. So, though his brother Angus possessed Islay, and other relations of Loarn were more or less endowed, it was his youngest brother, Feargus More, or Fergus the Great, who succeeded him as king of Scots Dalriada. Though, as we have seen, his eldest brother Loarn ruled before him, yet Feargus holds a more conspicuous position as the father of the dynasty, since it was his descendants, and not those of Loarn, who afterwards ruled in Dalriada. It is in him too that the scanty broken traces of genuine history join the full current of the old fabulous conventional history of Scotland. Thus Feargus may be identified with Fergus II.—the fortieth king of Scotland, according to Buchanan and the older historians. This identity has served to show, with singular clearness, the simple manner in which the earlier fabulous race of Scots kings was invented. A Fergus was still the father of the monarchy, but to carry back the line to a respectable antiquity a preceding Fergus was invented, who reigned more than 300 years before Christ—much about the time when Babylon was taken by Alexander, as Buchanan notices.[1] To fill up the intervening space between the imaginary and the actual Fergus, thirty-eight other monarchs were devised, whose portraits may now be seen in the picture-gallery of Holyrood.

There is little doubt that, whatever the preceding immigrants may have been, their descendants, Riadha, and the people who followed him, were Christians. They thus at once assume a conspicuous aspect in the misty history of the time, as a people of a higher civilisation than the tribes among whom they sojourned, and as a portion of the all-conquering Christian community. They had not been long settled in Scotland, before, as we have seen, they were joined by the great spiritual potentate of their original country, Columba. The reigning monarch of Dalriada at the time of his arrival was Conall—the sixth if we count from Loarn, the fifth if from Feargus. The

[1] "Adventum ejus in Albium in ea tempora conjiciunt, quibus Alexander Macedo Babylonem cœpit; tricentesimo tricesimo fere anno ante Christum natum."—Lib. iv.

influence of the mission became conspicuous in the increased power and rank of his successor Aidan. He seized the succession from Duncha, the son of Conall, in a war terminated by a battle called Lero, in which Duncha was slain. If the historian should attempt to decide between the justice of the two causes, and apply such terms to the claimants as rebel or deserter, he must deal with the difficulty of finding that, though the defeated prince was the son of the preceding king, the victor was a nearer hereditary representative, by primogeniture, of their common ancestor Feargus.

Aidan was inaugurated to the throne with sacred sanctions of the most solemn character. He was anointed by the hand of the great missionary, and it was given forth in a picturesque narrative how Columba was constrained to perform this function by the visible coercion of the Almighty. He would, as a mere man, with his predilections in the flesh, have preferred that Iogen, the brother of Aidan, should mount the throne. In his ecstasy an angel appeared before him, and showed him the crystal book in which were recorded the sacred decrees concerning the succession. The saint, though he there saw Aidan plainly indicated, continued to hold by his own choice; whereon the angel struck him a blow on the side with his fist, the cicatrice of which remained all the days of the holy man's life, to remind him of his rebellion. The angel bade him know by that token that the crystal book was sent to him from above that its behests might be obeyed; and if he still refused to comply, he would receive another blow to remind him of his duty. Three visits by the angel, and three exhibitions of the crystal book, were, we are told, necessary to bend his obstinate spirit. At last he summoned Aidan to Iona to be consecrated, and there, the saint laying his hand upon the head of Aidan, "ordained" him and his posterity to the crown of Dalriada.[1]

The solemn ceremony was accompanied by a prophecy, which curiously associates together the sacred attributes of those early saints and the temporal influence, as mem

[1] Adamnan, lib. iii. ch. 5.

bers of royal houses, to which they made these attributes subservient. The ambition and talents of Aidan seem to have given the saint some uneasy suspicions that he might aspire to the throne of his relations in Ireland. By his descent from Riadha he belonged to the race of the Hy Nial or principal rulers of Ireland. To these Columba himself had a still closer relationship, so he uttered a prophecy somewhat in these terms: "Aidan, you and your posterity will be invincible in your throne until they do injustice to me and my race. Recommend, therefore, to your sons, that they also recommend to their descendants, that they may retain their throne by observing the conditions of its settlement; for whenever they lift a hand against me or my relations in Ireland, then shall the blow which I received from the angel on your behalf be converted to a curse on them; the heart of man shall be taken out of them, and their enemies shall triumph over them." A prophecy believed to have been fulfilled in the battle of Moyra.[1]

Within a year after his accession, Aidan justified these prophetic fears by emancipating his territory, coming to be known as Alba, from dependence on the monarchs of Ireland. The tenor of the narrative of this affair is, that a contest arose between Aidan, king of Alba, and Aedh M'Ainmore, king of Ireland, as to the supreme dominion over the Scots Dalriads. This, with some other matters, was referred to a solemn conference at Drumcat in Ireland, where it was arranged that there should no longer be tribute paid by the Scots Dalriads to the Irish monarch, but that the colonists were to follow the banner of the parent nation in foreign contests, and each country was to extend mutual hospitality to the inhabitants of the other. It was virtually a declaration of independence, raising the position of the rulers of Alba from tributaries to supreme monarchs.

Aidan pursued the career of an aggrandising monarch in several battles with his neighbours the Picts, the Britons of Strathclyde, and even the terrible Saxons of England.

[1] Adamnan, lib. iii. ch. 5.

Bede tells in brief terms how he marched southward with a great army, and was defeated by the mighty Ethelfrid at a spot now identified as Dalston, near Carlisle. The success cannot have been entirely with the Saxons, since, according to the same authority, Ethelfrid's brother Theobald was slain, with nearly all the detachment under his command. Bede closes his short narrative by saying, that from that war down to his own days no king of the British Scots durst come to make war on the English. In these wars with the barbarians, as Adamnan calls them, Aidan lost two of his sons, a calamity which connects itself with the continued influence of the missionary over the king he had unwillingly consecrated. As the Pope might in later ages have summoned an obedient sovereign, Columba called Aidan and his younger sons to Iona, that the succession of the throne might be adjusted—the elder sons need not come forward, for they were doomed to fall in battle. The saint called Eochad Bhui to his bosom; and Eochad and his race were pronounced by an unalterable decree the future kings of Dalriada or British Scotia. After the good old age of eighty, Aidan died in peace, and Eochad Bhui succeeded him, according to the saint's decree.

Aidan's reign is followed by a mere catalogue of kings or chiefs, with brief allusions to their quarrels, until we come to the fourth in order—until the reign of Donald Brec, which began about the year 637. For a hundred years, while Ireland was riven by the claims and contests of a crowd of petty sovereigns and chiefs, Dalriada seems to have prospered into so compact and powerful a state, that its new ruler, immediately on his accession, contemplated the subjugation of Ireland, or a trial for the chief command there, and he was thus led to his fate in the fulfilment of Columba's prophecy. A certain Congal Claon, representing one of the houses struggling for authority, had killed Subney Mean, the king, or the most powerful among the kings, of the north of Ireland. His successor, Domnal, attacked Congal, and defeated him at the battle of Dun-Reherm. Congal took refuge in Dalriada, and offered his services to his uncle, Donald Brec, king of the

Scots, should he pursue the project of trying for empire in Ireland. Donald is said to have collected a large mixed army of Scots, Picts, Strathclyde Britons, even Saxons, which he landed in Ireland in the year 637. He was met by King Domnal at Magh Rath, now known as Moyra, in the county of Down, and there was fought a decisive battle. It is described as lasting for seven days. Any accounts of it that can be depended on are as bare as possible. They say nothing but that the battle was fought and the invading army utterly defeated. In other quarters the affair is related with a fulness and minuteness even less satisfactory to the inquirer than the dry brevity of the authentic chronicles. The victory of Moyra was more than the decision of a mere contest between dynasties. The presence of combatants of a foreign race and tongue made it a victory in a struggle for national independence; and its memory became more significant and important when, after the lapse of centuries, the Saxon returned to enslave the Celt. Its immediate effect was limited to a district in the north, but it grew in fame and importance until it became the Marathon of all Ireland. A world of imbitterment from other contests and troubles has nearly obliterated its remembrance in the national heart; but, about the time of the English invasion, the various traditions of the battle had been drawn into a great epic story, the work of several distinguished bards.[1]

[1] 'The Banquet of Dun na N-Gedh, and the Battle of Magh Rath, an ancient historical tale, now first published from a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, with a translation and notes by John O'Donovan.' Printed for the Irish Archæological Society. The introduction affords a full reference to the meagre accounts of the battle in the authentic chronicle. This work, like Ossian's Poems and the romances of Arthur's Round Table, at once declares itself the work of a period centuries after the story it records, by abundantly introducing the practices of chivalry and the armour and weapons of the Crusaders. It begins with the preparations for a mighty feast to be given by King Domnal, the representative of Nial of the Nine Hostages, to the tributary kings and high ecclesiastics of all Ireland. It happened that, in purveying for this feast, a small treasure of eggs, the meagre food of an ascetic who spent his days chiefly standing breast-deep in the water of the Boyne, was carried off. Terrible portents follow this sacrilege, and things converge in a mysterious

This affair is of interest to Scots history, chiefly as a testimony to the power which the small colony of a hundred and thirty years earlier had acquired. But such attempts have a moral influence on the country which makes them. It was difficult, even after the conclusion of the Scots war of independence, to disabuse the ruling class in England of the notion that Scotland was a dependency of the English crown, which had broken loose by mere force. So there long lingered in the court of the kings of Scotland a notion that they were entitled to bear rule in Ireland, and this seems to have stimulated the wild project of the Bruce family to establish themselves there.

The immediate effects of the battle were, however, very depressing. Adamnan, the biographer of Columba, was about thirteen years old when it was fought, and naturally connected it with his master's prophecy. He tells how it enfeebled and endangered the state of Dalriada. About fifty years after it happened, the descendants of Loarn were again supreme in Dalriada, and this departure of the sceptre from the descendants of Fergus is connected with Columba's doom.[1]

This change was the most important event in the Dalriada kingdom of the Scots for a long period after the battle of Moyra. There was fighting, of course, between the rival branches of the family, and other wars with the Picts and Britons; but we have little besides the catalogue

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manner to the accomplishment of Columba's prophecy. A miraculous change in the character of the dish set before Congal—it was changed from the eggs of a goose to those of a red hen—was interpreted as an intended and inexpiable insult, and he set forth on his fatal mission to his uncle, Donald Brec. There are many incidents thoroughly in character with the chivalrous romances. Among these the most picturesque and exciting recounts the wondrous achievements and equally wondrous courtesy of an erratic youth, who comes in among the princes a wandering stranger like Ivanhoe, and is recognised as the long-lost scion of royalty. The battle is told with tedious distinctness; and over and over again, after the manner of old romances, when everybody appears to be killed on the losing side, the contest breaks out as stubbornly and dubiously as ever.

[1] Reeves's Adamnan, 200, 201.

of the kings and the names of the battles. In so much warfare we may imagine any amount of heroism and generalship to have been displayed; but it is the old story so exquisitely put by Horace of the heroes before Agamemnon's day, who have passed away into oblivion, all unwept for want of a minstrel to sound their praises. It would only load a page with unmeaning words and dates to give here the names of the successive kings or chiefs and their regnal years—of the shiftings in the ascendancy from the one to the other branch of the descendants of Erc. It is worth while noting that the rise of the one does not seem to infer the absolute deposition of the other. Each seems always to have held territorial power in the west, and mere ascendancy for the time appears to have been all that either gained over the other. Hence it may have been that, throughout the domestic quarrels among royal persons so conspicuous in the chronicles, there really was quietness enough among the population at large to enable the country to flourish and acquire power, as it certainly did.

Let us stop, however, to look at one of these monarchs, not so much for anything we really know about him, as because the conspicuous figure he cuts in the popular obsolete histories makes a sort of guiding-post to enable the reader to understand where we are in reference to contemporary history. In the year 796, Eocha, or Auchy, the son of Aodhfin, succeeded to the supremacy over the Dalriadic Scots: he was of the line of Fergus, which seems to have been restored or revived. This is the person who appears in the superseded histories as Achaius, the eminent patron of letters and the ally of Charlemagne. That sagacious emperor, who, though utterly uninstructed himself, knew the value of a liberal education, and of the settlement of learned men in his dominions, resolved to establish universities; and, looking round him, found that of all other lands Scotland was the best fitted to supply him with the scholars who might aid in their establishment. He consequently entered into an alliance with Achaius, and as an acknowledgment for the assistance he obtained, he gave Scotsmen the privileges they long after-

wards enjoyed in France, and established the celebrated Scots Guard, of whom we shall have to speak some centuries hence. Such is the story of the monkish annalists, in itself improbable, and unsupported by anything in the earlier authorities.

The reign of Auchy, or Eocha, however, though it must be stripped of associations so illustrious, is perhaps often remembered with gratitude, because it hands us over to a perceptible historical track. It is not very broad, but it is distinct enough to lead us straight on into the age of perceptible events, and is welcome to the investigator somewhat as a clear trodden track is to the benighted wanderer on the waste.

Kenneth, called his grandson, is found ruling over the Picts as well as the Scots in the year 843. It has been attempted, without entire success, to make out that Auchy married a certain Ergusia, daughter of the king of the Picts, and that his grandson thus represented the old Pictish line. This is not an unlikely case; but what is of more importance is, that the countries seem to have been prepared for an easy fusion whenever such an incident afforded the proper opportunity.

We cannot thoroughly understand the significance of the ascendancy so acquired by the kings of the Dalriadic race, without realising to ourselves, what is not to be done at once, the high standard of civilisation which separated the Scots of Ireland and Dalriada from the other nations inhabiting the British Isles. It was as yet a waxing civilisation, bringing with it continual increase of political influence. It was naturally enhanced by the insufficiency of the Britons to retain their Roman civilisation, and their consequent lapse into barbarism. We are accustomed to speak of the Roman civilisation, of the Norman which took it up and adapted it to the habits of Christian Europe, and of the later Saxon civilisation, the highest of all. But all associations of recent times are so inconsistent with the notion of deriving civilisation from the Celts of Ireland, as to bring it into the region of the paradoxical. We have no conspicuous memorials of such a social condition, such as the great buildings left by the Romans and the Nor-

mans. Celtic civilisation took another and subtler, perhaps a feebler shape. It came out emphatically in dress and decoration. Among Irish relics there are many golden ornaments of exquisitely beautiful and symmetrical pattern. Of the trinkets too, made of jet, glass, ornamental stone, and enamel, the remnants found in later times belong in so preponderating a proportion to Ireland, as to point to the centre of fashion whence they radiated being there. There seems to have been a good deal of what may be called elegant luxury; the great folks, for instance, lay or ecclesiastic, had their carriages and their yachts. Especially the shrines, the ecclesiastical vestments, and all the decorations devoted to religion, were rich and beautiful. They had manuscripts beautifully written and adorned, which were encased in costly and finely-worked bindings. It is to this honour done to sacred books, of which the finest specimens belong to Ireland, that we may attribute the medieval passion for rich bindings. The book, being of a pious character—possibly written by some illustrious saint—was an eminent relic, and was encased in a distinguished shrine. For the internal as well as the external decoration of their manuscripts the Irish followed a special fashion of art, already referred to as exciting high admiration abroad. It has been associated with the cuttings on the sculptured stones of Scotland, and reasons have been given for holding that as yet no line can be drawn between the very ancient works of this kind in the eastern districts, where the Saxon tongue has been long established, and those found in the west of Scotland and in Ireland. Leaving the question of the origin of these efforts in art as unsolved, it is certain that its higher development was among the Celts of Ireland and western Scotland.[1]

These testimonies to the high social position of the Celts among the tribes frequenting the British Isles, are taken by induction from the examination of such memorials as have turned up in recent times. We know from old authorities that these Celts were honoured by their

[1] See above, chap. iv.

neighbours as a lettered people. Had the Picts possessed but the germ of a literature, the vexatious brawl about the nature of their language would have been spared us. Anglo-Saxon literature had not begun to spread when that of the Scots was supreme, and the Welsh have not been able to carry their literature even so far back as that of the Anglo-Saxon. Great men went to Ireland to learn, and become scholars; while wandering scholars from Ireland were received with open arms all over the world.[1] By the Scots writers, whether of Dalriada or Ireland, the Saxons are spoken of without any affectation as barbarians, just as they would have been spoken of by the Romans. From the other side, even in Bede's own patriotic narrative, the sense of inferiority is distinctly apparent. Indeed, he traces one of the greatest contributions towards their civilisation which the Saxons received directly to Iona.

He tells how Oswald, the great king of Northumbria, in the evil days of his early life, sought refuge with his brother and a few followers in Scotland. They became converts to Christianity, and learned something of the humanities in Iona. When Oswald came to his throne, he

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[1] "In the same year also Ecgfrith, the noble king, was slain in his unfortunate expedition, when he too rashly, against the Lord's will, resolved to make war on the Picts; and his base-born brother afterwards reigned, who for the sake of wisdom had gone to the Scots, that he might increase in learning in a foreign land."—Sermon on the Deposition of St Cuthbert: Thorp's Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church, ii. 149.

"Cum vero restitutus esset in regnum Coinualach, venit in provinciam de Hibernia pontifex quidam nomine Agilberctus, natione quidem Gallus, sed tunc legendarum gratia scripturarum in Hibernia non parvo tempore demoratus."—Beda, iii. 7.

When describing the ravages of the plague in Ireland in 664, Bede says many English who had retired thither "vel divinæ lectionis vel continentioris vitæ gratia;" on whom the Scots bestowed hospitality, "libros quoque ad legendum et magisterium gratuitum." Further, "Erant inter hos duo juvenes magnæ indolis de nobilibus Anglorum, Aedilhun et Ecgberct, quorum prior frater fuit Aediluini, viri æque deo dilecti, qui et ipse ævo sequente Hiberniam gratia legendi adiit, et bene instructus patriam rediit, atque episcopus in provincia Lindissi factus, multo ecclesiam tempore nobilissime rexit."—Beda, iii. 27.

sent to his old friends for a missionary who might work among his heathen people. The first man sent by them, as we have already seen, was a failure.[1] He seems to have been far too pragmatical and ungenial for missionary duty, and to have felt and shown a haughty intolerance of the barbarism and paganism of which he had to endure the presence in Northumberland. His successor, on his return, was the illustrious Aidan. It was just before the middle of the seventh century that this renowned missionary left the polished circle of educated brethren in Iona and trusted himself among the Saxon barbarians of England. To the vast social change which makes a statement in this shape look so paradoxical, few individual persons contributed more than himself. He planted an Iona at Lindisfarne, which, long after the poor parent brotherhood had fallen to decay, expanded itself into the Bishopric of Durham, or, as some will have it, the Archbishopric of York itself; for of all the Christian missions to England, that of Aidan seems to have taken the firmest root.

The high civilisation of the Celtic Scots, indeed, was received with a becoming deference all around. The Norsemen, on their plundering expeditions, no doubt set it at naught, like everything else, human or divine, that came in their way. They knew it only as it increased the value of their spoil. But even they, when they settled down as colonists, came under the spell of the humanising influences. It is not the first time in the history of the world that we find, for civilised communities declining and doomed to decay, a respectful admiration on the part of those who have in them the seeds of a higher and stronger civilisation. We see it felt in the Greeks for the Pelasgians, in the Latins for the Etruscans, and especially in the Norsemen themselves for the French as the inheritors of Latin civilisation. In like manner, among the nations around, whether of Teutonic or Celtic origin, the civilisation of the Scots, then a rising and strengthening civilisation, raised them high in rank, and gives us reason

[1] See above, p. 268.

to believe that the Picts, instead of mourning the loss of independence, felt their position raised by counting the Dalriadic sovereign as their own too.

There are symptoms that this civilisation had a completeness about it which is perhaps inconsistent with progress. It resembled that of some Oriental countries which, when undisturbed by others, have remained long stationary. There appears to have been much form and etiquette—what it is usual now to call conventionalism. There was a rigid principle of nepotism, all ranks, powers, and emoluments dwelling in a limited number of families. We know this from a very instructive feature in the early Irish literature—the fulness of its genealogical information. Its wonderful articulation, indeed, makes it difficult to believe that it is all thoroughly vouched; but it accompanies so much other information of a kind to be relied on, that we must believe in a foundation for it. This organisation for genealogical information is so complete, that Irish scholars of the present day, when they have to account for any man in an eminent position, whether in Church or State, can bring him out in his relationship to other persons also holding eminent positions, as distinctly as one can follow the alliances of the chief families of Britain in the Peerages and other like compilations. No new blood seems to have been admitted into the castes that predominated in Church or State. In this the Scots were the very reverse of the people who pressed in upon them, both in Ireland and Dalriada, from Scandinavia. These brought with them no pedigrees; they had nothing but hardihood and strength, and each man was the architect of his own fortunes.

CHAPTER X.

NARRATIVE TO THE END OF MACBETH'S REIGN.

THE NORTHERN SEA-ROVERS OR VIKINGS — THEIR MIGRATIONS DATING FAR BACK—THE CAUSE OF THEIR BEING DRIVEN TO WANDER —FLED BEFORE ALL DESPOTIC INFLUENCES—THE ROMANS—CHARLEMAGNE—CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF THE VIKINGS—ACHIEVEMENTS IN NAVIGATION—RAGNAR LODBROC—HARALD HAARFAGRE—THE RACE OF IVAR—ESTABLISH THEMSELVES IN NORTH ENGLAND, THE SCOTS ISLES, AND SCOTLAND BEYOND THE MORAY FIRTH—THE NATURE OF THEIR MARINE EMPIRE — THE MAARMORS AND OTHER SUBSIDIARY RULERS—RELATIONS BETWEEN THE SCOTS AND SAXON KINGS — INCIDENTS BROUGHT UP IN THE QUESTION OF HOMAGE — LEGENDS OF THE EARLY KINGS — MALCOLM, DUNCAN, AND MACBEDA—POETIC AND REAL HISTORY OF MACBEDA OR MACBETH—INFLUENCE OF HIS REIGN.

THE stage now reached demands a retrospect on those invasions so well known in British history, of the foreign strangers called the Northmen or the Danes. In their own day they were generally called Vikings.[1] Their

[1] Viking, the man of the vik, the bay, or creek,—hence such topographical names as Lerwick and Sandwick. In the traditions both of England and Scotland they have been so uniformly commemorated as "the Danes," that authors, aware that they had mostly come from other parts of northern Europe, have found it convenient to call them by this popularly-assigned name. An authority from Denmark itself says: "At that primitive epoch, the first 500 years after Christ, Denmark had scarcely that or any other collective name; if any, it was most likely *Gotland*. No one of the Scandinavian lands was as yet consolidated under one king."—"These later Scandinavians were usually in a lump called Danes. That they were chiefly Scandinavians is plain from all the details in our original historical materials. That 'Danes' in some places predominated is very true; but the name 'Dane,' like that of 'Saxor,' as having become better known, was

coming makes so tragic a history in itself, and was so momentous in its influence over the destinies of the land, that it cannot be passed over like the conflicts of obscure and barbarous tribes which, buried in historical oblivion, leave nothing to commemorate them but the marks of their contest on the crust of the earth. It is necessary to find all that can be found about these invaders, and the amount that can be authenticated is unfortunately but small. On the one side we have the invasions as beyond a doubt; on the other we have the advance and the collapse of the great Empire disturbing and driving about the populations of the Continent as a generally sufficient cause for great migrations. We may next endeavour to find how far there are intervening particulars to connect the ascertained effect with the probable cause.

When the conquest of Cæsar brought the empire which he founded fairly across the Rhine, the free Germans had to move northward, with the unpleasant feeling that the conquering Empire was in the fair way of expanding to the Elbe—indeed, of reigning everywhere, without a spot being left for freedom. They saw the greater part of Britain annexed and Romanised, and the legions were pushing through the countries of central Germany, represented by Westphalia at the western and Bavaria at the eastern end. They felt that the subtle tyrants were employing the courage and strength of the Germans themselves for the destruction of their fellow-countrymen in those well-drilled bands of allies incorporated into the Roman armies. Here, as indeed in all the elements of the Roman apparatus for conquest and dominion, there were hidden sources of danger and reaction, for they were training men who, if they failed to become affectionate citizens, might be the more formidable as enemies; and we have seen already how the organisation of the Roman camp had to be altered on account of the risk of disaffection among the allies.[1]

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often indiscriminately used, just as 'Northman,' 'Norman,' 'Goth,' 'Frank,' and so many others."—Stephens's Old Runic Monuments, 63, 68.

[1] See p. 74 Tacitus tells a characteristic story, repeated after him

Whether from such teaching, or from other sources, the northern nations were acquiring the capacity of disciplining armies, and also that of politically combining for an organised defence of the common cause. In the time of Germanicus—a generation before that of Agricola—we get an interesting glimpse of the German nations, threatened both with the military power of the Empire and its seductive influence. Among those who afterwards fought most bitterly for northern independence were some who had been enjoying Roman honours and official emoluments, and who, of course, were charged with treachery and ingratitude. The great Arminius himself was a Roman knight, and seems to have been received as a man of position and fashion by the fastidious society of the city itself. In fact, throughout Germany northward to the Elbe, the local magnates were, one after the other, endowed with some Roman title or other compliment. This policy seems only to have deepened the suspicion of the people. At length there came a decisive battle, in which the Germans gave the Romans a signal defeat somewhere on the slopes of the range of hills which form the Thuringian and Harz forests. The German leader, Arminius, has been identified by the Germans with their traditional Herman, and deified as the great national liberator—the hero who not only stopped the progress of Imperial despotism, but saved the old German language from adulteration with the Latin.

We may trace the power of the northern nations on the sea to as early a date as the flourishing age of the Empire.

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by Dio, how, while Agricola's army was in Scotland, a cohort of Usipians, inhabitants of the right bank of the lower Rhine, killed their centurion, and the Roman soldiers mixed with them to help in bringing them into, and keeping them in, discipline ; and how they next seized three of the Roman transport-galleys and put to sea. They encountered terrible hardships—those who survived having lived on their comrades selected by lot to be eaten. After being long tossed about, they were driven ashore somewhere in Frisia. They were taken as slaves, and, passing on by the course of trade—*mutatione mentium*, as Tacitus says—found their way into the more civilised regions near the Rhine, where their adventures made a great sensation.

They appear on the occasion already mentioned, when Carausius was sent to protect the coasts, and acquired so much local power that he set up as emperor. The exigency and the provision for meeting it made a new imperial office and command in the Roman service—that of Count of the Saxon Shore.[1] He and others who attempted to set up imperial power at a distance from Rome, were said to have encouraged and hired those sturdy northern warriors, and to have shown them the way to the parts of the Empire which they afterwards infested. It is certain that droves of them came over centuries before the Hengest and Horsa of the stories, if they were not indeed the actual large-boned, red-haired men whom Agricola described to his son-in-law.[2]

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[1] In the Notitia Imperii, among the "comites rei militaris" for the district, was one set down as "Littoris Saxonici per Britannias."

[2] "We are accustomed to view the descent upon Kent by the Jutes and Frisians in 428—now universally admitted to be the right date—as the first appearance of the Northern Saxon and German tribes in England. But this is a mere error. Besides the emperors in Britain, Tetricus and Carausius, who were both of them probably of 'barbarian' birth, and who would doubtless introduce numbers of their landsmen, Marcomanni were established in England by Marcus Antoninus (between 276 and 282), Alemanni under Crocus by Constantine in 306, Bucinobantes (an Alemannic clan) under Fraomarius by Valentinian about 372, and others. And these were not mere birds of passage—roving regiments, as in our times: they were limitanean soldiers, guards of the march, legionary colonists settled on the Laetic (public) lands, and training their children to defend their homes and the legionary banner. . . .

"But besides all these military 'barbarians' introduced into England by the emperors themselves, there were, from an early period, local settlements of Scando-Teutonic origin. Not to speak of the far older Belgæ spoken of by Cæsar, as early as the end of the second and beginning of the third century, the various barbarian tribes or bands known under the mythic name Saxons (as all Europeans are called Franks in the East) had become so harassing to the Roman power in England, at least from Barchester in Norfolk, to the neighbourhood of Portsmouth in Sussex, and in Gaul, where they had effected a strong settlement not far from Bayeux, that a Roman 'Count of the Saxon Shore' was nominated in each land to control them. The 'Saxons' also joined the Picts, Scots, and Attacotti in 364, in North England; and the 'Vecturiones' were with the Attacotti, Dicaledonæ, Picts, and Scots in 368, in that invasion between the two Roman walls which was driven back with such slaughter by

This process of redistribution among populations received a strong impulse when the Empire re-arose within Germany itself through the career of Charlemagne. His bitter and bloody wars with "the Saxons," as they were called, drove them northward in crowds. The result was among the most distinct of all historical phenomena. Fugitives among barren rocks and swamps, the sea was yet before them, if they had enterprise and hardihood enough to seek a living there. These qualities they possessed in eminent degree. To the sea, then, they took, and with such effect as to let all the world hear of them. There is a legend of Charlemagne, when, not long before his death, from a port on the Mediterranean he saw the white sails of the plunderers, weeping, as divining the misery that lay in store for cultivated Europe, and conscious that his own hard use of his enormous power had done it.

We have just come to the period when the tide, so forced loose by the conquests of Charlemagne, was in full flow over civilised Europe. The aggrandising spirit of Charlemagne's government, however, was infectious; and for centuries, at intervals, some northern potentate was ever making to himself a "strong central government," and at the same time driving forth a new swarm of marauders to live upon the ocean, or settle somewhere by a violent seizure of territory. Scarcely inferior to the pressure outwards by the aggrandisement of Charlemagne, was that caused by the conquests and strong government established in Norway at the beginning of the tenth century. Many of the refugees sought a footing in England and Scotland, but these countries were becoming sufficiently peopled for their available resources; and a large body, consisting in considerable proportion of that well-off landed class who might be called the aristocracy, sailed as far as Iceland, and actually settled down as a powerful colony on the barren pastures there.

Theodosius, who in 369 recovered the debatable ground, and called it Valentia, in honour of Valens, his imperial master."—Stephens's Old Northern Runic Monuments; Copenhagen, 1866; Introduction, 61, 62.

These hardy self-willed races were as well adapted to the pursuits of peaceful industry as to those of war and rapine, which, indeed, they at first took to more from necessity than from taste. Though not pliant to authority, they had a great capacity for assimilation to the conditions of a higher civilisation than their own; and when settling down in a strange soil was their object, they generally made themselves its most valuable inhabitants. On this it is sufficient to point to the Norman province of France, and to the illustrious colony it sent over to England.

It is perhaps unnecessary, in a history of Scotland, to ask whence northern Europe drew the population drifted from time to time on the British Islands, or to solve the great ethnical questions about the Oriental origin of the Scandinavians, and their migration northwards along the Caspian Sea or otherwise. That they existed in the vast regions north of the Elbe is a fact not to be doubted; and the repeated pressures by the old Roman Empire, the resuscitated Empire under Charlemagne, and the other formations of strong governments, are a sufficient reason why they should have moved northwards. A glance at the map will show that those of them who occupied Denmark and Friesland would find their next step onwards to be by crossing to England. As distinctly will it appear that Scotland would be supplied from Norway; and the general tenor of events confirms this distribution. When it is asked how a country where, in the present day, there are not two millions of inhabitants, and these so scattered that there are only about thirteen to each square mile, should have sent forth the continuous streams that poured into this country,—the answer is, that they never were or could have been in Norway as a permanent population. Again, the map of Europe shows how they were there, and acquaintance with the country will make this more obvious. Norway was a grand base of operations for the pursuit they followed and lived by. The retreats for shipping, the "harbours of refuge," only penuriously available by costly engineering in the line of continental coast stretching to the south, are here supplied by nature in such superfluous affluence, that the navies of the world many

times multiplied would find room in them. Along the indented coast there is a string of small islands, with a calm, deep, narrow water between them and the mainland. But this mainland itself is still more available as a great sea-fortress for countless fleets. By the physical structure of the country, there runs out from a solid centre of mountain-land a multitude of processes of rock, like great prongs, with deep gulfs between them filled from the sea. These are the celebrated Fiords. They send branches or inlets through the mountains on either side, and some of these are longer than the longest sea lochs of the West Highlands of Scotland. Except in the few places where large rivers make deltas of silt, the rocks run sheer down into deep water, so that vessels can lie close to the land in the smallest crevices or bays. The entrances to wide stretches of fiord are sometimes so narrow, and consequently so easily defended, that the people speak of the stones rolling from the tops of the high rocky banks and bounding across the water so as to strike the opposite shore.

These were the abodes of the Vikings. True, the soil around them was hard and barren, but the value to them of that soil was in protection, not in produce. The only articles they acquired by home industry were the timber, iron, and pitch for the building of their vessels, and fish. All their other wants were provided by plunder from the industrious and affluent communities of other lands.

When we find the sea-rovers in the north-west of Scotland and in Ireland, it becomes obvious, and is confirmed by facts, that they took the north-east coast of Scotland and the northern islands in their way. The Shetland Islands are but two hundred miles distant from the mouths of two of the greatest fiords—the Hardanger and the Sogne. Taking these islands, or Caithness, as their first land, they could swarm off to the Faroes or Iceland, on the one side; to Scotland, England, and Ireland, on the other. Simple incidents in the personal adventures of some of the Northmen and their families show us how easily they passed from place to place when only their own element lay between, and how much they were at home on shores far distant from each other. Thus we

find that Aude, daughter of the great Ketil Flatnef, going from Norway to her home in Iceland, took the Orkneys, where she had a granddaughter, Gruach, the wife of the maarmor of Kaithness, as her first stage, and the Faroe Isles, where another granddaughter resided, as the second.[1] In the Hebrides and the sea-lochs of the Highlands they found harbours of retreat the same in character though not in greatness as those left behind them. We must suppose that it was for these, and not for any temptation in the prospect of plunder, that these districts were frequented by them.

Hence it was that the Orkney and other Northern Isles, and even a great part of the north of Scotland, came in hand more naturally to the monarch ruling in Norway than to the King of Scots; so also we shall find that at one time a considerable body of the Norsemen in Scotland were ruled from Dublin, which seems to have been a convenient capital or seat of government.

These Vikings must have been thorough seamen, with great capacity in handling their vessels. It is to be regretted that for the sake of the history of arts and inventions we have not a fuller knowledge of the details of their craft, and of the method of working them. Their achievements in navigation were on a scale unknown in the world of ancient history. Whether or not it shall be proved that America was the Vinland of their Sagas, and they were the first Europeans to visit the temperate lands on the other side of the Atlantic, their unquestioned feats on the ocean showed a wonderful command of seamanship. They quickly found their way into the Mediterranean, and they were known on every European coast from Iceland to Constantinople—in the more fruitful lands it was with a bitter knowledge. Their rapid movements directly across wide stormy oceans show a start in seamanship, passing at once beyond the capacity of the earlier navigators who crept along the shore. The ordinary galleys were adapted to the Mediterranean, where they were used down to the seventeenth century.

[1] Munch, Chronic., viii.

They had small square sails, merely to get help from a stern wind. Their chief force of propulsion was from rowers, who, when the vessel was larger than a boat, were ranged in benches along the sides. In the celebrated triremes there were three benches of rowers, one above the other, on either side. It has been a great question whether each man on each bench handled an oar alone, in which case there would be three lengths of oars; or whether a long oar passed over each bench, and was worked by three men pulling together. The probability leans decidedly to this latter method. The object of the three benches was to obtain height, and the longest oars would be beyond the power of single rowers to pull—otherwise one bench, the highest of all, would have sufficed, and the other two could only create unnecessary risk of confusion in requiring three rows of men each to pull his separate oar. This was the most that the old system could do to make seaworthy vessels, but the best of them required to hug the shore. The succession of ingenious devices which were completed in the modern rig for sailing vessels, is unrecorded in its earlier stages; but it must be believed that the Vikings, when they performed, as they did times without number, the feat of sailing from the place of retreat straight across a stormy ocean, and pouncing unexpectedly on the opposite shore, had advanced far on in the rigging and handling of sailing vessels.[1]

[1] The only place where I have seen the claims of the northern sea-rovers to the invention of the ship-rig, is in a collection of essays called 'Die Nordgermanische Welt oder unsere geschichtlichen Anfänge, by Dr Clement, Copenhagen, 1840,' commended to me by my friend Professor Schiern of Copenhagen. Though he writes in German, Dr Clement is a Dane; and in one of his essays, called 'Das Seeschiff,' he claims for his countrymen the invention of the method of navigation that was destined to spread all over the world; reaching his triumphant conclusion in these words: "Die Urform des Dänischen Seeschiffe zeigt sich bis auf diesen Tag an dem Grundwesen aller echten Seeschiffe seefahrender Völker, sie ging von Dänemark aus, blieb in England und der Normandie bei, ging von England nach Amerika über, von der Normandie nach Frankreich, alle andern europäischen Völker ahmten Dänenmark und England und deren Nachbaren nach, natürlich auch die Russen, die noch genauer

From incidental allusions in the Sagas, it is believed that a fleet fitted out for fighting and plunder was accompanied by lumber-ships to carry slaves for the drudgery work, provisions, munitions, and perhaps the heavier por-

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in ihrem Nachahmen gewesen sind, als die Schweden und Nordweger in der Nachbildung ihrer Flaggen nach ihrem dänischen Vorbilde." It gave Columbus the means of crossing the Atlantic. It was carried to India, Australia,—to the Mediterranean itself, the cradle of a more effeminate navigation—"so gross waren die Folgen der dänischen Heldenzeit" (p. 303).

It is provoking to find the chronicles, filled as they are with accounts of these descents, leaving little or nothing from which one can pick up details about the seafaring habits of the Vikings. A considerable event in English history points to a distinction, the nature of which, however, can only be inferred or guessed at. It is recorded that King Alfred built vessels with which he beat off the Danes. Selden, in his Mare Clausum (ii. 10), professes to give an account of these vessels from a Saxon MS., of which he gives a facsimile and a translation. It is expressly said that they were of a different build from the enemy's ships—*Nec ad formam sive Frisicam sive Danicam fabricata;* they were twice as long, and while they drew but a small depth of water, stood high-decked. They had some of them sixty rowers, others more. This description corresponds so closely with that of the Saxon chronicle (An. 797), that the manuscript seen by Selden must have been a version or a portion of it. These were clearly vessels unfit to live in a high sea, and they appear to have been a recurrence to the model of the old galley, possibly improved in the Mediterranean since the days of the Romans. They were effectual, however, for the protection of the coast; and against the light craft of their enemies one could easily believe them effective in the isthmus of the Thames, at Southampton, and in the Bristol Channel. It seems to have been an instance of a distinction which holds in the present day—large, heavy-armed vessels for coast defences; but for attack, small light craft which can pounce speedily on their prey, and show their heels when necessary. On the armorial achievements of the house of Argyle, as well as of many of the other western families descended from the Norse settlers, the galley is conspicuous. It is generally, of course, the conventional galley of the heralds, with its centre mast and row of shields or timber screens for the protection of the rowers. On some of the old sculptured stones, however, considered in the Unrecorded Ages (chap. iv.), there are representations of galleys bearing a very complicated mass of rigging: the question is, How old these can be shown to be?

Cæsar gives an account of a naval battle with the Veneti of Gaul. It could scarcely be brought to bear on the present topic, unless we could show that these Veneti were of the same race as the Norsemen of later days; but it is instructive as an instance where the Romans found disagreeable specialties in encountering vessels built for service

tion of the plunder. As to the size of the light narrow war-ships, it has been calculated by an ardent and skilful student of the habits of the Norsemen, that one favourite vessel, the "Long Serpent," must have been above a hundred feet in length.[1] The monk of the Irish house of St Gall, who tells the story of Charlemagne weeping when he saw a pirate fleet in the Mediterranean, also tells how the emperor's acute eye at once detected, from the build and swiftness of the vessels, that their purpose was not trade but mischief.[2]

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in the German Ocean, and not according to the Mediterranean model. They were so strongly built that propelling the beaks of the Roman galleys against them had no impression, and they were so high above the water that even such erections as the Romans could raise on their own decks did not admit of a fair level fight. The missiles of the Romans had to be thrown upwards, and were powerless, while the enemy had complete command of their decks. These vessels had sails of leather, because, as Cæsar conjectures, the usual linen sails would not stand the storms they had to weather; and he found that in winds they could be handled so as to take up any position. His fleet had a weapon on board which was all-powerful against them—long poles with scythes, by which the Roman sailors cut the enemy's rigging, so that the vessels lay helpless; but had not a sudden calm come, Cæsar seems to admit that this tactic could not have been carried out.

Another affair of Cæsar's has sometimes been referred to as a compliment to the British shipbuilding of his day, but it hardly admits of such interpretation. In the civil war in Spain the crossing of the river Guadiana was a great object. He got boats made, the skeleton of wood and the sides with wattles covered with hide, after the example he had seen in Britain—*cujus generis eum superioribus annis usus Britanniæ docuerat*—and with these he was able to carry his troops across the river.—De Bello Civile, i. 54.

[1] "We have, in the Saga of Olaf Tryggvesson, some details of the building of the Long Serpent and the Crane, sometime between the years 995 and 1000. The Long Serpent is called the largest vessel that had ever been built in Norway to that time. . . . The Saga gives some interesting details concerning her. The length of her keel, we are told, that rested upon the grass, was seventy-four ells. This ell is stated by Macpherson, in his 'Annals of Commerce,' on the authority of Thorkelin, a learned antiquary, who was keeper of the Royal Library at Copenhagen, to have been equal to a foot and a half English measure. We have therefore one hundred and eleven feet, at the least, as the length of keel of this vessel."—Laing's Introduction to Translation of Heimskringla, p. 135.

[2] "Cumque visis navibus, alii Judæos, alii vero Africanos, alii

Though ancient canoes, cut out of trunks of trees, have frequently been found, it is not within the reasonable hopes of the archæologist that we should be favoured with an example of an ancient plank-built ship. Yet some remarkable discoveries in Denmark have revealed fragments of plank-built boats, sufficiently complete in one instance to admit of the entire restoration of the vessel as it floated. When we compare it with the accounts of the hide-covered coracle which carried the Scots from Ireland, or with the lumbering canoe cut out of the solid wood, such as it may still be seen on the lakes of Bavaria, we have at a glance the measure of the high capacity of those who built the vessels for the Vikings. The Northern authorities have fixed the date of this vessel as "the early iron age"—so early as the fifth century—the period of "Hengest and Horsa." Close examination has led to the conclusion that it was entirely a row-boat, with no arrangement for help from canvas. Yet "the boat is seventy-seven feet long, measured from stem to stern, and proportionally rather broad in the middle."[1]

It immediately recalls the light handy boats of smaller size still used on the Norwegian coast and in the Shetlands. Its structure is so thoroughly adapted to a union of lightness, speed, and strength, that it has been compared with the class of vessels called clippers, which achieved renown by accomplishing the same ends within the present generation. There are peculiarities in its structure, testifying to the abundance both of material and skilled labour. The planks, for instance, instead of being sawn into boards of equal thickness — or thinness — throughout, are made out of heavy beams, cut thin where thinness was desirable, but thick at points of juncture, that they may be mortised into the cross-beams and gunwale, instead of being merely nailed. The vessel is double-

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Britannos mercatores esse dicerent, sapientissimus Carolus ex structione navium vel agilitate non mercatores, sed hostes esse deprehendens dixit ad suos, istæ naves non confertæ mercimoniis, sed hostibus fœtæ sunt acerrimis."—Monachi Sangalensis de rebus, &c., Caroli magni; Bouquet Recueil, v. 130.

[1] Engelhardt, *ut inf.*, 30.

bowed, with thirty rowlocks, and it is noticed that these, along with the helm, are reversible, so as to permit the vessel to be rowed with either end forward. The gunwale rises with the keel, at each extremity, into a high beak or prow, a notable feature of the Norwegian boats of the present day. The build is of the kind technically called "clinker," each plank overlapping that immediately below, from the gunwale to the keel.[1]

In the peat-moss containing these remains of boats, many other testimonies to wealth and industrial civilisation were found. There were many weapons and ornaments of the age, with horse-trappings; and what more aptly connected itself with the remains of the boats, a quantity of serviceable work-tools.[2]

It was not until a period comparatively recent that the

[1] A representation of this boat, with all its rowers bringing it up a creek, very aptly accompanies the picture in Stephens's Old Runic Monuments, called "Old Northern Warrior in the Early Iron Age," by J. Magnus Petersen; from the finds in the mosses of Denmark.

[2] "About a hundred iron knives, some with handles of wood and bone; . . . fragments of a pair of shears; . . . about forty iron axes of the two different forms belonging to this period; . . . complete files, hammers, chamfering planes—one of which has inscriptions upon it, consisting of forty-four runic characters—gimlets, tongs, chisels, and other tools, all in iron with wooden shafts; a little anvil of the same substance; iron moulds in which small buttons have been cast, &c. Some pierced touchstones, shafts of bone, some rough pieces of amber, cords made of bust, a bronze key, bronze scales, very like the ordinary form of the present day," &c.—'Denmark in the Early Iron Age, illustrated by recent discoveries in the peat-mosses of Slesvig. By Conrad Engelhardt, late Director of the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Flensborg.' 4to. 1866. This inestimable contribution to our knowledge of the early Northern nations was excavated partly in Nydam and partly in Thorsbjerg, both in that district of Slesvig which now belongs to Prussia. Mr Engelhardt had to lament that the seizure of the province interrupted his labours in excavating and restoring before they were completed. For his sacrifice of the directorship of the Museum at Flensborg it may be hoped that he has found compensation in the higher charge which he now fulfils in the great Museum at Copenhagen. Among the many points of interest in this volume, one that should secure our sympathy is, that it is written in good idiomatic English. This is one of several symptoms that the Northern scholars who desire a wide audience, instead of writing in French as they used to do, or in German as their later custom was, are taking to the more kindred English.

rigged ships spread to southern Europe. In a set of pictures of the chief cities of the world, taken at different periods from 1570 to 1620, and published collectively by the Jansens of Amsterdam, the appropriate tokens of the habits of the population, arranged after the manner of the old artists to give life and character to the scene, are in the Mediterranean states ever the long galleys, so symmetrical with their feathered oars. Copenhagen, Elsineur, Wisby, Bergen, and the other northern seaports, are enlivened by the lines more free and picturesque of the masted ships, in full sail, struggling with the winds and waves.[1] The Norse sailors of old, however far they had advanced in the higher art of commanding the winds, still used the oar. We are not to judge that because this propeller had afterwards to be abandoned, it might not help a sailing vessel before the invention of gunpowder, when it had neither to carry the weight of heavy metal nor to be solidly built to resist a cannonade. We hear of long narrow vessels, built with benches or seats for rowers, from twenty to thirty in number.

Many of the vessels were richly adorned with carved and gilded work, and sails of fine fabric. They were, if not the only, yet the chief outlet to wealthy tastes. The place where a great man—even a king—held state, was his ship. Men took the rank of king by reason of the abundance of their ships, and the large body of sailors commanded by them. In the later Sagas, written when feudal notions predominated everywhere in Europe, it is mentioned as something incongruous, that men who had not a rood of land at their command, yet got the name of king. The construction and provision of these vessels, their successful use in sailing and warfare, must have required science as well as courage, and implies high progress in some of the elements of civilisation. The force of mere numbers may tell upon the land, and we may be right in speaking of the devastators of Italy as barbarians; but the term will hardly apply to those who led or worked

[1] Illustrium principumque urbium Europæ Tabulæ Amstelodami ex officina Joannis Janssonii. N.D.

in the Viking fleets. Fundamental training and skill must have belonged to the carpenter and to the common sailor; the ship's architect and the commanders must have had genius also. Capacity is an absolute necessity of naval command, as the fate of the Spanish Armada signally showed; and the most patrician and feudally-disposed communities have one by one been compelled to yield up the claims of rank and descent in the command of the sea. It is the arena where new men can rise to power, and among the Vikings were men who felt this and rose accordingly. Hence the difficulty of identifying the greatest among them in that ninth century, when they were in the midst of the destructive work that preceded settlement and occupancy.

The method of their visitations was sudden and terrible. The white sails swept their light vessels in like a flight of sea-birds; and when these were secured, the crews rushed on shore, and, bearing away the commodities alike most portable and valuable, were off again before the inhabitants had time to gather—unless, indeed, the invaders were strong enough to give battle, and then there was of course a bloody contest. On one occasion, as we shall see, they dragged their vessels over the flat neck of land at Tarbet, in Argyleshire, so that they might have the run of Loch Lomond, where their sea-boats must have created as much astonishment among the agriculturists of the Lennox as if they had fallen from the clouds. Religious houses were favourite game to them—they were pretty sure of finding in such places wealth to an amount far out of proportion with the means of defence.

The Vikings have been assailed in history by many names partaking of a vituperative character—as marauders, pirates, sea-robbers, and the like. To these terms there would be no objection but for the element of confusion with the fashions and speech of modern times apt to attend on the use of such words. A Norse rover, and a pirate of last century hung in chains at Rotherhithe, are as different beings as an Oriental monarch who levies contributions on all strangers coming within his power is different from a London footpad. The one is acting up

to the principle of the government of his state—not a good principle, it may be—and takes his place as a statesman with a policy; the other is at variance with the institutions of the state, and amenable to its vengeance. And though it might be dangerous to admit that there can be political conditions which justify a people in recourse to depredation, those of the nations north of the Elbe certainly had as good a claim as any other that can be set up on such a justification.

In this pursuit, as in the uses of power deemed more legitimate, there was gradation according to the amount of power. The man who commanded a large fleet subjected to his will him who only owned a few ships, as a feudal king restrained his baronage from acts of kingship. The names that became eminent among them owed their eminence to the stern restrictions laid by them on their weaker companions, and the signal vengeance they inflicted when their restrictions were defied. There is something grotesque to modern ideas in the stories of a great sea-king or admiral first crushing all the small plunderers as if he were clearing the seas of pirates, and then setting to unrivalled plundering on his own account.[1]

The great question between Christianity and paganism

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[1] "King Harald heard that the Vikings who were in the west sea in winter, plundered far and wide in the middle part of Norway; and therefore every summer he made an expedition to search the isles and outskerries on the coast. Wheresoever the Vikings heard of him they all took to flight, and most of them out into the open ocean. At last the king grew weary of this work, and, therefore, one summer he sailed with his fleet right out into the west sea. First he came to Shetland, and he slew all the Vikings who could not save themselves by flight. Then King Harald sailed southwards to the Orkney Islands, and cleared them all of Vikings. Thereafter he proceeded to the Hebrides, plundered there, and slew many Vikings who formerly had had men-at-arms under them. Many a battle was fought, and King Harald was always victorious. He then plundered far and wide in Scotland, and had a battle there. When he was come westward as far as the Isle of Man, the report of exploits on the land had gone before him, for all the inhabitants had fled over to Scotland, and the island was left entirely bare both of people and goods, so that King Harald and his men made no booty when they landed."—Sturleson's Heimskringla, Laing's Translation, i. 291.

comes in to deepen the colours of such fragmentary notices as we find of these fierce contests. To the Celtic annalists whose literature is the fullest, the strangers are ever pagans, and it was natural that this imputation should adhere to those whose fathers had enriched themselves with the pillage of the Christian shrines along the Irish coast and the islands where the Irish settlers had brought Columba and Christianity. The Norsemen had, as we have seen, a strong, distinct religion of their own, and they had a high civilisation so far as the work of the hands and of the intellect makes civilisation. These were impediments through which the Christian missionary penetrated slowly.

There is much of the character of the times in the well-known story of St Willibrod and the chief who had been persuaded to put one foot into the baptismal font, when farther communing with the Saint let him into the secret that reception into the Christian Church secured to him an eternity of felicity, but it was to be enjoyed in a place where none of his fathers were; and so he withdrew the foot, preferring the prospect of the company of Valhalla to all that the Christian missionary could give instead of it. Helgi, a great leader of Vikings, who married the daughter of Ketil Flatnef, had an Irish mother who drew him to Christianity; but we are told that he was "mixed in his faith," and when he had any desperate fighting in hand preferred to place his reliance on Thor the Thunderer.[1] Along with Sigurd Earl of Orkney in the coalition of Northern chiefs at the battle of Clontarf was Brodir, who "had been a Christian man and a man-deacon by consecration, but he had thrown off his faith and become God's dastard, and now worshipped heathen fiends, and he was of all men most skilled in sorcery."[2]

The prospects held out by the Gospel of peace were on the first view distasteful to these children of blood and violence. But they found in it some influences that reconciled them. It authorised those who were admitted

[1] Munch, Chronicon Regum Manice et Insularum, xiv.

[2] Todd, Introduction to the War of the Gaedhill with the Gaill, clxix.

within the fold to attack those outside. They took to this duty with the ferocity of their natures, and emphatically among them the message "came not to send peace but a sword." The spread of Christianity, too, came to be associated with, and in some measure allied to, centralisation and the consolidation of strong governments. A priesthood, as we have seen, was not a power under the Northern theocracy—the gods were supposed to transact their own business with those whom they favoured or punished. But a Christian priesthood was a power influential in aid or hostility to the secular government. There is a significance in finding that while elsewhere in Europe the contest of Christianity with heathenism was generally a contest between nation and nation, among the Norsemen it lay between class and class. Elsewhere when the sovereign became Christian the people were baptised: but the bonders or gentry were preservative of their old customs; and there was a king's party for Christianity, and a gentry party—Conservative would hardly be a right name for it—standing by the old worship. When hard pressed by Olaf the Saint they denounced the tyranny that took from men the liberty to choose their own God. It was a large body of these that set up their home in Iceland. They soon afterwards became Christians of their own free choice, but down to a late period—almost to the present day—they marked the class who had stood forth for the old heathendom, by a superiority in intellectual and moral position over the other Scandinavian communities. The great religious contest in this shape only reached the parts of Scotland that were governed or professed to be governed from Norway. When King Olaf the Saint made inquiries in his outlying dominions about the eating of horse-flesh and other heathen observances, the reports received from Orkney and Shetland were not satisfactory.[1]

A double power of pressure was thus at work productive of momentous influence on the bringing together of that community of people who made the Scotland of later

[1] Sturleson's Heimskringla, Laing's Translation, ii. 53

times. The self-willed Norsemen, restrained by a powerful executive and harassed by the encroachments of a novel creed, grew restless, and sought the resource ever congenial to them of distant adventure. If they fled from Christianity at home it was to find Christianity more firmly rooted on the coasts of Britain or Ireland. But here the new religion was not to oppress and harass them—on the contrary they were to treat it with contumely and rapacity. Those of them, however, who saw the land that it was good and so settled there, were moulded by the gentler social influence of the creed that was destined to prevail over all, and blended into the Christian community. When, after a generation or two, new hordes came over, the grandsons of their grandfathers were to them strangers and effeminate Christians to be used after the old heathen fashion. So it was that Scotland received a population of immigrants from Norway along the seaboard from Caithness to Fife. In Lothian and Northumberland they met and mingled with the people of a kindred race who had crossed from Jutland, Zealand, and Friesland to the coast of England. It is from the change that domesticated each successive horde of new-comers, that we lose all historical hold upon their coming as a separate fact, and have so much difficulty in identifying the leaders who brought them over. We cannot say where it was that the first man of Teutonic Northern race set foot in Scotland, and whether he found the land empty or inhabited by Celts. But we know pretty well that from the fourth century to the tenth this race spread over the land that is now Lowland Scotland, and that if they found Celts there, these were pressed westwards to join the community of their fellow-Celts that had crossed over from Ireland.

It is the peculiarity of all power exercised upon the sea, that while the element is the choice of hardy and independent natures, it exposes them especially to despotic authority. While it is the sphere where the individual man has the best chance of rising by his own energy, independently of favouring external conditions, it is at the same time the sphere where the individual man who rises to eminence has the greatest amount of despotic power, whether for benefi-

cence or wickedness. Hence the commander of the greater fleet in the end drove the smaller off the seas, and gradually consolidated powers arose to restrain the restless Vikings. The sea was the place where all great destinies were decided. The Sagas give us contests among the mountains, which are rather squabbles or forays than battles. The great affairs among the Vikings themselves were decided by sea-fights. Such was the battle of Hafursfiord, where Harald Haarfagre gained the victory that made him supreme over all Norway.

A marine empire without a foot on land seems an institution not destined for long life. When the Vikings became rich by plunder it was difficult to spend their wealth pleasantly in the midst of their families on the ocean. When they turned, as they gradually did, to commerce, this pursuit could not be pursued in the sea alone. True, the Norwegians had extensive territories, but there was little standing-room on them. In Trondheim and Bergen they had two fine cities of great size for the period, since they seem to have rather decreased than increased in area and population since the twelfth century. Almost encompassed by their great headlands was a promontory of Europe with some islands flat and rich, with bays and harbours, not running into deep fiords, yet, from the shallowness and difficult navigation, fit for the protection of vessels. To this district the wealth of the Vikings and the commercial enterprise that was superseding piracy gravitated, so that the King of Denmark became chief among the Northern powers.

Whether thus finding a resting-place near home, or spreading over other habitable and fruitful territories, they carried with them the genius of enterprise and wealth. Even while they were yet in their wild youth of the sea-rover, they were not needy savages. The antiquities in the Northern museums are in harmony with the Sagas in testifying to the great wealth of these communities. It is not a vulgar wealth without refinement, for it has left ample traces that it advanced itself in art. As we have found it to be in Scotland, sculpture or statuary—the embodiment of dignity and beauty in the human figure—were

not within the range of their art. This we can decide from its remains; and we may infer as to figure and landscape painting that they were equally helpless in both, if they were attempted. But each has a fine school of decorative art after its own style, and it would be hard to determine the question of superiority between them. A long course of well-known historical events has tended to hamper the political progress and reduce the rank among the European communities of the Scandinavian states. But their wealth and higher civilisation abode with them for many centuries. The literature of no country in Europe has supplied so vivid and affluent an account of the social condition and personal and domestic habits of all classes of the people, down to the humblest, as we have from the countries within and close to the arctic circle. And it is a legitimate inference from what the story reveals, that the superiority of these people to the others of the period was the reason for telling it.[1]

The Scandinavian settlements in the British Empire resolved themselves into three centres of command, standing in rivalship with each other. There was the Northumbrian Kingdom or Earldom, with a capital at York; the Ostmen on the eastern plains of Ireland, with their capital in Dublin; and the Earldom of the Orkneys. This for a time included Caithness and the northern counties of Scotland, occasionally as far as Moray, and had in the Western Isles a close contest for supremacy with the ruler of Dublin.

The destiny of the great Scandinavian nations is almost repeated in miniature in those of the Scottish Isles. We have the Hebrides, like Norway, rich and powerful, while affording a refuge and a fortress to the great Viking fleets, but afterwards sinking into poverty; and with this difference from its parent territory, that instead of being deserted, its predominant nationality passed from the Norse to the Celtic or Irish. In the Orkney and Shetland Isles again, we

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[1] Historia Olai Magni Gothi Archiepiscopi Upsalensis de Gentium Septentrionalum variis conditionibus statibusve, et de morum, rituum, superstitionum, exercitiorum, regiminis, disciplinæ, victusque mirabile diversitate, &c.—Basiliæ, 1567.

have the flat lands for occupancy and cultivation, frequented in passing by the sea-robbers in their prime, but becoming rather their place of industrial occupation as peaceful habits advanced, than their stronghold in their age of plunder and strife. Down into later times these islands have preserved a respected position in the British Empire as maintaining a valuable and industrial population. But their later destiny would afford little idea of their importance when they were the resting-place or pleasure-ground, as we may call it, of those who owned the great marauding fleets of the ninth and tenth centuries. Those who occupied them were protected not so much by their own strength of position, as by the complete command over the North Sea held by the fleets that found shelter in the fiords and firths.

It will obviate interruption in following up the consolidation of the kingdom of Scotland, if, before leaving the period of the Norse invasions, we pursue separately such vestiges as we can trace of the destiny of the group of islands that remained for a time an outlying province of Norway. During the restless period which sends down to us indistinct shadows of those who are called kings of the great Scandinavian lands of the Continent, we are not likely to find a distinct hierarchy of authority in these islands and the district of northern Scotland, which like them was in the hands of the Northmen. Harald Haarfagre is the first great name associated with this corner of history; and the Sagas, with their usual treacherous distinctness, speak of him as finding a mutinous earl in Orkney, whom he punished and left in dutiful subjection, as he passed on to plunder Scotland. The three sons of this earl, one of them named Hausaklyfur, or the skull-splitter, disturb the country by their dissensions, but these are guided by the strong hand of Eric of the bloody axe.

When we come down to the period of the great battle of Clontarf, in Ireland, we find Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, holding a great part both in war and diplomacy. This battle, fought in 1014, stands in the Irish histories as the crisis that saw the destruction of the Norse power in Ireland and the restoration of purely Celtic rule. The earl was asked to join the confederacy of the Norse against

Brian Boroomh, the leader of the Celtic party; but he stipulated as a condition that, if the party he joined were victorious, he should be king of Ireland, and have for wife the renowned Gormflaith, the Messalina of her day, who, divorced from Brian, her third husband, was the inspiring spirit of the confederation against him; and we are told that, in promise, both conditions were conceded. Though Sigurd was reputed to bear a charmed life invulnerable to weapons, and bore, in a magic raven banner, an additional guarantee for immunity, he was killed in the contest. Among his previous perils and adventures he had been a captive to Olaf Tryggvesson, and had ransomed himself by accepting Christian baptism, and promising to christianise the Orcadians, an engagement not believed to have been well kept.[1]

He left several sons, but one of them, Thorfin, brought a peculiar element into the politics of Orkney. His mother, the second wife of Sigurd, was a daughter of King Malcolm of Scotland. Through the weight of this alliance Caithness and the other districts of the mainland seem to have fallen to Thorfin. Yet he fought with his two elder brothers, Einar and Bruse, for a share in the earldom of the islands, and the general conditions brought into competition the influence of St Olave, King of Norway, and Duncan of Scotland. In this dispute the Bonders or gentry come on the scene, as they do in great questions of policy at the same period in Norway, and deeds of bloody ferocity complete the parallel. Thorkil, a wealthy bonder, was an influential man in that body, and attended for their interest at the court of St Olave. There his counsel went against the claims of Einar, but there came a solemn reconciliation between them, and it was to be inaugurated by an exchange of festivals. The rich bonder had given his feast to the prince in all peace and good faith, and it became Einar to make a return. The two were to go to it together from Thorkil's house, in Sandwick. The entertainer saw something suspicious while his guest was demanding if he

[1] War of the Gaedhill with the Gaill. Passages in Index head "Sigurd Loedverson."

were ready to go, and clamorously urging haste. Thorkil sent spies to examine the road, and these reported that it was beset by men in ambush. There were two doors to Thorkil's hall of entertainment; one, as it would seem, for his own use, the other for his guests'. He called such of his people as were near to his own door, locked the other, and dealt Einar a mortal blow, so that he fell in the fire over which he leant. Thorkil incurred a pecuniary penalty for this slaughter, but there was much complicated diplomacy about it, because in the removal of a competitor it was propitious to the two remaining brothers, and yet it was doubtful how it was to tell on their claims. It much simplified the case before St Olave, as he had but two claimants, and to find which of the two would give the best contribution to his own claims of monarchy. So far as the islands were concerned, the preference fell to Bruse.[1]

To return to the main channel of our story, the destinies of Scotland, such as we are to find them, were so emphatically moulded by these Norse invaders, that some account of themselves and their leaders is demanded, if it can be given. Unfortunately, for reasons that will come forth in an effort to supply the demand, the means for doing so are fragmentary and shadowy. From what is ascertainable about the men who are seen acting so emphatic a part on the verge of recorded history, we may estimate the value of the extremely distinct accounts of Hengest and Horsa coming over in their three vessels, of the feats of Arthur and Ambrosius, and the story of Vortigern and Rowena, four hundred years earlier.

Illustrious among the earliest names of Viking leaders in the Sagas is that of Ragnar Lodbroc.[2] A hero himself, he was the ancestor of many other heroes who traced to him their proud descent—as, for instance, the Hardaknute of English history or legend, who is called his grandson,

[1] Torfeci Orcades, ch. xii. and xiii. ; Sturleson's Heimskringla, Laing's Translation, ii. 129-145.

[2] That is, Ragnar, the Fur-trousered, a name given to him because he dressed himself in sheepskin, as a covering suited to perplex the tactics of a dragon attacked and slain by him as his earliest achievement.

and the great Scandinavian monarch, Gorm the old.[1] He is not an established reality, but somewhat like Odin, yet less mythical, in so far that his career conforms with the actual history of men in the age in which his commemorators place him—the middle of the ninth century. He is often called the son of Sigurd Rhing, a person more distinctly identified as the sovereign over all the northern part of Scandinavia, and the manner of dealing with both shows a parallel between the rank of a monarch and that of a great sea-captain.[2] In the Northern authorities he is named as the hero of the first terrible invasions that swept the British and Irish coasts. From these fragmentary revelations it is inferred that he attacked the Lothians and Fifeshire, and that he brought his ships up the Firth of Tay, marching inland to Dunkeld, where he found plunder in the monastic house whither the monks of Iona were transferring their settlement, as a secure retreat from their enemies of the sea.

The place where there is the most complete and consecutive reference to these feats, is the "Lodbrokar-Quida," or Death-Song of Lodbroc. He had been taken captive by Ella of Northumberland and condemned to death. Whatever of truth there is in all this, the mythical comes upon the story at its end as at its beginning. He was to be thrown among snakes to be bitten by them to death, and then it is that he assuages his agony in the exulting recital of his warlike deeds. This effusion is worthy of attention as a climax or paroxysm of the turbulent and bloody spirit of Saga literature. The consolation of the dying man is in the vivid recall of the roar of battle, the streams of blood, the hewing of limbs with the sword, the cleaving of skulls with the axe, the field covered with the mutilated dead, and the feasting of the wolves and the ravens.[3] In nearly every national community there is a warlike literature commemorative of triumph, but surely

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[1] Munch, Chron., 35.
[2] Munch, det Norske Folks Historie, i. 357.
[3] Lodbrokar-Quida; or, The Death-Song of Lodbroc. Edited by the Rev. James Johnstone: Copenhagen, 1782.

there is no other so full of restless fierceness, so inspired by the spirit that the first glory and enjoyment and duty of human life is the slaughter of human beings. These dark histories are brightened by instances of deep devotion and duty, but even these are generally of a tragic nature, showing that human life was readily given in love, as it was taken in enmity.[1] They deal scantily in the pleasantnesses of a peaceful existence. Their narratives

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1 "In the days of paganism it occasionally happened that a man would refuse to survive his friend, and voluntarily followed him to death. The renowned and noble Norwegian chief, Ingemund Thorsteinsson, who had settled down in Vatsdal in Iceland, lived on the most intimate terms of friendship with two other noblemen, Eyvind Soerkver and Gaut, who dwelt near by. When Ingemund was slain and news of his death reached Eyvind, he fell upon his sword, and with his dying breath bade his foster-son acquaint his friend Gaut with what he had done. When Gaut heard it he exclaimed, "Life does not become Ingemund's friend," and immediately followed Eyvind's example."—Private Life of the Old Northmen, translated by the Rev. M. R. Barnard, p. 132.

"In the old Eddas it is related that Brynhild Budlesdatter killed herself on her lover's (Sigurd Fafnesbane's) pyre, and that Thyri, the queen of Olaf Tryggvesson, starved herself to death from grief at her husband's death; and, further, that Bergthera, the magnanimous wife of Njal of Iceland, rejected all offers of surviving her husband, declaring as follows: "Young was I when I married with Njal, and I have promised that one destiny shall overtake us both."—Ibid., p. 42. Njaal's wife was not alone in her sacrifice; the grandson joined her. When they proposed to send him forth—" 'Thou hast promised me this, grandmother,' said the boy, 'that we should never part so long as I wished to be with thee; but methinks it is much better to die with thee and Njal than to live after you.'

"Then she bore the boy to her bed, and Njal spoke to his steward and said,—'Now shalt thou see where we lay us down, and how I lay us out, for I mean not to stir an inch hence, whether reek or burning smart me, and so thou wilt be able to guess where to look for our bones.'

"He said he would do so.

"There had been an ox slaughtered, and the hide lay there. Njal told the steward to spread the hide over them, and he did so.

"So there they lay down, both of them, upon their bed, and the boy between them. Then they signed themselves and the boy with the cross, and gave over their souls into God's hand, and that was the last sound that man heard them utter."—The Story of Burnt Njal, ii. 177.

are of the daily work of life, and the great bulk of that work is strife and slaughter.

Ragnar Lodbroc has no personal place in the early chronicles of England, Scotland, or Ireland. In these the leaders of the Danish pirates are as nameless as other perpetrators of crime generally are in history.[1] It is said, however, that in the Irish annals the career of a certain Turgesius, or Thorgills, so closely resembles that imputed by the Norse annalists to Lodbroc, that, if both speak the truth, they are different names for the same man.[2]

Harald Haarfagre, or the Fair-haired, is another name illustrious in these annals of terror and destruction. He stands forth completely isolated from parentage and early history. The legend is that he had vowed to let his beautiful locks of golden hair grow unclipped until he should call himself monarch of all Norway, and that in the accomplishment of this vow he gained the hand of a proud princess who would have no mate but him who should achieve that high destiny. He is sometimes confounded with a man of a later period, and more distinctly identified with British history — Harald Hardhradha or Hardrade, the Hardruler. The chief career of the other Harald lay in his own country, but his feats there told on the British Islands by driving those who revolted against his rule to seek freedom or licence elsewhere. So many of the Norsemen had sought the Orkney Islands that they threatened the power of Harald on his Norwegian throne. Hence it

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[1] The earliest use of his name that I can find in home literature is in Asser's Life of Alfred, where it is told that the raven standard taken by Alfred from the Danes was wrought by his daughters "dicunt enim quod tres sorores Hungari et Habbæ, filiæ videlicet Lodebrochi illud vexillum texuerunt."—Monumenta Historica, 481. This was in the year 878.

[2] Todd, Introduction to the War of the Gaedhill with the Gaill, lv. Munch treats Turges, or Thorgisl, as a separate creation of Irish tradition (i. 438, 440, 583). His stature enlarges in the hands of Keating and the later popular historians. He becomes the usurper King of Ireland, and is invested with most of the qualities attributed in England to Canute and Norman William, and in Scotland to Edward I.

is he who is credited with the expedition which finally subdued all the islands northward of Scotland to the Norwegian rule, and placed over them a Jarl or Earl.

Harald, like Ragnar, is not easily identified among the early annalists on this side of the North Sea. Among these the Irish annalists are the most distinct in their information, but that only characterises the terribleness of the inroad in general terms, setting forth the amount of its destructiveness to life and wealth, and its width of area. It is characteristic that there will occur sometimes the name of a native sufferer, known in the district from his birth or ecclesiastical rank, while the commander of a thousand ships is unnamed.[1]

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[1] The shape in which these dreary records begin is a fair specimen of their character throughout:—

"Prima vastatio Ardmachæ a Gentilibus, idque ter in una mense," p. 208. The "vastatio" of a list of provinces, "cum omnibus ecclesiis suis," is frequent; sometimes there is a "combustio."

"Vastatio regionum Lacus Bricerna, contra Conghalach filium Echdach, qui occisus est postea, ductus captivus ad classem," p. 209. After another combustio "vulnus lethale Broccani filii Cendercani in stomacho."—Ann. Ult., apud O'Conor, 301-310.

Munch, in his exhaustive 'Norske Folks Historie,' relies chiefly on these Irish authorities for the deeds of the Vikings in the British Islands. It is a fact, perhaps the more curious because it would not be naturally anticipated, that while the early Norse accounts of the period are discursive and picturesque, mingling fable with fact, the oldest of the Irish annals are as dry and brief as a parish register. These valuable sources of history are printed in four quarto volumes, unfortunately rare and costly. Their general title is, 'Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres,' four vols. quarto, 1814, edited by Dr Charles O'Conor.

1. Tigernachi Abbatis Cluanensis, defuncti anno 1088, Annales Hibernici nunc primum e lingua vetere Hibernica translati.

2. Annales Inisfalenses (Annals of Innesfail, 430-1196).

3. Annales Buelliani.

4. Quatuor Magistrorum Annales Hibernici usque ad annum 1172. (These were compiled in the middle of the seventeenth century by Michael O'Clery of the Order of St Francis and three assistants. They got the name of "the four masters." The continuation of their chronicle was published in four volumes quarto, in 1848, edited by John O'Donovan.)

5. Annales Ultonienses. Pars prima ab an. 431 ad an. 800. Pars secunda ab an. 800 ad an. 1131.

Tighernach and the Annals of Ulster are peculiarly valuable, because

The descriptive names given in an unknown tongue to these formidable heroes would naturally perplex the precise chroniclers of Ireland, accustomed to trace long descents or reverently to set down the titles of ecclesiastical dignitaries. When the son succeeded to the father's self-made power, or was himself a mighty chief, there was a step towards a dynasty. There were the Haraldsons, the Olafsons, and the Brionsons. But the expression of filiation itself made confused work between the Norse and the Celtic.[1]

But nothing could better show how entirely the Norse commanders held the place of new men or self-made men than these descriptive or incidental names. There is nothing of the patrician descent so dear to their Norman descendants, nor of distinction of race like the Roman Gens or the Irish Sept. Some of the names have a certain dignity in their terrible import, as Eric of the bloody axe—or another Eric, who was Hausaklyfur, or cleaver of the skulls. But many of them convey no compliment or commendation, and have more of the character of the English nickname than of the French sobriquet. Such is the illustrious Ketil Flatnef, or Flat-nosed, who sailed from his native Sogne Fiord to Orkney in the reign of Harald, but whether to subjugate the islands to his authority or to do business there for himself is not distinct. There is Eric Tréfut, or Wooden-footed, so called because he lost a limb in battle, and was endowed with the usual timber substitute of modern times. Instead, however, of retiring to honourable rest like the maimed warrior of later days, he continued terrible in battle. When we seek among these heroes the first to earn renown of the great house that ruled in Norway and England, and is still represented on the British

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they were put in writing before the period when the national and ecclesiastical quarrels broke forth and tempted the monkish scribes to write history to serve their Church or their national party.

[1] Thus the Haraldson of the Norse is the Irish MacArailt, and appears in the mixed shape of Maccus, son of Harald Torquill. MacNeil is in the Sagas Thorkell Njaalson, and in the Latin chronicles Thorquellus filius Noel. Thorstain MacEric is Thorsten Ericson. Torquil MacDermot is in the Sagas Thorkell Thormodson.

throne, we find it in Rolf the Ganger, so termed because he hated horseback, and in all his land-wars marched on foot.

The Irish were the greatest sufferers from the invasions of the Northmen at this period, and have left us the bitterest utterances of their calamities and terrors. They naturally try to keep up the old emphatic division of Christians and pagans, though it is evident that there is more reproach than truth in their classing all the enemies of the Christian Irish as pagans. To be in the ranks of the enemy seems to have been a sufficient ground for the reproach, and sometimes it is explained that they are apostates. Another feature wonderful to the Irish was the strong mail worn by the invaders. These came not entirely from Norway or Denmark. In the muster for the battle of Clontarf, where, according to the half-legendary history, the great Brian Boroomh re-established the Celtic sway, we find in the army of his enemies men from Northumberland (including Lothian), from Argyle, and from the Western, Orkney, and Shetland Islands.[1]

They were called the Fingal or white strangers, a term we have already encountered in its capricious career through Irish history and Celtic poetry. If it was used by the people of the day so as to reach the ears of those

[1] "They invited to them Brodor the Earl, and Amlaibh, son of the King of Lochlan--that is, the two Earls of Cair and of all the north of Saxon land. These two were the chiefs of ships, and outlaws, and Danars of all the west of Europe, having no reverence, veneration, respect, or mercy for God or man, for church or for sanctuary, at the head of two thousand cruel, villanous, ferocious, plundering, hard-hearted, foreign, wonderful Danmarkians, selling and hiring themselves for gold and silver and other treasure as well. And there was not one villain or robber of that two thousand who had not polished strong triple-plated glittering armour of refined iron or of cool uncorroding brass incasing their sides and bodies from head to foot. They invited to them also Siucrad, son of Lotar, Earl of the Orc Islands, and of other islands also; with an assembled army of ignorant, barbarous, thoughtless, irreclaimable, unsociable foreigners of the Orc Islands and of the Cat Islands, from Manan and from Sci, from Leodhus, from Cenn Tire, and from Airergaedhel; and two barons of the Corr Britons, and Cerudabbliteoc of the Britons of Cill Muni."—The War of the Gaedhill with the Gaill, p. 153.

it described, we might set it down as a subtle act of flattery to propitiate the cruel visitors, since it acknowledges a deeply-cherished object of Norse pride — the transparent skin and light hair. This was deeper than any of the prejudices against "colour" among Europeans and Americans of the present day. It was deeper than any social prejudice can reach, since darkness of skin was a practical contradiction to all claim of descent from the fair and pure-blooded gods.[1]

Early in the ninth century, when the Norsemen, or Ostmen, as they were called, had a firm settlement in Ireland, the chief leader among them took root in the histories as a king with a dynasty, which soon lost its invidious distinction as that of an invading and conquering race. The "Hy Ivar," or descendants of Ivar, were the dynasty. Ivar, in the later annals, took rank as a son of Ragnar Lodbroc; and Ragnar himself, the rough sea-captain whose father was unknown to his countrymen, became a descendant of "the Royal Race of Lochlin." Illustrious among these Ivars is one designed as "Beenloes," or the boneless, and there are many strange hints on the reason why a renowned warrior should have so inapplicable a name. He stands forth in some of the annals as king of Northumberland, a title inferring that he ruled Scotland southward of the Forth. He is mentioned as the owner of mighty fleets, and as joining another Norse leader, Olav the White, in ravaging Pictland or central Scotland. Their fleets brought them in by both the great sea passages, the Forth and the Clyde; and, after harassing Scotland for the four years from 866 to 870, we hear of them marching southward to join the Danes, who were at like work in England.

It gives a touch of distinctness to the brief and almost technical entry in the chronicle of the crowded succession of such ravages, when we find it said that in the year 870

[1] They were afterwards, as we have seen, called "The Black Strangers." Sometimes we find them as "Blue Strangers" These terms are naturally supposed to have been when they appeared in armour. The mail covering, when it came into use, is referred to by the Irish annalist as something unusual and astounding.

they took and destroyed the fortress on Dumbarton rock after a siege of four months.[1]

Of the stormy history of which such scattered fragments only can be recovered, the general influence on the future of Scotland may be thus abbreviated: As far as the Firth of Forth stretched Northumbria, where the Norse element predominated. It gradually combined with kindred elements on the side of England, while northward of the Firth there was a combination with fresh invaders from Scandinavia, and a general pressure on any remains of Celtic inhabitancy, if there were such remains, along the north-eastern districts—a pressure driving them westward into the mountain district peopled by their Irish kindred. Orkney became a province of Norway, with a tendency to stretch the power of that state over the adjoining mainland. The Hebrides and other islands along the west coast, so far as they held out any inducement for permanent settlement to the Scandinavian colonists, had a seat of government in the Isle of Man. By keeping this general distribution in view, we shall be able all the more distinctly to note the tenor of the events we have now to follow.

Resuming the succession of the kings or chief rulers from the point at which the Picts and Scots came under a united government, we have still but a bare list of names and dates, along with a few battles and other events, which, in any records worthy of credit, are told in the briefest and baldest terms. King Kenneth died in 859, and was succeeded by his brother Donald, called the Third, who died in 863. Here one notices in passing that the usual tenor of the chronicles is interrupted by one unviolent death following another. The next king was Constantine, the son of Kenneth, who, had the laws of hereditary descent been perfected, would have excluded his uncle Donald. The reign of Constantine was signally afflicted by the inroads of the Norsemen just alluded to. He was killed, with many of his followers, near the Firth

[1] Annal. Ult. 866-72; Todd, War of the Gaedhil with the Gaill, lxxix.

of Forth, in one of the conflicts with these invaders. The Irish chroniclers tell with much distinctness that they were of the Du Gall, or Black Strangers, who had first attacked the White Strangers, or older Norse settlers in Dublin, and having been driven off by these, turned and fell on Constantine's realm.[1]

There is some confusion in the subsequent destinies of the throne. Aodh, or Hugh, the brother of Constantine, appears as his immediate successor; but a certain Grig is found wielding the supreme power, without any assigned genealogical title to the crown. The affair is not made much clearer by the chroniclers assigning to him a partner in power named Eoch, who is not to be confounded with Charlemagne's correspondent, Eochy or Achaius. He is already mentioned as a grandson of Kenneth by his daughter, the wife of a king of Strathclyde.[2] To make up for the mystery and penury of such notices, the obsolete historians have made a hero and a favourite of Grig. In their hands he becomes Gregorius Magnus, or Gregory the Great, and in his person restores the true line of Scots royalty, which had been perverted to serve the claims of powerful collaterals. He is the great hero-king of his age. He drives out the Danes, he humbles England, he conquers Ireland; but his magnanimity will permit him to take no more advantage of his success than to see that these two kingdoms are rightly governed, that they are rid of the Northern invaders, and that their sceptres are respectively wielded by the legitimate heir. All this is just about as true as the story of the King of Scotland with five royal companions rowing the barge of King Edgar in the Dee. When the two countries afterwards had their bitter quarrel, such inventions were the way in which the quarrel was fought in the cloister.[3]

The next king is Donald, called the Fourth, a son of

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[1] War of the Gaedhil with the Gaill, lxxv. 27, 232. There is uncertainty about the date, ranging from 774 to 881.

[2] See above, p. 280.

[3] Withal that it is utter fiction, it is difficult to help admiring the noble simplicity of Buchanan's sketch of Gregorius Magnus. It was

Constantine, of whom we know only that he was killed in battle with the Danes, somewhere apparently between the Forth and Tay. That incursion of the ceaseless enemy was led by an Ivar, a descendant of the dynasty that had established itself at Dublin. He had fastened himself on the soil, and continued to be very troublesome in the early part of the reign of the next king—another Constantine, called the Third, a son of Aodh. Under him, however, the tide seems to have somewhat turned, for the invaders were driven out after what appears to have been a decisive battle.[1] A few years later there comes up in the chronicles a counterpart of the conquering magnanimity of Gregory. It is told in the fewest possible words, how, under the reign of Edward the Elder of Saxony, the Scots and their king, with the Welsh, the Strathclyde Britons, the Northumbrians, and Danish invaders—all his enemies

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inspired with the spirit of that prophetic admonition so utterly forgotten by the people to whom it was addressed—

> "Hæ tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere morem
> Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

The reign of Gregorius winds up thus: "Hæc fama justitiæ, pacem in reliquum tempus certiorem quam ullus armorum terror potuisset, præstitit. His rebus domi forisque paratis, duodecimo regni anno decessit, non minus justitia et temperantia quam fortitudine clarus; unde merito apud suos Magni, cognomentum est adeptus."

[1] On this occasion the Irish chronicles expand out of their usual brevity; yet their statement does not fit so well into any others of an authentic kind as to adjust the incident to a consecutive narrative of events. Here follows the account of the event, as in the Annals of Ulster, anno 908: "The gentiles of Locheochaoch left Ireland and went to Alban. The men of Alban, with the assistance of the North Saxons, prepared for them The gentiles divided themselves into four battles; viz, one by Godfrey Oh'Ivar, another by the two earls, the third by the young lords, and the fourth by Ranall Mac Bioloch, that the Scots did not see. But the Scots overthrew the three they saw, and they had a great slaughter of them about Otter and Gragava. But Ranall gave the onset behind the Scots, that he had the killing of many of them; only that neither king nor thane was lost in the conflict. The night discharged the battle."—Translation by Pinkerton, adopted by Ritson in his Collection, ii. 81. The site of this battle is not mentioned. The later annalists seem to speak of it as an invasion of Danish Northumbria by the Scots, and place it at Cor Bridge on Tyne.—See Robertson's Ancient Kings, i. 58, 59.

and rivals, in short, as if by common consent—chose Edward for their father and lord.[1]

The next Anglo-Saxon reign is that of Athelstane. The Scandinavian state of Northumbria had been brought under the rule of a different line from that of Alfred the Great: but under Athelstane it was attached to the northern Anglo-Saxon kingdom, which thus became large and compact. When they have to record the progress of an aggrandising monarch, the chroniclers hardly know where to stop; and so it is briefly told in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, how, in the year 926, "fiery beams appeared in the north part of the sky, and Sitric [of Northumberland] died, and King Athelstane assumed the kingdom of the Northumbrians; and he subjugated all the kings who were in this island: first, Howel, King of the West Welsh; and Constantine, King of the Scots; and Owen, King of Gwent; and Ealdred, son of Ealduf of Bambrough; and with pledge and with oaths they confirmed peace, in the place which is named

[1] Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (924). The titles given in the original to Edward are *Faedher* and *Hlaforde*. On these questions of an authority over the whole island exercised by the Saxon monarchs of England—before the feudal institutions, with their distinct practice of superiority and homage, had come to perfection—there is now a new school of historical criticism, with a new solution of difficulties. It was in some measure suggested by Sir Francis Palgrave, but has been brought to perfection by Dr Freeman, in his great work, 'The History of the Norman Conquest of England,' a book of which it may truly be said that the study of it is an education in the branch of knowledge which includes the formation and early development of the European States. A book going so deep into the obscurer fountains of knowledge courts controversy, and it is likely to fix on the solution of the difficulty in question. It is by an ample admission of a form of procedure only rarely and vaguely referred to by previous historical commentators on the rise of the feudal system—that of "Commendation." A ruler not very secure in his position "commended" himself and his dominions to the fatherly protection of a more powerful neighbour. A great monarch who held many commendations had more resemblance to the head of a confederacy of states than to a feudal superior with so many vassals. Before accepting this or any other distinct practical meaning of the term commendation, as between state and state, I would desire to see it used more thoroughly in a practical shape by the old feudal jurists than I have ever found it to be. With ecclesiastical offices and endowments commended or put *in commendam* in the hands of potentates, lay as well as ecclesiastical, one soon becomes familiar.

Eamot, on the fourth of the Ides of July, and renounced every kind of idolatry, and after that departed in peace." There is not a word about contests and victories: and it would even seem from the original as if all these monarchs had wanted an Athelstane as their father, and tendered their allegiance out of their respect for his moral worth and princely generosity.[1] The fighting, indeed, seems to have followed; for seven years afterwards, in 933, the same chronicles tell how "in this year King Athelstane went into Scotland, with both a land force and a ship force, and ravaged a great part of it."

These brief memorials, which, in words, carry the supremacy of an English monarch over the north, would have been of no more moment than those which balance his renown in a Gregory the Great or other northern hero, had they stood by themselves. Later events, however, gave an opportunity to the more recent chroniclers to further a political cause by amplifying the brief notices of their predecessors, and putting them into the legal phraseology of their own day, for the purpose of showing when and how the earliest feudal homage was paid to the line of monarchs whose dominions and privileges were possessed by the house of Plantagenet in right of the great Conquest.

The next event of note shows the Scots on the aggressive, and that with considerable emphasis. The only real acquisition made by Athelstane appears to have been Northumbria, and that seems to have dropped away again. He obtained it, as we have seen, on the death of Sitric. This Sitric was married to a daughter of Edward the Elder and a sister of Athelstane, and it seems to have been from this connection that Athelstane founded something

[1] A.-S. Chron. In the only one of the three accepted MSS. which contain this passage, the words translated "He subjugated all the kings who were in this island," stand, "Ealle tha cyngas the on thyssum ígland wæron he gewylde."—Rolls edition, i. 199. It is well remarked by Mr Robertson (Early Kings, i. 60), that here, as well as elsewhere, the king of the oldest and most thoroughly Christianised portion of Britain is treated as a pagan, as if the chronicles confounded him with the leaders of the Danes.

like a hereditary right to Northumberland on Sitric's death. Sitric, however, left sons by a former marriage, and one of these, Olave, strengthened his hands for a dash at his father's old dominion by a marriage with a daughter of Constantine of Scotland. The two took counsel together, and were joined by another, Olave of Dublin, a leader of the Irish Ostmen. Thus were the two chief rulers of the Danish colonists and the King of Scots in combination, and they brought in the ruler of the now scarcely distinguishable state of Strathclyde. Athelstane had nearly all England south of the Humber well in hand, Danes as well as Saxons, and he marched a great army into Northumbria, to fight a decisive battle, in the year 937. It went doubtfully with Athelstane for a time, but in the end he was victorious in the great battle of Brunenburgh, where Constantine left his son among many other illustrious dead.[1] It was said that the slaughter was such as had not before been witnessed since the Saxons landed in England.

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[1] The Sagas and later chronicles are minute about the specialities of the battle, but not to be depended on. We are told of one of the Danish Olaves getting into Athelstane's camp as a harper, but that story is bespoken for Alfred the Great, The Saxon Chronicle is not content to tell such a memorable event in plain prose, but bursts into song. It takes a poetic flight even in translation, as—

"They left behind them
The carcasses to share,
With pallid coat,
The swart raven
With horned neb,
And him of goodly coat,
The eagle, white behind,
The carrion to devour;
The greedy war-hawk,
And that grey beast,
The wolf in the weald.
No slaughter has been greater
In this island
Ever yet
Of folk laid low
Before this
By the swords' edges,
From what books tell us,
Old chroniclers,
Since hither from the East,
Angles and Saxons
Came to land
O'er the broad seas."

Yet we find from it little distinctive result, and the powers much as they were. It has yet to be recorded, nine years later, in 946, that Athelstane's successor reduced all Northumberland under his power; and the Scots gave him oath that they would all that he would.[1] It happens, however, that the year before this we have an entry which the tenor of those we have been dealing with renders still more inexplicable than they are themselves. "Anno 945.—In this year King Eadmond harried over all Cumberland, and gave it all up to Malcolm, King of the Scots, on the condition that he should be his co-operator both on sea and on land." Three years before this, Constantine had retired from his throne, and became abbot of the Culdees at St Andrews—an office, as we shall see, not unworthy of a tired king. It was to his successor, Malcolm, that this strange gift was made. Here again is a brief intimation that might have passed by as unintelligible, whether as a slip of the chronicler or a transcriber's blunder, had not later events and controversies led people to find a deep meaning in it. On the one side, it was held to be a testimony to the absolute vassalage of the King of Scots to the King of England—a vassalage bought with a price:[2] on the other hand, it was held up as a token of the feebleness of the Saxon king, who could not take and keep the territory of Cumbria, and therefore was glad to make a peace-offering of it to his great rival, the King of the Scots; and in this sense it inferred an act of tribute rather than of feudal authority. The results of the former view will come up again; of the latter it need only be said, that it has troubled historians who have tried to find the consequences of the gift in the way in which the King of Scots acted towards the dominions so put into his hands, and have tried in vain. Their attempts have only been perplexed by finding that Fordun and the later annalists, thinking themselves bound

[1] "Scottas him athas sealdan that hi eall woldon that he wolde."—Chron. Sax. Rolls ed., 212.

[2] The words of the chronicle regarding the King of Scotland's engagements are—"On the gerad that he wære his midwyrhta ægther ge on sæ ge on lande."

to account for the acquisition, did so in their own easy way, naming from time to time the viceroy appointed by the King of Scots to rule Cumberland—Prince Duff at one time, Prince Malcolm at another, and so on.[1]

Though the narrative of ascertained events has been but meagre, we now deal with conditions a hundred years later than those of the latest territorial distribution, and some topographical explanations are again demanded by political changes. Cumbria, or Cambria, was the name given to the northern territory retained by the Romanised Britons—a territory described as a continuation northward of their Welsh territory. Gradually, however, the name of Strathclyde was given to that portion reaching from the Solway northwards—in fact, the portion within modern Scotland. The word Cumbria continued to be frequently used as equivalent to Strathclyde, but about the period of the gift it had come to apply to the English portion only of the old British territory—a portion in which Saxons and Norsemen had successively planted themselves. If what King Edmond handed over to the King of Scots was Strathclyde, he professed to give a territory that was not his own, but was, indeed, naturally lapsing into the other dominions of the King of Scots. Whatever meaning, then, we are to give to the passage in the chronicle, must connect it with the country now known as Cumberland and Westmoreland. Of these territories it can only be said, that at this period, and for long afterwards, they formed the theatre of miscellaneous confused conflicts, in which the Saxons, the Scots, and the Norsemen, in their turn, partake. Over and over again we hear that the district is swept by the Saxon kings' armies; but it did not become a part of England until after the Norman Conquest. Meanwhile, to the King of Scots it was not so much an object of acquisition as the more accessible territory of Northumberland.

Of such an acquisition, however, it was not yet time for the ruler of the Picts and Scots to think. The natural direction of aggrandisement and consolidation must be

[1] See Chalmers's Caledonia, i. 350.

within the territory of modern Scotland, to the north and to the west of the territories over which he held actual rule. Here he met with no pressure from a monarch greater than himself, as he must if he sought acquisition towards the south. The powers that resisted him were small and isolated, save so far as they might trust for aid to the Ostmen of Ireland, or invaders from far-distant Norway. It is towards the north and the west, then, that we are to find the kingdom consolidating itself. Although the battle of Nechtans-mere had taught the Saxon rulers not to stretch their power beyond the Tweed, yet a stronger than they had come; and the Norsemen, if they did not hold absolute rule, had the strongest hand from York to the Forth.

Malcolm had much trouble by them elsewhere, and especially from that dubious colony held by a maarmor in the extreme north, sometimes called Moray and sometimes Ross. He was killed in fighting with them at Fetteresso, in the Mearns—a spot which shows that they had marched some hundred and fifty miles forth from their own proper territory. The next kings were Indulf, killed in a battle with the Norsemen; Duf, killed in conflict with a rival claimant; and Culen, who was afterwards slain in a quarrel, rather than a war, with the Strathclyde people.

Kenneth, called the Third, succeeded him in the year 970. His is an eventful reign in the hands of the fabulous historians; but as we go to earlier authorities the picturesque incidents drop off one by one, leaving his reign as bare as that of any of his predecessors or successors. He had the usual trouble from "the Danes;" but the battle of Luncarty, in which he gained a signal victory over them, relieving his country from their harassing attacks, must be set down as a recent invention.[1]

[1] The readers of the obsolete histories will recognise it by its chief features. There is an obstinate bloody battle a few miles to the north of Perth. The Scots at last are giving way, and retreating through a narrow pass, when they are met by a peasant named Hay and his two sons, who, armed with nothing but their oxen yokes, stem the retreat, and lead their countrymen on to victory. Since no trace of this story

Another picturesque story of this reign yields, on examination, enough of fact to show how precarious, and how liable to rivalry, even within its assigned bounds, was the power of a king of Scotland in that day. Along the east coast, from the Tay to the Dee, are the districts of old called Angus and Mearns, now the counties of Forfar and Kincardine. These districts were under maarmors; and among these, in historical phraseology, Kenneth "suppressed an insurrection," but, more correctly speaking, he asserted his authority where it had not been acknowledged before. In this affair a young man was slain, whether the son of the Maarmor of the Mearns, or the Maarmor himself, is not clear, as we do not know whether his father was alive. His mother Finella, the daughter of the Maarmor of Angus, was strong enough to avenge his death on the king. She got him, either by force or guile, into her stronghold of Fettercairn, and slew him there.[1]

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is to be found even in Fordun or Wyntoun, Hector Boece must lie under strong suspicion of having entirely invented it. Perhaps he was tired of the reiterated bald statement that the Danes had again and again landed and plundered, and bethought himself of giving the struggle a shape in which it would tell and be remembered. He was successful. The story of the Hays has been widely current as what a modern author calls "a touching example of the simple manners of a primitive people." Even George Chalmers seems to have yielded his belief to the very picturesqueness of the story. "The narrative," he says, "of the battle of Loncarty is so artless and so circumstantial, as given in Bellenden's Boece, that there is nothing superior to it for simplicity and minuteness in Lord Berner's Froissart."—Cal., i. 395. Heraldry has embalmed the story in the achievement of the noble family of Errol, held to be the descendants of the stalwart ploughman. He got a gift of as much land as a falcon should fly over without perching, and "the king also assigned three shields or escutcheons for the arms of the family, to intimate that the father and the two sons had been the three fortunate shields of Scotland; and the Earl of Errol bears for a crest a falcon, and his supporters are two men in country habits, holding the yokes of a plough over their shoulders, with this motto, *Serva jugum*, in allusion to their origin."—Douglas's Peerage. Pontoppidan gives the story at length, "Gesta et vestigia Danorum extra Daniam," ii. 248, but apparently on no better authority than that of Boece, as followed by Buchanan.

[1] Not only Hector Boece, but the older and graver chroniclers Fordun and Wyntoun, bring out this affair in a highly theatrical shape.

He was succeeded by a Constantine, who, after governing for a few months, was killed by a rival claimant of the throne, Kenneth IV., surnamed Grim, who became king in 994, and was in his turn slain in battle nine years afterwards by Malcolm II., who claimed and gained the kingship as a son of Kenneth III. The intermediate holders were his collateral relations. Malcolm governed for twenty-nine years. He was a warlike king, and did much towards consolidating, and even enlarging, his territory. He was unfortunate at the beginning; for having invaded Northumberland as far as Durham, he was there thoroughly beaten by the army of the earl, commanded by his son Uchtred, who had an array of Scots heads selected to be stuck on the walls of Durham. A few years afterwards, however (1018), Malcolm made a second effort in the same direction, and gained a victory at Carham, which secured to him, at all events, that boundary of the Tweed which had been aimed at by his predecessors ever since the victory at Dunnechtan. The last that we hear of any separate king or ruler of Strathclyde was one that fought on Malcolm's side in this battle; and presently afterwards the attenuated state is found, without any conflict, absorbed in the Scots king's dominions. These were now nearly marked off towards the south, as the march claimed for Scotland stood at the time of the great contest with England. It was in the

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We are to suppose that the victim has been lured in among the avenger's toils. He was led into a tower of the castle "quhilk was theiket with copper, and hewn with mani subtle mouldry of sundry flowers and imageries, the work so curious that it exceeded all the stuff thereof." So says the translator of Boece. In the midst of this tower stood a brazen statue of the king himself, holding in his hand a golden apple studded with gems., "That image," said the Lady Finella, "is set up in honour of thee, to show the world how much I honour my king. The precious apple is intended for a gift for the king, who will honour his poor subject by taking it from the hand of the image." The touching of the apple set agoing certain machinery which discharged a hurdle of arrows into the king's body. The trick is copied from some of those attributed to the Vehmic tribunals. The picturesque district between Fettercairn and the sea is alive with traditions of Finella and her witcheries.

north and west that there were difficulties with small powers hardly to be called independent kingdoms, though not yet forming part of the dominions of the King of Scots. It must have been matter of some satisfaction to find two of the most powerful rulers of these, the Earl of Orkney and the Maarmor of Ross, fighting with, and consequently weakening, each other. Malcolm is said to have gained several mighty victories over "the Danes;" but these only find a local habitation and a name, along with the usual details, from late and questionable authority.[1]

Malcolm appears to have died in 1029, and to have then been succeeded by another Malcolm,—so at least the Danish authorities tell us; but the Scots chronicles

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[1] One of these is in Gamry, in the district of "Buchan," where some skulls built into the wall of the parish church are brought up in stern evidence of the truth of the common narratives of a bloody battle in which the Danes were signally defeated.—See Buchan, by the Rev. John B. Pratt, p. 187.

Another of these victories is connected with more distinguished memorials. Fordun gives a brief narrative, which amplifies with repetition by his successors, of how Malcolm, determining to create a great northern bishopric, established its seat where he had gained a notable victory over the Danes, at Mortlach, whence it was removed to Aberdeen by David I. Accordingly, as might be expected, the charter which professes to begin the register of the bishopric makes King Malcolm present this church and certain lands to God, to the blessed Virgin, and all saints, and to Bishop Beyn, to be an episcopal seat. This charter is a forgery. It was not the day when kings of Scotland erected bishoprics offhand. We have here an instance of the provoking practice to be hereafter dealt with, by which history and documents were tampered with for the purposes of carrying into remote antiquity the phraseology and practices of later ages of the Church. If the subsequent Malcolm, called Canmore, did give over some lands at Mortlach for ecclesiastical purposes, it is the utmost that can be conceded to the antiquity of a royal religious foundation at Mortlach.—See the matter discussed in the Preface to the Regis trum Aberdonense. It may be noted that some of the Irish antiquaries identify a Bishop of Mortlach in a certain Beanus, an Irish saint, whose place in the Calendar is the 16th of December. He appears under the name Mophiog, but "that Mophiog, Mobheog, and Beanus are the same requires no proof."—Martyrology of Donegal, p. 337. Among the crowd of Irish saints and bishops of a very early period, who were commemorated in tradition or the services of the Church in Scotland, there is found a St Beanus or Bean.—Forbes, Kalendars, 277.

give the whole of the period of the united reigns to one Malcolm; and in using any lights they give us, it is necessary to speak of them as one, since there are no means of separating their two reputations. It was the younger Malcolm, however, according to the same authorities, who was the son of Kenneth,—the other, who had the longer reign, being called "Mac Malbrigid Mac Ruairi."[1]

The Northern Sagas take retribution for the shadowy victories of the Malcolm of our chronicles in similar coin, by representing their mighty King Canute as extending his Saxon kingdom over a great part of Scotland. He was doubtless a very formidable neighbour, and the Saxon Chronicle gives a hint—it can be called little more—that he met King Malcolm on the Border, and extracted some humiliating but unkept promise from him.[2] Before closing with King Malcolm, it may be right to say that of old he held high rank as a legislator in virtue of a very compact and systematic code, called the "Leges Malcolmi," now for nearly a century held to be an unquestionable fabrication of a later age than his.[3]

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[1] Munch, Chronicle of Man and the Sudreys, p. 46.

[2] The passage is thus rendered in the Rolls edition: "1031.—In this year King Cnut went to Rome; and as soon as he came home he went to Scotland, and the Scots King Malcolm submitted to him, and became his man, but held that only a little while." In only one of the four accepted versions of the original is there anything resembling this, the words are: "Her for Cnut cyng to Rome; sona swa he ham com tha for he to Scotland. Scotta cyng eode him on hand weard his mann; ac he that hytle hwill heold." The natural course for Canute, if he had sufficient power, would have been to take possession of Lothian.

[3] The first sentence of this short code brings the feudal system into existence by a single regal act, as all the great beneficences of the old romances are performed. The king, having all the land of the country in his hands, disposes of it munificently. In the vernacular version—"He gaif all the land of the kinrik of Scotland till his men, and nocht held till him self bot the kingis dignitie and the Mute Hill in the toun of Scone; and thare all the barouns grantit till him the warde and releve of the aire of quhatsumevir baron dede, to the sustentatioun of the said lord the king." The title prefixed to his laws calls King Malcolm the most victorious king over all the nations of England, Wales, Ireland, and Norway. This is a *per contra* to the pretensions of the Plantagenet kings to the superiority

At his death, in 1033, there was no powerful adult collateral to seize on the succession. He is said to have provided for this by putting to death the grandson of Kenneth IV. The charge stands on very faint evidence; and were it not that it adds an item to the long catalogue of royal crimes, the tenuity of the evidence might be regretted, since such a death would help to clear up the tragic mysteries of the next reign.

He was succeeded by his grandson, Duncan. There is little noticeable in his life but its conclusion. He had made vain efforts to extend his frontiers southward through Northumberland, and was engaged in a war with the holders of the northern independent states at his death in the year 1039. The brief memorandum in which that death is recorded by the older authorities has got all that critical genius and learning can do to clear and enlarge it, but it remains where it was. He was slain in "Bothgowan," which is held to be Gaelic for "a smith's hut." The person who slew him, whether with his own hand or not, was Macbeda, the Maarmor of Ross, or of Ross and Moray; the ruler, in short, of the district stretching from the Moray Firth and Loch Ness northwards.[1] The place where the smith's hut stood is

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over Scotland. These laws are printed among the documents counted questionable in the first volume of the Record edition of the Scots Acts, p. 345.

[1] The variations in the spelling of these old names are profuse, and among them one could have easily selected the name of "Macbeth." It seemed, however, that it would really tend to distinctness to keep clear of a name summoning a story so different from the meagre outline which the genuine materials of history have preserved. We must abandon the grand accessories, too, as well as the characters. Archæology will not concede to Macbeth a great feudal castle, with its towers and dungeons and long echoing passages. He would have to inhabit a Rath—a set of buildings of wood or wattles on the top of a mound, fortified by stakes and earthworks. For dresses, we know that the common tartan of the stage was no more in use than the powdered hair, small-clothes, and laced waistcoat in which Garrick used to burst on the stage after the murder to freeze the audience with horror; yet it would be difficult to find anything more appropriate, and the armour and the heraldic surcoats of the days of the Plantagenets would be as unhistorical as either.

Shakespeare followed the histories he had before him, probably

said to have been near Elgin. This has not been very distinctly established; but at all events it was near if not actually within the territory ruled by Macbeda, and Duncan was there with aggressive designs. The maar-

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the Chronicle of Holinshed. No man of his age could have helped him to the truth; and in fact it may still be said that, with one admission, Macbeth is no exception to his marvellous power of seizing and giving life to the reality of historical conditions. Bring it down 250 years, and it takes us thoroughly into the life of the feudal court of Scotland. Shakespeare took a like method with King Lear and Hamlet, and he no doubt knew what he was about. There seems, indeed, to be no other way of giving poetry to times we are unacquainted with, except by taking the details from times we know of. It would seem that the mind will not be content with utterly imaginary details,—they must relate to things known to have existed; and if the existences in costume, manners, and otherwise of the time dealt with, are not known, then these must be taken from some other time. Romances about the Franks, the Romanised Britons, the early Saxons, and the like, when they affected an accurate adherence to the details of the period, have generally been failures. Some things in the tragedy of Macbeth are powerfully characteristic to those accustomed to the spirit of past Scots life and history. Take, for instance, the weird sisters, so grand a contrast to the vulgar grovelling parochial witch of England, and so accurately in keeping with what we know, from criminal trials and otherwise, of the wilder crews frequenting such witchland as Scotland and the Harz can afford. But the key-note of a far higher tone of national feeling is struck in this great tragedy. It has to speak the sorrows of a high-spirited people suffering from the miseries of a great tyranny that is to be endured by them no longer, come of resistance what may; and whether such a thought ever crossed Shakespeare's mind or not, it is certain that the spirit working in the country in the darkest days of the conflict with the Edwards was never better expressed.

"*Malcolm.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.

Enter ROSSE.

Macduff. See, who comes here?
Malcolm. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Malcolm. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.

mor's wife was Gruach, a granddaughter of Kenneth IV. If there was a grandson of Kenneth killed by Malcolm, this was his sister. But whether or not she had this inheritance of revenge, she was, according to the Scots authorities, the representative of the Kenneth whom the grandfather of Duncan had deprived of his throne and his life.

Some inquirers have endeavoured to form subtle theories out of the chaos of royal successions we have just gone over. Among these is the principle of alternation, which requires that two collateral families or branches should take the rule by turns. On such a principle the grandson of Malcolm was a usurper; and, presuming that the succession opened to the female side, his death was nothing but the natural consequence of his presumption, and the proper way to restore the true heiress to her own. Without being able to see any absolute rule in its favour, however, the deeds which raised Macbeda and his wife to power were not to appearance much worse than others of their day done for similar ends.[1] However he may have gained his power, he exercised it with good repute, according to the reports nearest to his time. It is among the most curious of the antagonisms that sometimes separate the popular opinion of people of mark from anything positively known about

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken."

[1] It has been observed that, in the record of an ecclesiastical gift made by them, Macbeda and his wife are called "Rex et Regina Scotorum."—Registrum Prioratus Sancti Andreæ, 114. It is argued that such an entry is peculiar, and indicates that Gruach was a queen in her own right. The inference is supported by what is afterwards told, that when Macbeda was killed, the contest in which he fell was continued in favour of Lulach, the son of Gruach by a previous marriage.

them, that this man, in a manner sacred to splendid infamy, is the first whose name appears in the ecclesiastical records both as a king of Scotland and a benefactor of the Church; and is also the first who, as king of Scotland, is said by the chroniclers to have offered his services to the Bishop of Rome. The ecclesiastical records of St Andrews tell how he and his queen made over certain lands to the Culdees of Lochleven, and there is no such fact on record of any earlier king of Scotland. Of his connection with Rome, it is a question whether he went there himself. The pilgrimage seems to have become fashionable among northern kings, and was taken by Canute and afterwards by Eric of Denmark. That he sent money there, however, was so very notorious as not only to be recorded by the insular authorities, but to be noticed on the Continent as a significant event.[1] It is all the more important, indeed, since we shall find, when we come to look at the influence of the ecclesiastical revival which afterwards spread from England, that Scotland was deemed throughout Christian Europe an undutiful child of the Church, and given rather to setting greedy secular eyes on its sacred riches than to the enrichment of it with new endowments. To hold that Macbeth was a mirror of sanctity in a graceless age, would not be among the most untenable of historical paradoxes.

King Duncan had married a sister of Seward, the Earl of Northumberland. At his death he left two sons, both very young, who seem to have sought refuge with their uncle. Nothing is more natural than that a son, when he came to sufficient years, should try to gain his father's throne, and that the earl should help him. Accordingly, we are told that in the year 1054, fifteen years after the death of Duncan, a great army moved northwards to try conclusions with Macbeda. There was a battle near famed Dunsinnane, but it was not conclusive. The war

[1] The contemporary chronicler, Marianus, says: "1050 — Rex Scotiæ Macbethad Romæ argentum pauperibus seminando distribuit." The word *seminando* is supposed to mean that he dispensed the money with his own hand.

was carried northwards across the Dee, and in Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire, Macbeda was killed.[1] His death did not finish the contest. The genealogical conditions connected with it are not simplified by finding it continued on the side of the slain king by a certain Lulach, whom the chroniclers call a fool, the son of Queen Gruach by a former marriage. He was slain in Strathbogie in the year 1056, and then Malcolm, the son of Duncan, became king. In this revolution it is known that the Norse power in Scotland had great influence, though we cannot get at its sources and character with complete exactness.[2]

The reign of this Macbeda or Macbeth forms a noticeable period in our history. He had a wider dominion than any previous ruler, having command over all the country now known as Scotland, except the Isles and a portion of the Western Highlands. As we have seen, he is the first ruler in Scotland known to have opened communications with Rome, and the first who appears in ecclesiastical record as a benefactor to the Church. With him, too, ended that mixed or alternative regal succession which, whether it was systematic or followed the law of force, is exceedingly troublesome to the inquirer. Some collateral relation, as we have seen, was generally the successor on the death of a king, instead of his son. In some instances the predominance of the collateral had to be decided by a battle, but in others he seems to have established his influence during the lifetime of the reigning king, and to have had a fixed position

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[1] In this district, so secluded until but the other day, when a railway was carried through it, there is a large cairn known as Cairnbeth. It is surrounded by memorials of battle, and is close to a great circular mound or rath, such as the fortresses of that age were raised upon. Local tradition is a dangerous guide for historical purposes, because it is, in general, but a clumsy rendering of the latest popular literature concerning what it commemorates. In this instance, however, the fact that the tradition has been isolated from the great current of a literature that has filled the world, and tallies with the older and forgotten authorities, gives it unusual claims on our toleration

[2] See Munch's Notes to Chronicle of Man, 46, 47.

in the state as successor to the throne, with the title of Tanist. From Macbeth downwards there is no more of this, but the rule of hereditary succession holds, at all events to the extent that a son, where there is one, succeeds to his father.

Hence this reign is a sort of turning-point in the constitutional history of the Scots crown. Coming down from it through the confusion of previous reigns—if reigns they can well be called—we reach an instance where a powerful man manages to get the chief command by means not of an uncommon kind, and we wonder why his reign should be considered so exceptional. The loyal historian of later times, however, going back through the pedigree of the kings of Scotland, finds that the principle of hereditary succession rules until he reaches the name of Macbeda. Here is an exception, and it becomes the more prominent that, on passing over his reign, the father of his successor is found upon the throne. Duncan and his son Malcolm, ancestors of the race that continued to reign, are both found kings of Scotland; but there is one, a stranger to their race, between them. This had to be accounted for, and the easiest way was by treating the intruder as a "usurper." The loyal monks of the fifteenth century looked on a usurper with horror. Being so placed in the seat of political infamy, we have perhaps the reason why so many strange events, natural and supernatural, came to cluster round the career of Macbeth.[1]

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[1] Some items of *diablerie* about Macbeth had dropped out of the chronicles before Shakespeare's day. Old Wyntoun tells that he was the offspring of the prince of the powers of the air—in fact, a son of the Devil himself. It is told how, in a wood to which his mother resorted "for the delyte of halesome ayr," she met and became enamoured of a handsome stranger, a man

> "Of bewtê pleasand, and of hycht
> Proportioned wele in all measure
> Of lym and lyth—a fair figure."

On their parting, the stranger told his victim in the briefest terms that he was the Devil, recommending her not to disturb herself about that;

> "But sayd that her sone suld be
> A man of great state and bownte,

And na man suld be born of wyf
Of power to reve him of his lyfe;
And of that dede in taknyng,
He gave his lemman there a ring,
And bad her that scho should keep that wele,
And hald for his love that jewele."

Scott, finding this wild legend unappropriated, brought it, with his usual sagacity, into the Lady of the Lake, in the episode beginning—

"Of Brian's birth strange tales were told—
His mother watched a midnight fold."

Wyntoun, who furnishes this new marvel, softens the prophecy of the witches into a dream, and later writers have been glad to accept of this compromise with fable. There is a story, very like the witches' prophecy, told as long ago as the third century, about the Emperor Diocletian. In his obscure youth, when sojourning at a tavern in the Hercynian or Harz Forest, he met a Druidess or fortune-teller. There was some bantering between them. She complained of his stinginess, when he told her he would be more liberal when he became emperor. To this she said,—"No joking, Diocletian; you shall be emperor when you have slain Aper (Diocletiane, jocare noli; nam imperator eris, cum Aprum occideris)." This was said in the punning or equivocal spirit which has characterised vaticination from the oracles downwards. Aper meant a boar, and Diocletian slew many boars without profit from them. When the Emperor Numerianus was found dead in his tent, Diocletian stabbed *Aper* as the murderer, and then became himself emperor.—Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores, 671. Malicious people said that Diocletian was himself the murderer, and that he slew Aper to conceal the deed. In this view he rehearsed Macbeth killing the guards. See this referred to in connection with the Druids —above, chap. vi. The sources of other portions of Macbeth's eventful history might perhaps be traced among the chroniclers—as, for instance, the march of Birnam wood to Dunsinnane. In French story it is given to the leader who conducted the war of Fredigonde against the Neustrians (Sismondi, i. 410; Martin, 4th edit., i. 103). Olaus Magnus renders it with his usual picturesqueness in a chapter "De Stratagemate Regis Huchenis," where the scene is represented in a woodcut (235).

CHAPTER XI.

NARRATIVE TO THE END OF THE REIGN OF ALEXANDER I.

KING MALCOLM CANMORE—HIS INVESTITURE—EFFECT OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST ON SCOTLAND—SPECIAL CAUSES OF THE CONDITION AND INFLUENCE OF THE NORMANS—THEIR ORGANISING CAPACITY—KING WILLIAM'S ATTACK ON SCOTLAND—THE FEUDAL SYSTEM—ITS INFLUENCE IN AGGREGATING AND BREAKING UP KINGDOMS—THE SYSTEM OF RECORDS—VALUE OF TO HISTORY—INFLUENCE ON POWER AND PROPERTY—HOW ABUSED—MALCOLM'S CONNECTION WITH THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SAXON LINE—POLITICAL EFFECT OF THIS CONNECTION—WAR WITH ENGLAND—DEATH OF MALCOLM AND HIS SON—HIS WIFE, ST MARGARET—HER INAUGURATION IN THE CALENDAR—HER INFLUENCE ON SCOTLAND—KING ALEXANDER—ALLIANCE WITH THE ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY—TROUBLES IN THE HIGHLANDS—DEATH OF KING ALEXANDER.

Malcolm the son of Duncan is known as Malcolm III., but still better perhaps by his characteristic name of Canmore, said to come from the Celtic Caenmohr, meaning "great head." If we are to admit the testimony of Wyntoun, this great king was illegitimate—the child of a miller's daughter. He tells, circumstantially, how the gracious Duncan frequented the house of the miller making love to his daughter, and renders his narrative emphatic by noting that the Empress Matilda was thus a descendant of that same miller.[1] He is the first monarch of whose "coronation" we hear. The ceremony was at Scone, near Perth—a place which had become the centre of royalty, though it hardly had the features which make us call a town a capital.

[1] VI. 16.

History now becomes precise enough to fix the day of this event as the 25th of April 1057. There is little worth noticing in the early part of his reign, except that he kept up what seems to have been the fixed policy of the kings of Scotland, to press southwards, and made an incursion into Northumberland, which came to nothing. It is a question whether he took for his first wife the widow of Torfin, one of the independent rulers of the north, called Jarl of Caithness, and whether she or some one else was the mother of the Duncan who afterwards succeeded him.[1]

We must now look to alien causes for the influences that henceforth affected the destinies of the country. A power mightier than any internal power in Scotland—mightier than any in England—comes upon the scene. Just nine years after the accession of Malcolm came the Norman conquest of England. Nothing could seem less to concern the present or the future of Scotland than this decision about the succession to the crown of Edward the Confessor. But it was destined to stamp even stronger historic traces on Scotland than on England. There the crisis came at once, and was at once concluded, leaving nothing to look for but the natural results. On Scotland the new influence worked gradually and slowly; it was two hundred years ere the country felt fully the grip of the new force, and then even, came but the beginning of the great contest. It is perhaps from the subtle and gradual nature of its working, that on the side of Scotland we have a better opportunity of studying the true influence and character of Norman aggression than in that country, the face of which became so suddenly changed by one event.

It was no conquest in the sense in which one nation subjects another after the resources of both have been fairly tried in every form of attack and defence, and the one has sunk before the more enduring resources of the other. To the country at large the political results were a surprise. A battle had been fought, but, like many other battles, it seemed to concern only those who were near the centre of affairs, by deciding the succession to the crown.

[1] Compare Chalmers, i. 422, and Robertson's Early Kings, i. 128

But it was not that the Saxon people had merely got a vigorous, active, rigid king, who to-morrow might be changed for a good, quiet, easy-going successor. The Conquest brought in a matured system of organisation, strong enough to bind the most powerful Saxon earls, and subtle enough to find its way to the poorest homestead. The scattering of garrisons through a conquered country—the promulgation of tyrannical laws—never perhaps spread so instantaneous and so complete a conviction that the people had found a master, as those minute practical inquiries which enabled the Norman government to make an inventory of the material elements of their acquisition in the wonderful record of Doomsday.[1]

In aid of whatever qualities he held in common with the Saxon, the Norman brought the spirit and practice of organisation. He had learned this in a great school. He came last from the country which was the representative of Latin civilisation, and of the imperial organisation. No one now believes the story of the Roman laws having been lost until a copy of the Pandects was discovered at the siege of Amalfi. The system lived on through the overthrow of the Empire, as it lives still. There were few perhaps who could put even into the Latin of Justinian's day the subtle doctrines gathered from the disputes and

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[1] "Doomsday is a register of land, of its holders, its extent, its transfer, its resources, its produce, its deprived and present possessors; the stock of tenants, cotters, slaves, and cattle employed upon it. It is at the same time a military register, showing the national capabilities of defence, the position of the defenders, and their relation to the crown; a census of the population; a survey of their means of subsistence, their emoluments, their condition; a topographical and genealogical dictionary of all the great families in England; and a faultless record of real property, its incidences and distribution. From its pages the Conqueror could discover at a glance the state of his revenues—the wealth, the consequence, the natural connection of every personage in his kingdom. As it was the first, so it is the greatest and most perfect experiment which has ever been made by our own or any other people in economic legislation; and history since then, notwithstanding all the appliances, improvements, sciences, and enlightenment of modern times, can point to no achievement like it."—Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, in Preface to Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain, &c., ii. 22.

maxims of the Prudentes. But as a powerful instrument of government the system was practised and respected even by those who were the worst enemies of the Empire. It suited the hardy ambitious Normans admirably. They became, in fact, the people on whom the mantle of the old Empire descended. As they naturally fell into its powerful organisation for ruling men, they inherited the spirit of insatiable aggrandisement which the Romans kept to the last. Like them, they comported themselves as the governing race whom all others were to obey, so that their national morality made aggression a virtue in themselves, and resistance a vice in others.

Such neighbours as these opened a new and serious future to Scotland. To the Lowland Scot as well as to the Saxon, indeed, the Norman was what a clever man, highly educated and trained in the great world of politics, is to a man of the same parts who has spent his days in a village. It was no longer that a formidable enemy might arise from time to time, but there was a great system pressed on the Scots by men well capable of giving it all its force—a system which almost required the absorption of their country within the dominions of the Norman. It was not that there was any threat of invasion or immediate pressure of any kind. The Cumbrian and Northumbrian districts lay between Scotland and the domain which the Conqueror had organised and settled, and his Doomsday Book does not extend to the present counties of Durham, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. The influence of the Conquest was, however, as we shall see, immediate in various shapes. For one of these the historical investigator should be thankful, as it makes his work more easy, and its results more complete. To understand the structure and working of isolated institutions, even when there are ample materials to work on, is often a difficult business. With the scanty and confused memorials left of them, it is impossible to get at the real practical influence of the offices and powers which appear to have existed here and there in the confused group of tribes inhabiting Scotland; and the philosophical method of adjusting these things from what is deemed an innate

knowledge of human nature, and the habits of barbarous and primitive communities, is not so satisfactory as it used to be. The influence of the Normans infused through the country by degrees the great feudal usages of the Continent, in the structure of which they had taken an eminent part. The working of these in any one country could not only be in a great measure comprehended by a knowledge of their leading characteristics as practised throughout Europe; but it was their specialty that, down to the minutest transaction, their operation should be articulated, and that articulation should be recorded for future use.

It will serve for our better understanding of these institutions, as they come up practically from time to time, to cast a brief glance at their origin and its causes. When Rome went on in the conquering career which was only to stop when the whole world was under imperial government, all the acquisitions were made, not for the conquerors individually, but for a great corporation. First, it was the Republic that acquired them; but when the Empire grew up, this made no alteration on the external policy—the newly-conquered territory belonged to the Imperial city. We see in Roman history, and in all the regulations for the government of Roman provinces, a wakeful jealousy lest private interests should establish a power among them. So nervous was the Republic on this point, that the regulated period for which a proconsul, prætor, or other governor of a province, could hold office, was but one year. Although, under the Empire, the imperial government modified the restriction, the policy was to make frequent changes. The only way in which the victorious generals of the later Empire could attempt to establish a territorial power for themselves, was by competing for the Cæsarship itself.[1]

[1] Looking at modern instances gives clearness to our notions of an ancient policy. The British, in fact, is the same as the Roman was on this point, and it will be the better understood from the difficulties there have sometimes been in giving effect to it. Our connection with Hindostan began so modestly in the adventures of a few traders, that we cannot wonder at the prospect of its becoming a mighty

The imperial organisation admitted not of separate governments, either small or large. The possession of estates conferred nothing like the seignorial rights of modern times—not even so much as an English country squire now enjoys. Under the emperor, so far as property was concerned, there were but two classes — the freemen who could hold it, and the slaves who could not. But it was nothing more than property, and the right to hold it carried nothing analogous to the powers of a feudatory.

When the reaction came the conditions were reversed. The Empire was unity, but its assailants were multitudinous. Having no organic centre, each grasped what he could, more or less. The leader in each conquest might have the lion's share, but not everything. So when Odoacer seized on Italy, and Chlodwig secured France for his offspring, each of them would have followers who also were leaders, and had set themselves up as masters in some district of the acquisition. An adjustment between these and the head of all, something like the old clientage of the Romans, would be advantageous to both. It was good for the subordinate ruler to be protected against his neighbours by the head of the state; it was sound policy in the head of the state to secure the devotion of the most powerful of his followers. The feudal organisation was subtle and varied in its adaptation to the wants and conditions of different communities; but this simple doctrine of compromise prevailed throughout—a doctrine quite at variance with the stern force which was the ruling spirit of the Roman institutions.[1]

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empire having escaped the calculations of statesmen. It was but the other day that, after great efforts, it was made part of the Imperial Government. In New Zealand a body of gentlemen sought to establish a state for themselves, buying land from the native chiefs, which they proposed to occupy and rule under some plan of their own devising, but the central government stepped in and superseded them.

[1] A conspicuous feature in all European countries, except Spain, is a record of the difference between the Roman and the feudal hold upon the land. We have nothing from the Romans answering to a feudal stronghold or castle, no vestige of a place where a great man

There are always terms in use expressive of the masses of people who are in their right place and performing their proper functions, such as "the respectable citizen," "the loyal subject," and the like. Throughout all Europe, with the growth of the feudal system, arose corresponding terms, which, in the several languages in use, meant faithful persons, or persons who could be trusted. So we have Getreuen, Angetreuen, Antrustiones, and Fideles, whence the term feudal itself. These all, for the possession of their lands, served some lord or superior, who in his turn, perhaps, served some higher lord; and so on in any number of gradations, until the emperor, king, or other head of the state, was reached. The system became a complete hierarchy, in which every one had his place. For a time, and for a time only, in most of the great European states, there were the allodial or simple absolute proprietors of the land. In the territories within the lands of the old Empire they were generally the descendants of those who had been proprietors under the Romans. These had no place in the feudal hierarchy, in which every man's hand was against them; and by degrees they were pressed into the system, having for mere safety to place themselves under the protection of superiors.

Under all these were serfs or villains, bound, they and their descendants, to work the soil, without having any interest in it, save that it must provide them with the means of living, if it was to benefit by their labours. Feudal serfdom has been a proverbial expression for all that is degrading and servile, and yet the great strength of the institution was able to work some beneficent effects even

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lived apart with his family and his servants, ruling over dependants and fortifying himself against enemies. All Roman military works were for the time of war and conquest: when that was over, and the territory annexed to the Empire, they became useless. They were not castles built upon rocks or other inaccessible places, but fortified camps in the most accessible parts of the country, to be occupied by soldiers during the work of subjugation. That completed, the new conquest became part of the Empire; and, as we have seen, the people became incorporated into citizenship with those who were all alike the subjects of the emperor.

through this its lowest and most abject degree. The northern nations were remorseless in subjecting their captives to personal slavery, and both the Saxons of England and the Lowlanders of Scotland had abundance of thralls. When these were converted into feudal serfs they ceased to be the personal property of the owner. They were attached to the soil, not the man, and had the germ of personal right in the privilege of remaining there instead of being tossed from market to market like chattels. They were thus, indeed, a part of the great feudal hierarchy; and we find at times that there is no distinct line between them and the villani, liti, læts, and others who appear as the humbler members of the feudal organisation, having been generally drafted into it as the original inhabitants of the territory conquered by the new-comers. In our own as in most other countries, their condition and privileges gradually improved without any distinct measure of emancipation.

To come higher up in the hierarchy, we find it naturally creating new and peculiar forms of power unlike anything Roman. According to the extent of their possessions held of some great monarch, men came to be Herzogs or Dukes, Grafs or Earls, and so on through the several grades or ranks. In this as in some other countries, the Crown has become the fountain of honour; but in the days of compromise the land carried the title, and there is still at least one peerage of which it is maintained that it can be traced back to a right by tenure, without the interposition of the Crown. Some of the greatest of these intermediate powers arose by degrees out of an influence over land, which never was intended by the monarch to be anything like possession, but rather inferred mere management and control by a person acting as his servant. Thus a district put under the management of a representative of the sovereign, called, on account of his function, Land-Graf, would by degrees grow into a kind of sovereignty called a Landgravate. The marches of a great state were always difficult to keep, and when committed to a March or Mark Graf, he was apt to become a potentate under the title Margrave, whence comes

the English title Marquis. The Graf, as an officer employed to look after a certain territory, has expression with us in the Sheriff or Shire-graf; and a still humbler relic of it in Scotland is the Grieve, who acts as land-steward or farm-bailiff on an estate or a farm.

New dignities, in their origin at least much humbler than this, sprang from the wide distribution of land among new owners, and consequently from land becoming the great fund for the reward of services. Among the Romans the persons highest in social or political position were served by slaves. The slave who took charge of the robes or the horses of an emperor, whatever opportunity he might have for secret influence, was no higher in rank than the slave of the rich freedman. When lands were given for services, however, the reward dignified the service. Hence there arose as considerable potentates the royal Kammerer or chamber-keeper, the Mareschalk, Stahlknecht, or Groom, the Kuchen-meister or master of the kitchen, the Keller-meister or master of the cellar, and the like—officers who so thoroughly engrafted themselves into the notions of a feudal court, that in this country we still have as distinguished offices taken by the first subjects in the realm, that of Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Robes, Master of the Horse, and others.

Such an arrangement not only gave lustre to a throne, but kept the great feudatories near it, and at a distance from the territories where they might be laying the foundation of independent power. There were many inducements to gather round the throne; and the sovereign, when he noticed a distant feudatory whose local power was dangerous, or a petty prince whom he desired to convert into a feudatory, would confer on either a tempting estate near the capital. We shall see how the possession of such an acquisition affected the relations between England and Scotland. A capital so furnished with distinguished residents became an attraction to others. At an early period Paris became thus seductive, and the general gathering of all the local potentates to that centre of attraction had a large portion among the influences which centralised the power of the French monarch.

When the feudal system was completed in a state, everything must ultimately be held of the monarch. Hence every right acquired over land came, by the nomenclature of the law, through his royal bounty. Through this phraseology monarchs are often spoken of as conferring boons, when in reality they are laying on restrictions. In later times, when the Crown really had established a large prerogative, and had much power of giving, it could be said that a monarch wasted the influence and wealth of the crown by a profuse and inconsiderate liberality. But in earlier times he was consolidating that power by giving conditionally what he could not withhold. It was again the intervention of the compromise. The sovereign would permit the independent landholder—the squatter, as he would now be called in colonial phraseology—to be the lawful, regular, and acknowledged possessor of the land, provided he would agree to hold it according to feudal form of the Crown; and it was just a question of prudence whether this offer should be accepted. The obsolete historians, as we have seen, tell how King Malcolm, at a great meeting of his chiefs, distributed among them all the rest of the land of Scotland, retaining for himself nothing but the Mute Hill of Scone. Such a scene of course never occurred; but if we should take it as a typical or foreshortened description of the process by which the policy of successive monarchs gradually brought it about that all lands should be deemed the gift of the Crown, it was a process of restraint rather than of liberality.

A system so fertile in powers and influences gave great opportunities of aggrandisement to active, able, ambitious men. The feudal system, indeed, is a sort of science of political physiology, by the application of which we can observe how the several states of Europe aggregated themselves together, and became what they have been. A specially interesting illustration of it is found in the relations of England and Scotland, as we shall presently come across them. Nominally at the head of all was still the old Roman Empire—the Empire of the world; though, after Charlemagne's day, it never came together again with its old completeness. The spiritual half of it, as we all

know, with a great struggle reasserted its dominion over the Western Empire, and even spread itself over those distant countries of the north which came by degrees within the influence of European civilisation. The political part of the Empire was not strong enough to hinder separate monarchies like France, England, and Castile from growing into independent greatness. The spiritual Empire gave no assistance in keeping down these—in fact, it was its policy sometimes to encourage them, since the champion of the Church in a distant domain might be its servant, or at the highest its ally, but the civil Empire close at hand might become its master. So it was that the See of Rome established considerable power as an arbiter among states. The dominion of the Empire was nominally over the whole world, and therefore its spirit was that of universal aggression, that it might bring to subjection and loyalty the outlying and unconformable portions of the world. The large independent states which resisted the Empire were no doubt false to the conditions of their own existence in adopting this spirit; but still they did adopt it, and aggrandisement became the tradition of every European power. The way in which the imperial system and the feudal system combined to give the means of aggrandisement to able men was simple enough. Whether it were a large monarchy trying to feudalise a smaller, or a subordinate state which had grown rich and powerful trying to throw off its superior and become independent, a succession of rulers, endowed with activity and ability, if they were not met by like qualities on the other side, could do much to make a powerful and solid government. The task of the monarch bringing other states under subjection was easier than that of the feudatory aiming at independence, since at some stage or other he could not easily evade the scandal of disloyalty. One way of working towards the position of lord paramount over a neighbouring state, was by letting its king or ruler hold lands for which he had to do homage as fiefs, and taking all available opportunities to widen the character of this homage, so as to make it extend to his independent dominions. The relations between England and Scotland became a

memorable instance of this process. Gifts of land were sometimes made by great sovereigns to their smaller neighbours, evidently with a design of pursuing this policy.

Another method of aggression was to charge the ruler who refused his homage with disloyalty, and to declare his fief to be forfeited. In general the sovereign who took this course was not in a position to seize and hold the fief for himself, or might be in a position which would make the feudal community cry shame on him if he did so. His policy was to find some one with an ostensible claim, likely to be tractable when he got possession of the vacant fief—a person generally with some power and ability, who required only countenance and assistance to enable him to displace the object of his patron's enmity. The most gracious form which this process could take would be when there were competitors for the crown of the state it was desirable to absorb. The aggressor had then the game in his hands, so far as mere feudal tactics went. He would find, of course, for a competitor who was ready to do him homage as superior, and whose promise he could trust.

We shall see projects of this kind exemplified on a large scale, but the process went down by degrees, and ere the crown of Scotland was consolidated and strengthened, as the term is, it had to squeeze out a number of independent little powers by analogous practices. With the Celts, who loved the patriarchal system, and did not take kindly to the feudal, the process lasted down to the Revolution. Some of the proud little chiefs would not hold by royal charter, or "the sheepskin title," as they called it. The fief would then be forfeited, and transferred generally to some powerful aggrandising house, such as that of Argyle or Gordon. Even in such hands the sheepskin title might not be at once available to secure the loyalty of the clan; but it could be put by, and when the right time came it gave the legitimate influence of the law to the necessary coercion.

It might be supposed, at first thought, that all these shiftings in the feudal organisation affected the condition and interest solely of princes, and that the people had no

portion in them, but to submit to the tyrant whom the chances of a sort of political gambling placed over them. But in the flexibility of the feudal institutions there were some chances for humbler persons. We have seen in a general way what feudalism did for the thralls or personal slaves, and we shall perhaps have to look more closely at what it did both for them and those a degree higher up by means of Municipal Corporations. It sometimes happened, too, that he who was the aggressor on a prince was the liberator of that prince's people. When some petty ruler played the tyrant, it would excite a lively alarm in his bosom to hear that some sovereign asserted a claim as lord paramount over him, and was sending justiciars into his dominions to receive the appeals of those who failed to obtain redress in the local courts. Those who welcomed such an intrusion, instead of being stained with the ugly colours of disaffection or insurrection, were displaying emphatically the virtue of submission to the powers that be. It is from this practice of sending royal judges to rectify the wrongs of local magnates that the assizes in England and the circuits in Scotland are descended. In fact, there was in the political forces set in motion by feudality an adjusting spirit that in a large measure compensated the apparatus of oppression and aggression which was put at the command of the great lords. Even at the time when the Plantagenets were laying their plans for annexing Scotland, and the King of Scots with more success was bringing the Western Isles and other outlying districts under his sceptre, we shall find a law coming in which gave the customary holder, or tenant of the ground which his ancestors had held, a remedy against the feudal lord who might eject him—a remedy in the king's court. The humble tiller of the ground was as fully as his lord a member of the feudal hierarchy of which the king was the head; the conditions, indeed, might be more correctly stated by saying, that in the eye of the law the king was the head landlord, without whose consent a tenant could not eject a sub-tenant.

As it was throughout the principle of the feudal hierarchy that the subordinate's enjoyment of any right in

land was from the special grace and liberality of his superior or overlord, the distributor of such benefactions was perpetually calling for substantial proofs of the gratitude of the receivers. The feudal taxes—or casualties, as they were called—were proverbial. Sometimes they were rendered in perennial imposts of produce or labour. But there were special casualties which might be said to be due whenever the superior could show a special occasion for money. These came by practice to follow a certain limited catalogue of contingencies—as when the chief married off a daughter, and required a dowry for her; when the heir came of age, or was knighted, and required an establishment, or the like. Then, on the other side, every change in the condition of the fief was taxed. As it was nominally held by the consent of the superior, and really was so in early times, he would not permit the heir to succeed to it without paying a ransom. If the heir were a child who could not do military service, there was a tax generally lasting until his majority; and when an heiress succeeded, she was almost in the hands of the overlord to make what he could by arranging that an eligible husband should share the fief with her. If the superior would not, without a consideration, permit an heir to enter on possession, still less would he permit the fief to be passed to a stranger; and these exactions, at first sanctioned by the superior's real power, continued on a fixed scale after the law gave a right of property to the vassal. The pecuniary compromises of claims thus arising in contests for power still hang upon the commerce in land; and a tax or entry-money due to the superior when property changes hands is still known as a "casualty of superiority."

Military service, however, was the soul of the system in its earlier days. It was manifested in the extent of the warlike assistance which a fief was bound to render—the number of lances which the holder had to send into the field when the overlord went to war, and demanded the Array. This was a contribution which the vassals were often delighted to furnish, for they saw sometimes before them a wild congenial life, with prospects of plunder or

territorial aggrandisement. Sometimes the readiness to put the foot in the stirrup when there was no obligation of feudal duty would be ungenerously used. In the crusades, or in any other contest where there was room for feats of chivalry, some young aspirant might join his potent neighbour, whose scribes registered the act; and generations afterwards it might be adduced as evidence that he had been under the banner of his lord paramount, and had acknowledged the feudal obligation.

In the aggregation of great states, large proportions of all the services had to be rendered in money. Here the commonalty found a notable element of political power. On so wide a scale, the tribute of each person could not be extracted from him separately. Two obvious processes became necessary; the one, the fixing the aggregate amount to be collected all over the community—the other, the adjusting some criterion for the share which each member of that community should contribute. These pieces of business could not be transacted without the meeting of those interested. When a community have once secured the undisturbed right of assembling, everything is gained. The contribution which this right, connected as it was with the power of supply, has made to the promotion of constitutional freedom, is too memorable to require any explanation here. It is alluded to as showing that the feudal system, hard and tyrannical as it has been counted in popular estimation, had elements capable of serving all the purposes of good government. Its machinery was tough and durable, and could not be easily bent to immediate objects, whether of tyranny or anarchy. But once pressed into a special working shape, it could be depended upon, and was not likely to prove treacherous to those it professed to serve. Hence the character of a government arising out of feudal usages depended entirely on the character of the people. If they were slavish, it afforded the means of grinding them to the dust; but if they were self-relying, orderly by nature, and intolerant of bondage and dictation, the feudal system gave them ample means for making good the promise attendant on these great qualities.

An organisation of so many and divers parts, all closely united together, from those which made the constitution of a great empire down to those which regulated the possession of the yeoman's plot of ground, must needs have had many complicated internal arrangements for keeping it in order. As we have seen, under the Empire, with its unity, land was treated like any other possession, so far as it could be so treated. Whether in portions large or small, it was held by simple ownership; and the owner's power of shifting its condition, so as to create another interest in it, went no farther than the power of letting it out to use on hire, as he might his horse or his chariot. Some one at a distance, owning a power over the land, and over the people dwelling on it, which was neither that of owner nor of hirer, was unknown.

To mark and record those subtle rights which arose before written records came into use, many curious devices and ceremonies were invented. These were generally preserved even after writing came into general use, and a heap of written technicalities was added to the unwritten. The tenacity with which these have held their place through the great revolutions that have rolled over, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in human history. It is in those communities where all the oppressive characteristics of feudality have been most thoroughly driven forth, and where the land itself has been most completely absorbed into the ordinary stock of wealth and commerce, that the feudal usages have been preserved with most pedantic care. The formulas that expressed the fate of empires are still nominally applicable to the commerce in patches of land. The citizen obtaining a site for a villa is recorded as indifferently submitting to that ceremony so memorable in our history, from the great war that followed its demand on the one hand, and its refusal on the other.[1]

[1] Until the other day there might frequently have been seen in Scotland a small ceremony which represented to minute perfection a portion of the solemnities of the old feudal investiture. The Author has a lively recollection of its features, from having occasionally borne a part in it. What rendered it peculiarly fresh as a memorial of ob-

Before the use of writing became general, it was necessary to give great emphasis to the ceremonies connected with feudal rights, for the purpose of securing to them publicity and remembrance. Still of rights and obliga-

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solete ceremonies was, that it had to be transacted in the open air, and upon the land itself, so that its virtues could not be obtained by some mere fiction or presumption recorded as done in an attorney's office, like the act by which homage was done to the superior, or that by which the fief was rendered back into his hands, to be transferred to a new vassal who had bought it.

As the preliminaries of the ceremony, let us suppose that the owner of suburban property disposes of a patch of it to some fellow-citizen, who intends there to build a villa. The pecuniary transaction is concluded, and the feu-charter has been prepared, in which the owner of the land, as superior, overlord, lord paramount, or whatever else we may call him, accepts of the purchaser as his vassal, and sets forth the conditions or the form in which the feudal services are to be rendered. These are, perhaps, an annual payment in money, called feu-duty; but if the land has been paid for, cash down, they will be something nominal. The rendering of a peppercorn annually was a favourite form of feudal service or acknowledgment. Now, then, comes the investiture. A small group of men appear on the ground itself. One takes from his pocket the actual feu-charter; he is the attorney or representative of the purchaser or vassal. He hands it to another, and desires him to read from it the precept of sasine, or the direction which the superior therein gives for giving his new vassal seisin, or absolute possession of the land. The receiver of this document—who, like the giver of it, is probably a clerk in the office where the business is transacted — represents the bailie, bailiff, or executive officer, of the superior's seignorial court. He receives the precept of his lord and master with due reverence and obedience. Giving effect to its directions, he would stoop down, and, lifting a stone and a handful of earth, hand these over to the new vassal's attorney, thereby conferring on him "real, actual, and corporal possession" of the fief. The next duty of the purchaser's attorney was what was termed to "take instruments," to enter a solemn protest that his client's infeftment, infeofment, or placing in the fief, was completed, and this he did by handing a piece of money—the canonical sum was a shilling —to a notary public in attendance. This was not the least significant part of the ceremony, as bearing it back into the farthest recesses of the feudal system, when it acted in conjunction with the imperial. The Empire left to its spiritual half the functions of the scribe with the preservation of records. To carry out this function, certified notaries were distributed over Christendom, and divided into districts according to the organisation of the Church. The gentleman who receives the shilling in this instance is a Notary Public of the Holy Roman Empire. His doquet or recorded notandum of the proceed-

tions, often so subtle, memory and tradition were a frail and fugitive record. When writing came to the assistance of these, and recorded in indelible terms all the specialties of feudal transactions, it must have appeared that feudalism was rescued from its greatest difficulty and discouragement. But a new danger arose in the facilities for falsification. Where there were rights affecting property which were never tested by practice, and still more where there were rights of sovereignty which might remain latent among Chancery rolls or the muniments of a religious house—might lie there for centuries, until the opportunity came for giving life to them—the temptations to forgery were enormous, and we cannot wonder that they were irresistible. This was a blight that sometimes ate into the very heart of a nation's proudest institutions. There were always grand seigneurs, whose whole title to their position was questionable, figuring at the court of France. Sometimes a royal commission would be issued to ransack the records of a province, and cut away all that were spurious, along with the spurious dignities they avouched.

Forgeries such as these came of course to be treated as

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ings is written in the language of Rome; and in a country where the establishment is Presbyterian, and the ecclesiastical division is into presbyteries and synods, he designs himself according to the episcopal diocese of the old Romish Church for which he is licensed, as *Diocesis Moraviensis*, or *Diocesis Andreanopolitani, notarius publicus*. We shall find afterwards, at the outbreak of the war of independence, that when Edward I. professed to take possession of Scotland as lord paramount, in order that he might give the crown to the true heir, the facts of the transaction were attested exactly in the same manner by a Notary Public of the Holy Roman Empire.

Should the oddity of this ceremony, as performed by grave respectable-looking men, bring around it a group of spectators, they may well pass for the Pares Curiæ—the council or parliament of vassals attached to the old seignorial court. These, indeed, took a vital part in all investitures. As the co-vassals and brethren-in-arms of the new vassal, they were witnesses to the privileges conferred on him, and the obligations undertaken by him, and in some measure their presence was an announcement of their consent to receive him within their corporation. The ceremony of infeftment on the lands was abolished by Act of Parliament in the year 1847.

crimes, but those of a wider aim were in some measure dignified by the greatness of the interests they affected. The Churchmen had the monopoly of the pen, and they seem to have been proud that they could use it to momentous ends. Possessing the power thus to influence the political condition of nations, they may have thought it in a manner their duty to exercise it loyally and patriotically.

Though there was often abundant ground of suspicion, it is only at a comparatively late period that archæology has advanced so far in the direction of precision as to apply tests to this class of documents nearly as infallible as those of the chemist. The very features that may have found them favour when the science was in a slovenly condition, have condemned them in the able hands which now wield its powers. The pedantic nicety with which the forgery adapts itself to the usages of some later age, is precisely the evidence which excludes it from the early age addicted to different usages, to which it is attributed that it may serve the purpose of the forger.[1] Even the possession of this high archæological skill has had an influence capable of abuse. It has nourished a reverence for charter information. Among those who, like Prynne, think there is "nothing so ravishing as records," there is sometimes an inclination to place absolute reliance on the import of genuine charters. Yet we shall have to meet many instances in which they tell false tales. Whoever had a claim which was disputed, had an interest to have it profusely recorded. Claims which were repudiated yet found their way to the records. Sometimes exemption from a claim or an obligation is recorded when the real difficulty was that it could not be enforced. Every mag-

[1] The public at large are slow to believe in these detections, because the knowledge which exposes the anachronism is restricted to the adept. But in his hands the means of detection are almost as distinct and flagrant as they would be to any one, if he should find something that professes to be an old newspaper telling how Charles II. went by special train from Dover to London, or how the news of the battle of Culloden was immediately transmitted to Windsor by electric telegraph.

nate having pretensions to sovereignty kept some cunning clerk in his "chapel of chancery" ever preparing documents which were aptly termed *munimenta*, or fortresses round his master's prerogatives and powers. The Churchmen thus gifted did not neglect themselves; the ecclesiastical "chartularies," or collections of title-deeds, are the most perfect in existence.

To those who had to deal with feudal powers and distinctions there were other snares which it required wariness and knowledge to avoid; and in so very subtle and complicated a system those who possessed these qualities had many chances against those who had them not. The doer of homage might render less than he should, or the receiver of it might obtain less than he should. If homage *per paragium*, or homage acknowledging a superiority over a special estate—such homage as might be paid by a greater prince than he who received it—was intended, it was a fatal error to proffer the general homage, which inferred inequality of condition, and brought the giver absolutely under the banner of him who received it. Even when the homage was limited to a special holding or estate, there was room for a difference. A sovereign might hold a province of another by simple homage, and thus he was the immediate sovereign of the province, with subordination to his superior; or he might hold lands by homage and fealty, and thus was a mere landed proprietor in the district, drawing the rents. The kings of Scots held districts in England in both these ways. Besides the great national question of the vassalage of the crown of Scotland to that of England, certain secondary questions arising out of the feudal relations of the two countries are interesting in themselves, and valuable as exemplifying political influences at work all over Europe. We have seen Northumbria as a separate state or earldom, one of the centres of Scandinavian power in Britain. The aggregation of smaller states that was making two powerful kingdoms, one on either side, must of necessity press it into the service of one or other, or of both. The shadowy place it took as a still undivided territory was as a province held by the King of Scots by tenure from the King of England. In the earlier chapters

of distinct history we find it divided, the district from the Humber to the Tweed and Solway being part of England, and the northern portion becoming the most valuable district of Scotland. The King of Scots held by tenure as an English peer the earldom of Huntingdon, far distant from its own dominions. He held several other estates in England by private feudal right; and some of these, such as Penrith and York, were within the district in northern England which he governed under the feudal supremacy of the crown of England.*

The various forms of feudal tenure just referred to, along with many still subtler distinctions, had to be looked to by those practically interested in the diplomacy of the day. Nor, when all measures of precaution were adopted, could it be prevented that the cunning scribe who recorded the ceremony, without any direct fraud or forgery, should fail to leave a distinct impression of the conditions and exceptions for which the homage-doer stipulated. The chief protection to the independence of states lay in the practice which gradually arose of the great council of the sovereign being a party to all solemn feudal acts performed by him; so that concessions made under incidental difficulties, such as captivity in war, or made by a ruler in pursuance of his own selfish ends and to the detriment of his people, should be ineffective. Still it will easily be seen that the system was one which gave able and unscrupulous men many opportunities for juggling, and for dexterous aggrandisements. With the progress of Christianity princes became ashamed to seize on neighbouring states, as the Romans did, just because they could take them. When a robber-power determined to absorb a weaker neighbour, a pretext for the deed had to be found in the feudal usages, just as it has now to be found in the manipulation of diplomatic casuistry; and then, as now, when the power

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[1] Any one interested in investigations as to the private estates in England possessed by the King of Scotland, will find much assistance in 'Documents Illustrative of the History of Scotland from the Death of King Alexander the Third to the Accession of Robert Bruce,' selected and arranged by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, 2 vols., 1870.

to do the act of injustice existed, the pretext was not hard to find.

Such was the system now next door to Scotland, and soon, in some form or other, to press upon her peculiar usages, if it did not bring with it far greater peril.

It would be hard to say that the growth of these institutions abroad had not in some measure influenced Scotland as well as the Heptarchy before the coming of the Normans. Some hints taken from the practice of continental Europe may have helped through with that process of aggregation which converted several states into one. We may be sure, however, that there were none of those reserved unexercised rights which proved so perilous to the independence of small states under the new organisation. The King of Scots, we may be certain, had no rights in Pictland or Strathclyde until he reigned there. The terms used by some of the chroniclers might leave the inference that there was something of the nature of a superiority over Ross and the Orkneys; but this seems to have come forth in the phraseology of later writers living amid the practice of the feudal law. It was their natural way of dealing with the facts that kings of Scots made no secret of their intention to possess these districts whenever they could.

As to the internal organisation of the country, it has already been hinted that the gradual entrance on the stage one by one of offices and dignities common to feudal Europe—of Chancellors, Grand Justiciars, Chamberlains, Secretaries, Peers, and Bishops—is a relief to the historical inquirer. If he should have courage to deal practically with the native functionaries of an earlier period, he will find little but their uncouth names to guide him.[1] We

[1] It has sometimes occurred to the Author that if those who profess to elucidate these occult corners of history had more dealings with the world than many of them have, they would not profess to turn their work off in so easy and complete a shape as they sometimes do. If one has felt the practical difficulty of the question, whether a certain piece of business should originate with the Treasury or the Board of Trade, or whether some question can be decided in the Court of Chancery, or must go to a common-law court for an

may find in the reference to some of these offices faint traces of that pressure of the Crown upon local institutions which was at work all through feudal Europe. For instance, whether the Thanes had or had not a distinct feudal existence, independent of the power of the Crown to deal with them as official subordinates, it seems clear that the Abthane was placed among them as a royal officer, deriving his dignity and his power from the Crown, and that it was his function to see to the collection of the royal dues payable from the landed estates—something,

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issue, he would probably not commit himself to telling as distinctly and fully as the duties of a tide-waiter or a railway guard are given in his printed instructions, the nature of the functions of a Maarmor, a Thane, an Abthane, an Ogtiern, a Cynghellior, an Oirrich, a Tanist, a Toschach, a Co-arb, a Biatagh, and a Herenach.

So, also, one who has known how difficult it is to find out who pulls the wires in a government department he is in daily contact with, would scarcely take it upon him to explain the policy and secret views of some potentate whose name and age, with perhaps the fact of a battle fought by him, are all the data from which the swelling narrative is derived. Most great historians have been men full of dealings with the world. Gibbon was a member of Parliament, and held intimate relations with the French statesmen of the revolutionary period; Hume was an Under-Secretary of State and a Secretary of Legation; Robertson was the leader of a powerful ecclesiastical party; and Macaulay was a Parliamentary orator, an Indian ruler, and a Paymaster of the Forces. The consciousness of powers to deal distinctly and eloquently with great realities seems, however, to have indisposed such men towards researches in obscure corners. To perforate and examine masses of literature only that they might be cast forth as rubbish, with a warning to others to let the heap alone if they desired to escape useless labour, was not to their taste. Principal Robertson began his brilliant History by telling us that "the first ages of Scottish history are dark and fabulous. Nations, as well as men, arrive at maturity by degrees, and the events which happened during their infancy or early youth cannot be recollected, and deserve not to be remembered." Thus by two well-turned sentences a few years of labour are evaded. That Robertson did not throw himself into our early history, but left it to a body of dreary potterers, is the more to be regretted, as he had that peculiar sagacity which helps a man to form right conclusions from scanty information. On all the matters he took in hand, quantities of new discoveries have been made. These tend to completer information than he could give, but he is never superseded as an obsolete and fabulous writer deserving of no attention.

on the whole, bearing a close resemblance to feudal holding and its casualties.

The form in which the influence of the Conquest was first felt in Scotland, was by a steady migration of the Saxon people northward. They found in Scotland people of their own race, and made a marked addition to the predominance of the Saxon or Teutonic element. About the year 1068 there came among these emigrants a group whose flight from England, and reception in the court of Malcolm, make a turning-point in history. Edgar the Aetheling, the heir of the Saxon line of kings, came over, bringing with him his mother and his two sisters, and such a body of retainers as an exiled court might command. One of the sisters, Margaret, was afterwards married to Malcolm; and thus it behoved the King of Scotland, whether from chivalrous sympathy or from self-interest, to be the champion of the Saxon claims, and the Conqueror's enemy.

Just before the Conquest, that territory north of the Humber, which was neither Scotland nor England, had been again the scene of wars which it is difficult to disentangle, and the desperate efforts made by the Conqueror to master it bring a new element into the confusion. Wherever he felt himself strong enough, he left the Norman mark behind him in the building of a castle; not a turf fort with wooden houses, such as the older fortresses, but great strong stone towers, which even after the damage of a siege could be repaired, and if taken by the enemy could be recovered and used. Among the most celebrated of these, he built two castles at York; he raised another on the east side of the country, which gave the name of Newcastle to a town which rose up round it, with divers others. A great castle to guard the west was afterwards built at Carlisle.[1] The Conqueror seems to have tried the policy of presenting part of the debated district to one of his fighting Norman followers.

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1 "He then went to Nottingham, and there wrought a castle; and so went to York, and there wrought two castles, and in Lincoln, and everywhere in that part."—Saxon Chronicle.

The one selected was Robert de Comines, or Cumin, or Comyn, the founder of a family afterwards renowned in our history. He was made Earl of Northumberland; but, as the Saxon Chronicle says, his new subjects attacked him in his garrison at Durham and killed him, along with 900 of his followers. At the same juncture the Conqueror, by marching with a great army, was just in time to save his new fortress at York. Edgar the Aetheling had crept out of Scotland as far as York, and was surrounded by the people, delighted to show him honour, when the Conqueror came down on the scene like a thunderbolt, and the Aetheling was glad to flee back to the protection of his brother-in-law. The attempt on York, however, was presently repeated, and that in a more emphatic shape. Three sons of Sweyn, King of Denmark, brought up the Humber a fleet of 240 ships. They were joined by the Aetheling and by other leaders, conspicuous among whom was Gospatrick of Northumbria. Thus came on "the Northumbrians and all the country people riding and walking, with a countless army, greatly rejoicing; and so all unanimously went to York, and stormed and demolished the castle, and gained innumerable treasures therein, and slew there many hundred Frenchmen [or Normans], and led many with them to the ships; but before the shipmen came thither the Frenchmen had burnt the town, and also plundered and burnt the holy monastery of St Peter. When the king [William] learned this, he went northward with all his force that he could gather, and completely burnt and laid waste the shire."[1] We are told that William was wrathful, because he could not get at the Danish fleet anchored in the Humber; but the Danes seemed content to keep out of his reach. Creeping round the coast, this fleet, which in the old days might have done terrible things, entered the Thames, but wisely attempted nothing there, and returned, leaving the debated provinces to be fought for between England and Scotland. Eight years afterwards, the Danes, unwilling, as it would seem, that the terror of their name should be

[1] Saxon Chronicle.

thus blotted out, showed themselves again: "There came 200 ships from Denmark, wherein the chiefs were Knut, son of King Swein, and Hakon Jarl; but they durst not maintain a battle with King William."[1] As a last memorial of their old ways, they took the opportunity of plundering St Peter's Monastery at York, and then departed, leaving England henceforth free from their harassing inroads.

In the interval between the two Danish descents, the King of Scots tried his fortune in this sadly-tortured district. He poured a host into Cumberland, plundering and occupying the country. Gospatrick of Northumberland had been his close ally. Whether Malcolm would have kept faith and respected his territory after subduing Cumberland, is a question which Gospatrick decided by taking the initiative and falling unexpectedly on the Scots army in Cumberland. Gospatrick had, in fact, come under allegiance to King William. Having apparently a great force at his command, and relieved of all scruples, the Scots king swept Northumberland with a ferocity and cruelty which, beyond all the other bloody raids of the period, have left this one as a memorable story of calamity in the English chronicles. As many of these were written at the time when efforts were made to nourish hostile feelings against Scotland, it may be hoped that the picture of cruelty is over-coloured. A troop of thralls or slaves was driven northward, and one of the chroniclers says that these might be afterwards found in every village, and even every hut, north of the Border.[2] After this the wretched country might be deemed not worth plundering; but the Conqueror in his turn swept and wasted it. His policy seems to have been, that since he could not make the district a valuable acquisition, he should render it an unoccupied desert, stretching between him and his dangerous neighbour, the King of Scots. The Norman pushed on to the Scottish Border, if not some little way beyond it. According to the Saxon Chronicle—"In this year [1073] King William led a

[1] Saxon Chronicle.

[2] Simeon of Durham.

naval force and a land force to Scotland, and lay about that land with ships on the sea-side; and himself with his land force went in over the ford; and they there found naught for which they were the better. And King Malcolm came and made peace with King William, and gave hostages, and was his man: and the king went home with all his force." A passage like this would of course be seized on as an acknowledgment of feudal superiority; and in the later English chronicles it was described in the proper feudal technicalities.[1] Some patriotic Scotsmen have inferred from this that Malcolm, like several of his successors, did homage for lands south of the Border. I cannot concur in this, not believing that the grades and ceremonies of homage were then so far advanced as to admit of one of these complicated transactions. The

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[1] "Et homo suus devenit facto homagio et datis obsedibus multis."—Walter of Hemingford. In the original Saxon it is—"He thaer nach ne funde thœs the heom the betere wœre. Malcolm cynge cōm grythod with Wyllelm cynge, was his man him gyslas salde."

Florence of Worcester says that the Conqueror of England penetrated as far into Scotland as Abernathi, and there meeting his vassal King Malcolm, made arrangements for the proper solemnities by which a king of Scots should acknowledge his fealty to a king of England. If the Conqueror reached in Scotland a place called Abernathi, topography must admit that he got as far as the Tay—had reached, in fact, the place where there is an Irish round tower, and where the Picts were, under the old chronicles, reported to have their capital. The question remains, Did William the Conqueror, at the head of an army, march so far northward as to Abernethy on the Tay? If we ask whence Florence got his information, we shall find that it was from the speech of Walter L'Espec at the Battle of the Standard, as it is given by Aelred. There, boasting of what his Norman brethren had done in feats of arms, he tells how their great hero, Norman William, had fought his way through Malcolm's dominions as far as Abernathi. We may suppose it more likely that the speech is slightly misreported, than that it should state a great fact omitted by all authorities contemporary with it. A high authority goes much farther, saying of Aelred's book that "the greater portion of this piece is occupied with declamatory speeches professing to have been made at the Battle of the Standard, and which, from the writer's Preface, may be justly suspected to have been composed by himself."—Duffus Hardy, Descriptive Catalogue, ii. 205.

general historical conditions seem more important, and they give us a transaction between two powerful monarchs —the one, it is true, with by far the greater and richer dominion, and greater power of aggression, but the other with great resources of defence. If William could have achieved the actual subjugation of his neighbour's kingdom as a fief, we may depend on it that he would have carried out his authority so practically and fully that history never could have been in doubt of its existence: if he had achieved this, it could not have been said that in his march to Scotland his force "found naught for which they were the better."

For a few years we have still to wade through the same confused succession of wars, of which we cannot see the exact object or results. In one tendency only are they consistent throughout—in letting us see that, instead of a vassal, the Conqueror had a restless and troublesome enemy beyond his northern frontier. In the years 1079 and 1080 we have the briefest note in the chroniclers, that Malcolm made a raid as far as the Tyne, and that it was followed by an English invasion of Scotland under Prince Robert; but how far this penetrated, or what it effected, we know not. After this we have ten years of cessation from such inflictions. In the mean time the great Conqueror had departed, and Malcolm had to deal with his son Rufus. They first measured swords in 1091, and for this contest we have something like a reason. Malcolm appears to have found the cause of the Saxon line a hopeless game with such a card as Edgar the Aetheling. Six years earlier he had advised him to make his peace with the Conqueror. He did so. It was a solemn affair. As he went furth of Scotland, he was received with all ceremony at Durham by the Shire-Reeve of York, who "went all the way with him, and enabled him to find food and fodder at every castle which they came to, until they came over sea to the king; and King William then received him with great worship, and he was there in his court, and took such rights as he allowed him."[1]

[1] Saxon Chronicle, 1084.

The Aetheling was afterwards invested with some lordships in Normandy. In the discussions between William Rufus and his brother Duke Robert these were sacrificed. It appears that Duke Robert, having to make sacrifices for peace, found it convenient to make over to his brother the holdings of the poor Aetheling, who immediately went back to Scotland, and sought the protection of his sister's husband. So rapidly following on the completion of this transaction that William Rufus was still in Normandy winding up the negotiation, King Malcolm made the most formidable of all his invasions southward, and penetrated, as it would seem, far into the territory over which the English crown had been consolidating its power during the cessation from such attacks. The affair cannot be so well told as in the words of the Saxon Chronicle, which in such matters is the foundation of all others: "King Malcolm of Scotland came hither into England, and harried a great deal of it, until the good men who had charge of this land sent a force against him, and turned him back. When King William in Normandy heard of this, he made ready for his departure, and came to England, and his brother the Count Robert with him, and forthwith ordered a force to be called out." It was both a sea and a land force, but the ships were lost. "When King Malcolm heard that they would seek him with a force, he went with his force out of Scotland into the district of Leeds, in England, and there awaited. When King William with his force approached, there intervened Count Robert and Edgar Aetheling, and so made a reconciliation between the kings, so that King Malcolm came to our king, and became his man, with all such obedience as he had before paid to his father, and that with oath confirmed."[1]

[1] The point to which Malcolm penetrated in England was long a question of difficulty. In Lord Hailes's time it was taken for Lothian; but then how account for the distinct statement not only that he had gone out of Scotland—which was then, it is true, properly the name only of the country north of the Forth—but into England. Lord Hailes says, the words of the Chronicle "have been, and probably will ever be, the subject of fruitless controversy" (i. 21). The word

Simeon of Durham, the oldest of the subsequent annalists, adds some particulars which are supposed to clear up this transaction. The English King secured to the King of Scots certain territories which he claimed beyond the Border, along with an annual payment of twelve marks of gold. Whether or not, as Lord Hailes suggests, the money consideration "might be in lieu of some other lands which the Scottish King claimed and the English were unwilling to surrender," the best we can make of the affair is, that it was a step in those arrangements by which the King of Scotland found it expedient to hold any lands he claimed south of the Border through an understanding with the King of England.

We come now towards the last, for a time, of these sad raids, with their unsatisfactory compromises. Malcolm complained loudly that King Rufus had broken faith with him; and perhaps a movement that he must have observed, the strengthening and garrisoning of the Castle of Carlisle, helped him to this conclusion. This was at the juncture when Rufus had performed the part of the sick devil turning monk and relapsing. Stricken with deadly illness, he had promised to restore the property seized from the Church, and the old rights of the Saxon people, "but which he afterwards withdrew when he became well, and abandoned all the good laws that he had before promised us."

The Saxon Chronicle, after this very distinct and brief announcement, goes on to give the last affair with the troublesome Malcolm thus:—

"Then after this the King of Scotland sent and demanded the fulfilment of the treaty that had been promised him. And King William summoned him to Gloucester, and sent him hostages to Scotland, and Edgar Aetheling afterwards, and the men back again, who

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in the Chronicle is "Lothene;" but the editor of the Rolls edition, about the most eminent living Anglo-Saxon scholar, has had his reasons for rendering it into modern nomenclature, as it is here quoted. The question what meaning we are to give to a local name in old spelling resembling Lothian in sound, is important, and will have to be considered further on.

brought him with great worship to the king. But when he came to the king, he could not be held worthy either the speech or the conditions that had previously been promised him; and therefore in great hostility they parted, and King Malcolm returned home to Scotland. But as soon as he came he gathered his army and marched into England, harrying with more animosity than ever behoved him. And then Robert the Earl of Northumberland ensnared him with his men unawares, and slew him. Morel of Bamburgh slew him, who was the earl's steward and King Malcolm's gossip. With him was also slain his son Edward, who should, if he had lived, have been king after him."[1] So ended a reign of forty-six years—unusually long in such times, even when falling to a less restless and turbulent monarch.

The Chronicle continues to say, that when the good Queen Margaret heard of her bereavement, "she was in mind afflicted to death, and with her priests went to church, and received her rites, and obtained by prayer to God that she might give up her spirit."

This good Queen Margaret had an influence on the destinies of Scotland much greater than her husband, who, indeed, obtained on her account the deference that made him powerful. She held rank in the Romish Church as a canonised saint, and even the opponents of the old Church have had a good word to say for her from time to time. There had been a great scarcity of distinguished religious persons in Scotland for centuries before her day. The country does not seem to have been blessed with one saint since the time of Adamnan, who was, like Margaret, not a native of Scotland. She holds a more legitimate rank than those old missionaries whose sanctity was established by a sort of popular vote, since her canonisation was formally completed, and the adjustment of the day appropriated to her in the calendar received the special attention of the holy college.[2] In recent collec-

[1] Saxon Chronicle, 1093.

[2] It was altered for the second time so lately as the Revolution of 1688, when it was solemnly adjudged to the 10th of June, the day

tions of the Lives of the Saints there is a life of St Margaret, attributed to Turgot, a monk of Durham, who was

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when the poor child, then called the Pretender, was born. The object, of course, was political—to impress that day with the high favour of the Church.

According to the Chronicles, her husband was buried at Tynemouth, but his skeleton was afterwards taken to Dunfermline, where she also was buried. In the year 1250 her remains were removed or translated from their grave to a shrine richly decorated with gold and jewels. The ceremony was attended by King Alexander III. and a brilliant concourse. The Breviary of Aberdeen tells us that as they were conveying the shrine with its holy contents to the tomb in which they were to be enclosed, at a certain point they had to stop, for they could convey their burden no farther. Much confused, they took to prayer for a solution of the mystery, when a voice as if from heaven told them that they were passing the spot where the bones of King Malcolm lay; that as the sainted queen and her husband had been one in life, so should they be in death : and no human power could convey her dust beyond her husband's resting-place. The alternative was obvious. Malcolm's bones were laid beside his wife's, and both rested in the new tomb. There is a touch of domestic affection about this anecdote as little akin to the tone of the lives of saints, as another domesticity attributed to Margaret—a profuse application of the text against sparing the rod, whence it is said her sons were so distinguished as monarchs. A portion of the saint's remains, however, were still to have a curious history.

"According to Papebroch's Appendix to the Life of the Saint and Queen, her head was brought to the Castle of Edinburgh at the desire of Queen Mary, who was in it at the time, and on her flight into England in 1567 it was removed to the house of the Laird of Dury, where it was preserved for many years by a Benedictine monk, but in the year 1597 was by him given up to the missionary Jesuits. One of these, John Robie, conveyed it to Antwerp. There John Malder, Bishop of Antwerp, after proper examination, issued his letters, on 15th September 1620, authenticating the head as that of Margaret, and granting leave for its being exposed to public veneration. After seven years the relic was translated to the Scots College at Douay, where, by permission of Herman, Bishop of Arras, and his successor Paul Boudot, it was again exposed, as a genuine relic, to public veneration. Pope Innocent X., by a brief dated 4th March 1645, granted a plenary indulgence to those who should visit the church of the college on the festival of St Margaret; and this grant was confirmed by his successors at various times afterwards. It is believed that this relic disappeared amid the tempest of the French Revolution.

"With regard to the other remains of Queen Margaret and her husband, if we may believe the accounts given by Papebroch, which

her confessor.[1] This is a production of a very different character from the grotesque hagiologies of the Columba period. It wants their glimpses into the heathen world, and the simplicity that lets out the passionate nature and worldly ambition of the powerful priest who uses his sanctity to achieve his projects, and, when that fails, seeks the arm of the flesh. We have not the supernaturalities and flagrant falsehoods of all kinds, but there is less truth to be picked out of the whole. The Life of St Margaret is a type of a shape which hagiological literature had taken for the purposes of the Church. It is a rhapsody rather than a biography, written to help an object which was accomplished—that of getting her a place in the calendar of saints.

Though professing all along to be the account of a companion and friend, the Life gives us scarcely anything to bring before us St Margaret in her fashion as she lived.[2] One cannot help still more regretting that there is so little to be found realising the nature of her husband. That she softened the barbarous ferocity of his nature, is but repeating in general terms what every female saint does to somebody. It is likely enough that the old effeminate polish of the Irish Dalriadic rulers had passed away, that a rougher race had succeeded, and that in such an estab-

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he seems to have partly, if not wholly, derived from a statement by George Con in his treatise 'De Duplici Statu Religionis apud Scotos,' they were after much labour acquired by Philip II., King of Spain, and by him placed in the Church of St Lawrence at the Escurial, with the inscription, 'St Malcolm, King; St Margaret, Queen,' on the urns containing them. Bishop Gillies recently informed me that, in the hope of having the relics of the sainted Margaret again restored to a Scottish shrine, he had invoked the aid of the present Pope in an application to the Spanish Government for their restoration, but, as I understood, they could not be found, or at all events identified."—Transactions of Antiquarian Society of Scotland, ii. 89.

[1] Reasons for attributing it to another hand are given by Papebroch, the editor of the Bollandist version.

[2] Where the hagiologist admires the piety and beauty of her discourse, we may suppose him to record the precise impression made on him; but when he extends his admiration to the heavenly and devout thoughts that occupied her mind as she kept silence, it is not so easy to admit his testimony.

lishment as the King of Scots kept, the presence of a good woman, trained in the higher civilisation of the Anglo-Saxon court, would create so beneficent a contrast with all the surroundings that she might well be reverenced as a saint. That he followed her wise counsel in the internal administration of his kingdom is one of the vague panegyrics of which one can make nothing; but when we are told that she was very learned, and that her husband could not read, the broad and conclusive statement affecting him is at once believed. It is not perhaps worth while to doubt the assertion that he was fond of handling her books though he could not read them, and that he sometimes affectionately kissed those she most esteemed. When we are told that, being well acquainted with the Saxon language as well as his own, he became the expounder of her wisdom and piety to his subjects, it is provoking that we are not also told what language he spoke—whether it was Gaelic or Teutonic. One reform which he is said to have conceded through her influence bears on matters much under discussion at the present day. She found that the people of Scotland did not respect the *Dies Dominicus* or Lord's Day, but followed their usual occupations upon it as on the ordinary week-days. On her remonstrance this was rectified, so that the first day of the week was sanctified from labour, whatever other uses it might be put to.[1] It was doubtless at her desire that a monastery was founded at Dunfermline, a favourite place of residence with both of them; and her biographer must needs speak to facts when he says that the splendid decorations of gold and silver with which she beautified the building may still be seen, especially the crucifix of these metals, with precious stones inlaid. From other authority we know that she rebuilt the church at Iona, which had been desolated by the Norsemen.[2]

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[1] On this point her biographer makes her cite certain passages from the letters of St Gregory the Great, which Papebroch, the editor of the Life in the Bollandist Collection, declares he can find neither in Gregory's Letters nor his Dialogues.

[2] Ordericus Vitalis, book viii.

Through means of the scanty and shadowy touches thus furnished, with a few others, Malcolm of the Great Head comes forth as the first king of the Scots who has something like an individuality about him—who is more than a name and a pair of dates with a list of battles between. He is not a model king according to modern notions. We find him a man of strife, who, in his quarrels and ambitious projects, doubtless wasted much blood and desolated many a hearth. But he was in this what his age made him; and as he meted to others, so he served himself. He cast his own life into the bloody lottery. The monarch who any day may be found dead in the field beside the child of his affection and the heir of his throne, may cry quits with the philanthropic philosopher. It was not yet the age of chivalry, but Malcolm seems to have had some of it in his nature. His kindness to the royal exiles of England was brave and generous, even if we suppose that it served a policy. He bore very tolerantly with the intolerable and impracticable Aetheling, and dearly loved his sister.

At one juncture there was a little brightening in the prospects of the unhappy Aetheling. He had come back from an ineffectual sojourn in Flanders, throwing himself and his sister on her husband as usual, when Philip of France offered to take him in hand, and endow him with the lordship and Castle of Montreuil. He got a princely outfit from Malcolm, the particulars of which, as given in the Saxon Chronicle, look as if Scotland had then made some progress in the wealth she acquired before the breaking-out of the great war. "King Malcolm and his sister gave him and all his men great gifts and many treasures, in skins decked with purple, and in pelisses of marten-skin and weasel-skin, and in palls, and in golden and silver vessels, and led him and all his shipmen with great worship from his dominion." The unlucky Aetheling, however, benefited little by these gifts. A storm arose, which drove his vessels ashore, and scattered their contents. This must have been on the coast of England, for some of his people were seized by "the Frenchmen" or Normans; "but he and some of his best men went back again to

Scotland, some ruefully going on foot and some miserably riding." It was then that Malcolm recommended him, as a last resource, to give up his claims and seek the favour of King William. When he thus went up to the English court, the same untiring friend took care that he should not be empty-handed; "and King Malcolm and his sister again gave him and all his men innumerable treasures, and very worthily again sent him from their jurisdiction."[1]

On the death of Malcolm matters looked as if the hereditary line of succession were to be broken in upon as of old. We find Donald Bane, a brother of Malcolm, reigning for a few months; he is then followed by Duncan, called an illegitimate son of Malcolm, whose reign counts two years. Both are so indistinct and fugitive as to have given ground for an amiable supposition that they merely acted as guardians of the young heir. One real impression, however, was left behind them—they began to drive forth the English strangers who had been sheltered under the reign of King Malcolm. In 1097, Edgar, the son of Malcolm, fought his way to his father's throne. By a transaction, of which it is a pity that we have but the briefest statement, he was assisted by an English force under the command of his uncle the Aetheling, who is found acting the hero for once.[2]

Edgar reigned for eight years in a quietness unusual to a king of the Scots at that time. There did occur during his reign an event of great moment, but it was a domestic event solely, and it pointed to pacific results. On the 15th of November, in the year 1100, his sister Matilda was married to Henry, King of England. It is rare for even a royal marriage to carry so much political importance as this. It was a union between the two families which were on the way towards dividing between them the rule over the island of Britain. But, still more momentous, it was the union of the heir to the Norman Conquest with a daughter of the old Saxon race of kings. Endowed as it thus was with the prospect of a great future, the

[1] Saxon Chronicle, 1075.

[2] Ibid., 1097.

marriage had its warm friends and equally warm enemies. The chronicles tell us that it gave infinite joy to the Saxon party, who had abandoned all prospect of restoring the old line or driving out the strangers. The Norman and the Saxon, though they spoke a different language, were now finding that they belonged to the same race, and had such common qualities as would prevent it from coming to pass that the one should remain the lord and the other be for ever the slave. Coupled as they were in a common fate, they began to have a surly respect for each other, and to act like those who find it wise to make the best of the conditions that have rendered them inseparable companions. One thing could not easily be got over—that high polish and command of accomplishment which made the Norman feel that the Saxon even of reddest blood was a boor beside him; and nothing could be a better precedent for a general exchange of courtesies, and an obliteration of social demarcations, than this union between the highest on either side. For this reason the court of Norman adventurers disliked the match. They saw in it the probable loss of the vast influence they possessed, as a body without whose consent and co-operation the Norman king could not hold his throne. If he could make himself acceptable to the Saxon nobles and their people, here was a power other than theirs giving support to the king. Possibly they may by their own conduct have suggested that this would be a wise union. Several of them in succession had each pressed his own personal suit on the Scots Saxon princess. The difference in rank between them and their king was not so great, according to their estimation at least, as to make an exchange of rank utterly hopeless and preposterous; and there was no counting what amount of influence the fortunate lord whose offspring would represent the old Saxon line might exercise. Difficulties, however, ever fell in the way of these suitors; and none of these great vassals having yet carried off the prize, it may have been deemed prudent permanently to remove it out of their reach.

The Church had occasion to offer some curious impediments to the match. Matilda had been brought up by

her aunt Clementina, sister of the Aetheling, who was abbess of a great religious house, seemingly that of Wilton. The princess lived here in seclusion, and was said to have taken her vows as a nun; nay, to have been seen veiled after the monastic fashion. At the instance of Archbishop Anselm, who had grave doubts whether he could lawfully solemnise the marriage, the young princess herself was questioned, and, according to the archbishop's biographer Eadmer, she made a revelation which has been often referred to as vivid testimony to the licentious insolence of the Norman nobles. She admitted that she had worn a veil, or the semblance of a veil, in public; and she said she had done so by her aunt's command, as a protection from the liberties which she must otherwise have to endure from the Norman followers of the court.

On Edgar's death in 1107, when he was succeeded by his brother Alexander, he left it as a bequest or injunction that Cumbria should be ruled by his younger brother David. It seems that Alexander, whether he would willingly have acceded to this or not, found it prudent to do so, as his brother had much influence with the Normans, who were now spreading northwards. The disjunction of this part of the dominion of the King of Scots, though it was but a brief arrangement, was still important in history. Both Scotland and England were then endeavouring to push a clearly-defined frontier as far as each could through the old field of contest that lay between them; and the ruler of Cumbria, being a different person from the King of Scotland, put an impediment to the Scottish frontier forming itself on the southern border of that district.

From the other end of his dominion this king received a hint that Scotland was not yet under one rule to its northern extremity. We are told that he was enjoying himself in his royal residence at Invergowrie, on the north bank of the Firth of Tay, when he narrowly escaped an attack by a northern army led by the Maarmor of Ross, assisted by the Maarmor of the Merne. The king gathered a force and drove them northward beyond the Moray Firth, which he crossed, meeting his enemies in their stronghold. There is very little to be known of the affair;

but it looks, on comparing the authorities, as if it had struck a decided blow at these northern independent powers, and was a distinct step in the progress towards the predominance of the King of Scots. It is briefly referred to in the usual histories as the vigorous "quelling of an insurrection;" and so far as the Maarmor of Merne was concerned, this term might perhaps be accurately applied.[1]

King Alexander died a natural death, on the 27th of April 1124.

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[1] The affair is distinctly and picturesquely told by Wyntoun. but one would prefer an earlier authority for the details.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH.

DARK PERIOD AFTER ADAMNAN AND THE COLUMBITES — SCANTY NOTICES IN THE CHRONICLES — HOW CHRISTIANITY EXISTED IN THE DARK PERIOD—LIGHT IN THE REVIVAL UNDER QUEEN MARGARET AND HER SONS — HOW THIS FOUND THE CHURCH — THE CULDEES—THEIR NAME—THE INQUIRIES REGARDING THEM—WHAT THEY WERE NOT, MORE EASILY FOUND THAN WHAT THEY WERE—THEIR UNCONFORMABILITY WITH THE OTHER ELEMENTS OF THE CHURCH IN THEIR DAY—THEIR IRRESPONSIBILITY—THE SECULARISATION OF THEIR CHURCH — ECCLESIASTICAL CONTEST BEQUEATHED BY THEM—THEIR FOREIGN RELATIONS—ATTEMPTS TO PROVE THAT THEY SPREAD A PROTESTANT EVANGELICAL CHURCH ON THE CONTINENT — SOURCES OF THIS IDEA — THE IRISH MISSIONARIES DISTINCT FROM THE SCOTS CULDEES—THE GREAT ECCLESIASTICAL REVIVAL—NOTICES OF A CULDEE BROTHERHOOD—THE MILLENNIAN CRISIS—UNFELT IN SCOTLAND—ITS INFLUENCE IN ENGLAND—THE GRADUAL FORMATION OF BISHOPRICS—ESTABLISHMENTS OF REGULARS—HOW THE CULDEES WERE PRESSED OUT, AND THE INFLUENCE OF ROME ESTABLISHED.

FROM the period we have now reached, the earlier part of the twelfth century, we shall have to go back five hundred years to recall the latest events of moment that can be distinctly recorded about the Church in Scotland. It is very instructive to observe, in the notices of St Maelrubha, how the sources of our knowledge of the progress and internal economy of the Columbite Church became suddenly closed. Down to the year 671, when, still a young man, he resolved to join the brethren in Scotland, his pedigree and personal history are as well known as those of any young member of our peerage, who, stricken with a romantic love of missionary enterprise, has been fitted out

for Madagascar or the Marquesas Islands. From that period his true history is lost, and the scene of his labours is ascertained by diligent researches in etymology and topography. It is as if we had suddenly plunged backward from an age of civilisation into a previous age of darkness. In history we must sometimes admit the existence of a phenomenon very antagonistic to the tenor of most men's education and habits of thought — to go forward from light into darkness. We must submit to this disagreeable ordeal in tracing what is to be found about the progress of Christianity in Scotland. The period is a long one too, though it goes trippingly by in a civil history which has few events to tell, while these few all tend by harmonious sequence to the growth of a state, and the articulation of its several parts. If we look back upon history from our own times, five hundred years make a long gap. The intellect is tired in running over the revolutions and reconstructions of empires and dynasties, the growth and annihilation of great systems of thought and action that may be counted within such a period.

Yet such is the period which elapses between the time at which we have a sort of familiar acquaintance with the Columbites and their ways, and the time when the Church again rises above the surface. It may be said just to peep out from its obscurity in the days of Queen Margaret; but it was in the reigns of her sons that it came into active open life, side by side with the state.

If it be somewhat astounding to reflect on so enormous a blank in the annals of a nation's religion, it is perhaps reassuring — it is certainly a matter of great interest in itself — that during that long period of obscurity Christianity lived on. Not only the faith itself lived—though, as we shall see, not always in great purity—but it managed to engraft itself with substantial temporal institutions, which gave it solidity. In fact, when the Church comes to light again, it is with a hierarchy and organisation of its own, the origin and formation of which, as all grew quietly in the dark, have put at defiance the learning and acuteness of our best antiquaries to account for. It need hardly be said that so tempting a blank could not escape being well

filled up from fabulous sources. The popular historians seem to have acted in the spirit of the old popular physics, which made nature abhor a vacuum. We have the lives of bishops all set down regularly in the order of their apostolical descent from missionary bishops duly commissioned from Rome; and indeed the further we go from any central spot where light may be expected, the more distinct and complete is the sequence generally to be found. So the list of the bishops of the Isles begins in the year 360 with Amphibalus, who is succeeded in due order by Germanus, Conindricus, Romulus, Machatus, Conan, Contentus, Bladus, and Malchus.

Documents which were long held to be laws of the Church of Scotland, or the proceedings of ecclesiastical councils during this dark period, have been struck out of true history by critical inquirers, and have thus shared the same fate with the collections which professed to be codes of secular law adopted by the early monarchs. Of the ecclesiastical records professing to belong to Scotland before the reign of David, the few that have been admitted as authentic have been handed over by the archæologists to Wales and to Ireland. Hardly anything professing to be contemporary evidence of the condition of the Church in this dark age has been permitted to remain, except the brief announcement in the chronicles, that King Grig, with whom we have had to deal, freed the national Church from the bondage to which it was subjected by the usages of the Picts. What these usages were we are left to discover elsewhere, and all we have is the conjectures of the best critics, that they were those burdens connected with the growth of the feudal system, which in many parts of the world secular potentates were striving to lay upon the Chuch, and the Church was striving to be rid of.[1]

Still there is something to be found out and told even about this long dark period. We know something of the Church when the darkness came on, we see what the

[1] See Joseph Robertson's Statuta Ecclesiæ Scot., Pref., xviii., and the opinions referred to in the notes.

Church was on emerging from it; and if we cannot speak to dates or persons, we can see in some measure what influences have been at work: it is almost more to the point that we can show what influences have not been at work in this obscure Church.

But further, with the twelfth century we come into the period of records, that haven of satisfaction to all zealous and honest investigators. The state of matters which the records found is stereotyped and preserved for us. And not only so, but the records, in the shape of charters and the registers of religious bodies, when recording what they find, have sometimes to go as far as they can grope their way into the past, for the purpose of recording how rights of property, dynasties, and the other objects of human cupidity to which records generally refer, came to be in their existing condition. A common method of inquiry for this purpose was by Inquest by a public jury of the substantial persons of the district, who could act partly as investigators, partly as witnesses, and who would give in to be recorded their finding about how the right in question stood for perhaps a generation or two back.

So, for instance, David, the brother and successor of Alexander, becoming Lord of Cumbria, and desirous for the revival of religion and the Church there, presents his tutor John to the see of Glasgow, and has an inquisition concerning the privileges and functions of the bishop and the temporalities of the see. He does so with the assistance of the elders and wise men of his principality. It is found, of course, that St Kentigern was the first bishop, and that, after pouring forth the Gospel in abundance to a hungering and thirsting flock, he was succeeded in his diocese by other holy men — all matters on which the opinion of the jury need not be taken as recorded evidence. There is then a lamentation over the desolation of the district overrun by turbulent tribes, who desecrated and plundered the property of the Church — a general statement in which the jury are perhaps correct. The last thing recorded is the practical result of the inquiry, the designation of the lands, some of them on the English,

some on the Scots side of the Border, which form the patrimony of the Cumbrian bishopric.

By the lights thrown upon the Church in the twelfth century, we see some clear facts of a general character. There were bishops, and some of these at least had districts or dioceses in which they exercised authority. There were also sub-partitions marking out small districts in which simple priests did the duty of their order; and many of these, as they were in Queen Margaret's time, are identical with the parishes served by Presbyterian ministers at the present day. So far there were certain usages in conformity with the ecclesiastical hierarchy prevalent throughout Europe. But the lights of the twelfth century revealed, in the arrangements for religious services in Scotland, a special body of clergymen, whose position and function perplexed, if they did not horrify, all ecclesiastics trained in the legitimate school of their order, who first had to look upon them. The name by which they were known was "The Culdees;" and when this appears in the twelfth century in Scotland, and we find it known at a much earlier period in Ireland, whence St Columba and his troop of missionaries came, we naturally look in that direction for a definition of the term. We do not find it, however. It is easier to say what the Culdees were not, than what they were; and, in fact, the best notice of their position is afforded by a reference to those conditions of the outer world of Catholic Christendom in which they were not partakers.[1]

[1] Not only is there a world of historical and polemical controversy about the Culdees, but the attempts to fix the origin of the word "Culdee" make a curious little chapter in etymological literature. The word has naturally enough been connected with Columba, and all trouble was saved by making him "the founder of the order," as St Benedict was of the Benedictines. Among the renderings of the name in old chronicles is Cœlebes, which most people know to mean bachelors; and Cœlicola, which may be interpreted Heaven-reverencer or worshipper. Another and more likely-looking origin was from Kill, a cell; but if this had correctly hit their way of living at the times when they were unknown, it was far from applicable to their domestic arrangements when they came to light in the twelfth century. Another supposition was, that they were "Cultores Dei," the term

Diocesan episcopacy, in subordination to the Bishop of Rome, had been consolidated over all but a small part of Christian Europe. The arrangement into districts was in England forecast by the civil division into what was called the Saxon Heptarchy. Besides constructing this great hierarchy, the Church of Rome had performed a greater feat in bitting and bridling the naturally erratic monastic orders. When wild enthusiasts sprang up, as they did, carrying crowds along with them by a sort of moral epidemic, it was the policy of the Church not to cast them forth, but to train them to expend their energies in its service. In the old civil polity of the Roman Empire, on which it drew for what it wanted, the Church found an institution exactly suited to its present purpose. This was the Corporation. We are so accustomed both to hear the word itself, and to see the institution signified by it in active operation, that it appears a natural growth of modern civilisation. It was, however, the invention of the Roman lawyers, who imparted to it all its pliability and strength, and brought it to the perfection in which we

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being abbreviated. Among derivations from the Celtic there is one where "the name Cele-de is interpreted the Spouse of God."—Reeves, 76. Another is "*Ceile*, simul et *dea* homo, ita ut vox composita 'homines in commune viventes' significet."—Ibid. Down on all this etymological vacillation comes Dr Reeves with the full weight of his great Irish ecclesiastical learning. He puts an end to the controversy in telling us that the Celtic of which Culdee is a corruption is Céle-Dé, which is merely a translation of *servus Dei*—servant of God—the character assumed by the regulars, and by other priests also, until it was emphasised by the Pope as the *servus servorum*. This old Celtic word for servant came in the Scots Celtic of later times to be hardened into the word "gilly," well known to the tenants of Highland moors. Thus has it happened that at the present day the etymological representative of the Culdee is found in the gamekeeper's assistant.

A German essayist of the year 1840 anticipated, probably by guess, this interpretation, inferring it from a careless saying of Boece's—"Ipse enim aperte testabatur Culdeos *prisca vulgari lingua*, *i.e.*, Scotica, nomen habere. Jam illa lingua *Kele* servus, et *De* deus est; Keledeus igitur est *famulus*, *servus* Dei."—Braun de Kuldeis, 23. The editor of the Statuta Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ, without entering on controversy, preserves a host of examples bearing on the use of the term, and certainly leaning to its being a rendering of *Dei cultores*, or worshippers of God.—Preface, ccxii.

now see it. The specialties of it are, that it enables any number of men, large or small, to act with freedom as a separate organised system of government—an empire within an empire—while it provides for the public safety by bringing the whole mass as a responsible being under subjection to the law, and as easily accessible to its administration as a single citizen. Even the English common lawyers, seeing the simplicity and power of this organisation, could not but adopt it, though it came from the hated manufactory of the civilians. This model had two effects on the religious communities. It was a machinery by which they could be effectually subordinated to their proper masters, be they lay or ecclesiastical. The masters of the monastic orders were of course ecclesiastical—the great Roman hierarchy which ruled them as the Empire ruled its own municipalities. The other effect appeared in the distinctive form and attributes which each spiritual corporation, or group of corporations, received. Thus arose the group of institutions so compactly ordered against assault from without, yet so amenable to authority from above.

To this potent organisation the great bands of erratic enthusiasts were subjected; and if it gave them collective strength, it restrained individual eccentricity and excess by subjecting all to combined action. The rise of feudality strengthened the Church's hold over them. If they did not rally close round the spiritual authority, they would be absorbed into the state—at least their worldly possessions would, and these came to be large and worth saving. The absorbing power of feudality, as we have seen, pressed on all landed property. The Church could not always hold its own even when a large and powerful body were the immediate defenders, and the great monastic institutions which lapsed into lay lordships are a notorious feature in the history of the Church. But small isolated communities had little chance of keeping their lands from the immediate grasp of some greedy lay lord; and it was consequently the interest of the monastic class to aggregate themselves into large and powerful communities. The Benedictines seemed at one time to

have swept them all under their own dominion. But there arose rivals, and perhaps these were rather encouraged than repressed by Rome, since all monasticism, united under one head, might have made a formidable vassal for the head of the Church.

Let us now ask how far, during the dark period just referred to, the Scots clergy partook in these elements of Romanised Christendom. Though at the time of the revival there was a tendency to aggregate districts under bishops, there certainly was not then in existence a system of diocesan episcopacy in full subordination to the Bishop of Rome; in other words, the country had not been partitioned into dioceses with a bishop over each, who acknowledged the Pope as his master. We have seen a bishop or two appearing in the time of Columba. Ireland, we have seen, was crowded with clergy who took rank as bishops. That these swarmed outwards on the Continent and England we know by the angry laws passed to prohibit them from exercising their functions, on the plea that they were not true bishops, having no assigned diocesan districts. Some of these seem to have come to Scotland, but it is not likely that they would find much to attract them to that sheepfold.

It is a precious acquisition to be carefully treasured, that in the chronicles deemed genuine the existence of a bishop is mentioned about the beginning of the tenth century. It is told in the briefest terms that Constantine the king and Kelloch the bishop swore or made oath to preserve the laws and discipline of the faith, and the rights of the Church and of the *evangeli*, along with the Scots, on a mount near Scone.[1]

Nearly at the same time there are faint traces of an Ardepiscop, or high bishop of the Scots, who had his see at Kilrymonth, afterwards St Andrews.[2] It was long, however, as we shall find, ere metropolitan rank was given to

[1] Chronicon Pictorum. The mount would of course be the celebrated Mute Hill. The chronicle says that on account of the ceremony by Aidan it received the name of the Hill of Belief, Faith, or Credulity—according as we shall translate *Credulitas*.

[2] Stat. Eccles. Scot., Preface, ccvi.

St Andrews, but a sort of superiority was claimed long before it was admitted in the usual shape, the Bishop of St Andrews calling himself especially the Bishop of the Scots.

Since it was clear that the Culdees were not under an episcopal hierarchy like the secular side of the Church, the next recourse was to find a place for them on the regular side among the monastic institutions. To find that they were regular—to speak of them as dispersed in communities which were governed by abbots, not by bishops—was to make them in some measure exceptional, but not entirely to put them out of the pale of the great Catholic system. But if they were regulars, to what rule did they belong? Were they Benedictines or Carthusians? If not, were they Cluniacs, or Augustines, or Cistercians? Some of these orders were of comparatively late origin, while others that had been in existence in the earlier period, just after the death of Columba, had disappeared. But still the broad question remained to be answered, if the materials for a satisfactory answer could be found, How were these Culdees grouped under masters—bishops or abbots—as a medium of responsibility to the Bishop of Rome? A negative answer has been reached by a great waste of labour—the labour of those who have searched in vain for the place of the Culdees in the Romish hierarchy, instead of being content with the ready discovery that they had no place there. How Rome could have reached them it is hard to say, and it is pretty evident that there was no general inclination among them to seek Rome.

Had Iona continued to be what it was under Columba, there might have been an addition to the other orders in the order of St Columba; and had a powerful and compact body, under one ruler, existed in Scotland, it would have been worth looking after by the Bishop of Rome, and might have been attached to the Catholic system like the others. On the other hand, the people were not so advanced in Christianity and civilisation as to work a popular system of Church government like that of the recent Presbyterian communities. Such zeal as the community had took a shape which kept a Christian ministry

in existence, but did not tend to give it an orderly character. These bodies of Culdees were from time to time largely endowed with lands; and extensively as these found their way back to secular ownership, there was a large breadth of ecclesiastical property to be dealt with when Church reform was taken up.

Thus affluent, and responsible to no supreme authority either above them or below them, these Culdees were independent and self-willed, and went into devious courses, as men, when independent of rule, naturally will. Asceticism and celibacy were among their traditions as things praiseworthy and desirable. But, all the world over, there is a difference between communities professing to follow, of their own accord, some refined standard, and others where the same standard is enforced by a sharp taskmaster. The Culdees married and gave in marriage, many of them founding considerable families, enriched by Church property.[1] The gracious Duncan was the son of Cronan or Crinan, abbot of the Culdees of Dunkeld, who had for wife the daughter of Malcolm II. The abbot of the Culdees of Brechin, and his sons and grandsons, are found in old writs granting away Church lands. Among the very few saints occurring in the eighth century, and after the true Columbite period, we come to the unchristian-like commemoration of "St Donald or Donavaldus with his nine daughters."[2]

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[1] Celtic scholars derive some eminent Highland names from a priestly fathership, commemorated as a distinction. MacNab is said to be the abbot's son; MacIntagart, the priest's son; MacClery, about equivalent to the clerk's son. The great name of MacPherson is traced to Persona, or Parson; and the names MacPrior and MacVicar speak for themselves.

"During the range of time in which the term is of record, we discover the greatest diversity in its application,—sometimes borne by hermits, sometimes by conventuals; in one situation implying the condition of celibacy, in another understood of married men; here denoting regulars, there seculars; some of the name bound by obligations of poverty, others free to accumulate property; at one period high in honour, as implying self-denial—at another regarded with contempt, as the designation of the loose and worldly-minded."—Reeves, ii. 3.

[2] Forbes, Kalendars, 324. The parent saint "is said by local

In fact, when the recording operations of feudalism touched on the property which had been assigned to religious purposes, it found that almost as a uniform system the larger part of each endowment had become vested in lay owners, and that for spiritual purposes there was either reserved a small portion only of the land, or a pension or allowance from the rents, not very punctually paid, and very liable to drop out of use and recollection.[1] Powerful lords held the title of abbot, though not conspicuously,—just as in later times, in France and Germany, such a dignity might be found in the crowd of titles which a great statesman or field-marshal could muster for state occasions. The ecclesiastical title had naturally a tendency, after a generation or two, to be absorbed in others. It can sometimes be noticed in the course of its metamorphosis, as where, in one generation, the head of an affluent family is called "the abbot," while in another he is called "the lord of the abbacy." This secularising process went through all grades. We find "the parson" of a district or parish, and also "the priest,"—the former being a sort of yeoman proprietor, while the other is what he is called.

Researches through the records show that among the Culdees there was a grade of churchman—the humblest, apparently—who was called the scholar. In the Pictish language, as we are told, he was called Scoloch. He assisted the priest in the services of his church. Even this office was sometimes endowed with lands, and such

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tradition to have led a religious life in the Glen of Ogilvie." "The Church of Finhaven appears to have been an early foundation, probably dedicated to the Nine Maidens."—Ibid.

[1] "Take, for example, the ancient abbeys of Abernethy and Brechin, as we see them in the charters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Their endowments have been divided into two parts. The larger and better portion, together with the name of Abbot, had been usurped by laymen, who transmitted the benefice and title as a heritage to their children. What remained, with the name of Prior, was possessed by ecclesiastics, who discharged, perfunctorily enough perhaps, the duties for the performance of which the whole revenues had been originally assigned by the founders."—Robertson's Scholastic Offices in the Scottish Church, 11.

lands have been found undergoing the secularising process.[1]

The feudal system, which came rapidly into practice in Scotland after the Norman conquest of England, would only have the effect, if left alone, of tightening the grasp of the lay proprietors on the Church lands. It was one of the historical epochs which seem to offer an alternative. In this instance it was whether the Church in Scotland should belong to the feudal system, or belong to the Catholic system headed by the Bishop of Rome. The influence of St Margaret and her children gave the triumph to the latter.

It must not be understood that the secularising of the ecclesiastical offices and emoluments was peculiar to the Scots Culdees. It is a natural process against which the Church of Rome has striven and threatened and wailed during all the centuries in which its inner history is known. There are some features, however, that have made it conspicuous in Scotland. One is, no doubt, its excess there above other places. Another is the systematic way in which it seems to have gravitated down to the humblest offices in the Church. In other parts of Christian Europe it was generally reserved for princes and great territorial lords to be charged with attempts on the patrimony of the Church, or an impropriation of its offices. But chiefly it is likely that this feature, along with others in the old Scots Church, became conspicuous from the suddenness of the ecclesiastical revolution caused by the settling down in Scotland of a royal family accustomed to their own Saxon Church, and its thorough conformity to Catholic unity.

However the spiritual services for which these lands may have been conferred were performed, an impression

[1] Joseph Robertson's Scholastic Offices in the Scottish Church in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. This, though a mere tract, throws more light on the early condition of the Church than many a solid volume, as it goes into actual practice. It may be consulted with advantage by any one desirous of studying "cases in point" exemplifying the method in which the feudal system dealt with lands originally dedicated to ecclesiastical purposes.

is conveyed by the documents concerning them that the lands themselves were appreciated and well cultivated. There is an anxiety about their precise boundaries which it would scarce be worth bestowing on the barren moorland; and, indeed, sometimes a large tract is spoken of as waste, and appropriate to hunting—a description leaving the inference that other portions are separated for cultivation. We have sometimes malt-kilns and meal-mills, with the organisation for adjusting the mutual services and obligations of the owner of the mill and the feudatories who must go to it and to no other. There are fishings and ferries, with special privileges of service on the estates of other owners, showing an advanced nicety in the division and adjustment of rights and obligations.

It must not be forgotten that all we know of the Culdees is from the light let in on the state of religion in Scotland, when the revival came in the reign of Queen Margaret's sons. How old any of the peculiarities of the body were we can only argue from the tenacity with which they had taken root, while we have no warrant for connecting them with the mission of Columba.[1]

There is a source of confusion both as to the meaning

[1] On the question whether there is at present any known evidence of the extreme antiquity of the Culdees as a widespread institution, one can now take up the negative with thorough assurance, since it is clear that all possible available sources of information must have been examined, when we know that both Reeves and Robertson have gone over the ground. The anachronism of identifying the Nonconformists of St Margaret's day with the zealous fraternity of St Columba's was very well put by Bishop Lloyd so early as the year 1684, although the little volume in which he told it is so full of fierce controversy that the still small voice, speaking of hundreds of years lying between one thing and another, is apt to be lost in it. His examination of the question begins thus :—

"As for the word Culdee, it is of a much later edition. I do not remember that I have read it in any author before the time of Giraldus Cambrensis. Then it was a very usual thing to find out Latin derivations for those words of which men did not know the original. And thus the Kyldees or Kylledei came to be called Culdei or Colidei—that is, the worshippers of God, being such as spent their whole time, or a great part of it, in devotion. Either way it appears that they were monks, and that, I know, will be easily granted me.'

of the word and the character of the people to whom it applied, in our finding that the word Culdee, used in early times as a term of reproach, is in later times used as a term of high approval and admiration. Supposing it to have been merely a local adaptation of a term common throughout the churches of the day, to signify either a servant of God or a conductor of the worship of God, it came to be used by the Church, when reformed to Catholic unity, as a descriptive term—a nickname, as it were, of the old unreformed Church. It was the retention of a name obsolete in the living Catholic Church for a body which had become in itself obsolete. It is a common incident of ecclesiastical revolutions, that they bring the names revered in one age to contumely in another. The terms Monk, Friar, Priest, Parson, even Presbyter and Curate, have all been used in their turn as terms of reproach.[1] So, when in the Church reformed to Catholic unity reference was made to the old, idle, ignorant, worldly priesthood of the relaxed age, they were called "Culdees."

In estimating their place in history, and their influence on the ecclesiastical destinies of Britain, the conditions under which their name came into good repute should not be omitted. In the great controversy of the seventeenth century it was a tower of strength to the Presbyterian party. It thus did duty in a theological conflict, of the earnestness and fierceness of which it is fortunately now difficult to form a conception. We may judge of the provoking strength of the position thus obtained by the rage of the opponents. Here was no mere blank as to which it could be maintained that the Church must have existed then, as at all other times, as an episcopal hierarchy. There were full details of ecclesiastical particulars concerning the Columbite Church, in which, to say the least,

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[1] "Presbyter," though a term of the Church Catholic, has often been used reproachfully in controversy with Presbyterians. After the Revolution in Scotland, the remnants of the old Episcopal clergy were called "Curates" as a general term of contempt, whether that expressed their degree in the Church or not.

bishops had not their proper place; and it was not easy, with the imperfect knowledge of the age, to answer the assertion that the system of that Church—formed on a Presbyterian model—lasted until Rome became strong enough to invade this last northern refuge of primitive purity. Independence or repudiation of Rome was not then a matter of interest to the parties, who both belonged to the Reformed Church; but it was deemed matter of reproach to Scotland that she had failed to record a full testimony to apostolic descent and diocesan Episcopacy; and it was even held that later writers of history should have done more than they had done to keep the world right in this particular, and protect the Church from anarchical attacks. On either side there was the deficiency in honesty peculiar to such debates; and the reader of them is ever apt to find himself in a quicksand of misquotation or misuse of terms. This is exemplified on the one side in the use of the term bishop, where that term is left blank in the old authority; while on the other side of the controversy there was a free mixture of the fabulous history of Scotland with the small morsels of authentic record preserved to us. This controversy was of long life, and has not yet died among us. It has moderated down, however, and a comparison of the books bearing on the controversy will show a diminution of acerbity and dogmatism even within the present generation.[1]

While the controversy about them has thus quieted at home, the cause of the Culdees has been taken up abroad as that of a true evangelical Church doing battle with

[1] Compare, for instance, 1st, 'An Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees of Iona, and of their Settlement in Scotland, England, and Ireland,' 1811, by John Jamieson, D.D., the celebrated author of the Scottish Dictionary; with, 2d, 'The History of the Early Church of Scotland,' by the Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan. To find how the question may be treated with like fairness and good temper by a zealous friend of Episcopacy, reference may be made to the 'Ecclesiastical History of Scotland from the Introduction of Christianity to the Present Time,' by George Grub, A.M., 1861. a work full of the valuable results of diligent research.

Rome. In Germany, especially, this idea has been embodied in a very complete and picturesque epic thus: St Patrick, a native of the Christianised Roman province of Scotland, is carried in his youth a slave to Ireland. There, though previously indifferent, he becomes regenerate, and in the spirit of his new life resolves to do his Master's work among the heathen people.[1] To these he carried the doctrine of the Cross in its primitive simplicity, ere it had been defiled by the handling of Scarlet Rome. In the days when the Empire was desolated, that Church, so planted in the remote and sheltered western world, grew and flourished strong in its purity. In Columba it repaid to Scotland the precious gift which had been received from that neighbour. As Rome was accomplishing her spiritual dominion, and driving furth from Christianity its Scriptural simplicity, the united Church of the Scots spread itself abroad, fighting the battle of the Gospel in every European land, and carrying war to the very gates of Rome. Such was the attitude of the Culdees down to the eleventh and even the twelfth century. It was a goodly picture, completed by the perfection in which they preserved the form and preached the doctrines of a pure evangelical Church, resting on the Bible, and the Bible solely.[2]

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[1] Handbuch der christlichen Kirchen-und Dogmen-Geschichte fur Prediger und Studirende, von Dr Joh. Heinr. Aug. Ebrard, 394. This writer gives St Patrick the peculiar name already referred to, p. 68, "Succath auch Patrik genannt."

[2] "Before we trace the progress of the Culdee Church, let us look at its inner nature and outer organisation. Its inner nature gives it a full right to be called an evangelical Church, not only because it was free from the power of Rome, and always showed a determination, whenever the Roman Catholic Church came in contact with it, to appeal from the authority of Rome to the Holy Scriptures as the only *supreme* authority, but, above all, because its inner life was penetrated and stimulated by the form and substance of the evangelical Church. The Culdees read and understood the Bible in the original tongue, and as far as in them lay they translated it into their native language, and sometimes by word of mouth and sometimes by writing, explained it to the community, and made them go through a course of diligent and regular Bible-reading. The Holy Scriptures was to them no text-book containing a list of lawful doctrines but the living word of

To complete the grouping on the canvas, however, three elements had to be brought from a distance and carefully adjusted to a harmonious whole. The first was the simplicity of the Columbite Church in Iona, such as

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Christ. They taught with all sincerity the innate sinfulness of the natural man, the reconciling death of Christ, the justification without any aid from works; above everything, the worthlessness of all outward works, and regeneration as life in Him who died for us. The sacraments were to them signs and seals of the one grace through Christ, and as such, held only a second place in their doctrine. Neophytes were baptised after a thorough instruction and sure signs of conversion. Into the catechising classes they seem to have received by laying on of hands those heathens willing to be converted. They did not acknowledge transubstantiation with regard to the Holy Eucharist, had no masses for the soul, did not acknowledge the existence of a purgatory, never invoked saints, had no pictures in their churches (only simple unadorned crosses, which they were particularly fond of erecting in the open air); the singing during divine service was conducted in the native language of the country.

"As far as regards the organisation of the Culdee Church and the rules of their communities, they certainly had not the degrees of rank found in the Romish hierarchy,—bishops, priests, and deacons; but only the distinction between the ordained presbyters and the unordained *fratres* (members of the community). By baptism one would become a *frater* or *soror;* by ordination (which required a tonsure, not in the form of a crown, but the laying bare the front half of the top of the head) a presbyter. Besides this they had also deacons in the Biblical sense—namely, *fratres, eleemosynas facientes*, and *præpositi*, or the teachers and superintendents of schools and educational institutions. If a new community had to be founded, a presbyter well trained in doctrine and in knowledge was sent out as *pater* or *abbas*, along with twelve *socii*, the most of whom were only *fratres* and the rest *presbyteri;* on a suitable spot they founded a settlement (cœnobium). A wall surrounded the whole; in the midst stood the church, built of plain wood (oratorium), with a stone belfry; all round separate huts for different families, for the *presbyteri* were generally, as of course the *fratres* were also, married men. The abbot with his twelve *socii* cultivated a piece of land, and by agriculture (in which, as in all, even the hardest work, the abbot assisted), fishing, and killing game, they obtained their necessary though often scanty means of subsistence. Their drink, besides water, consisted of beer, which they brewed themselves. They now worked at the souls of their heathen neighbours, going about among them preaching salvation through Christ. The children who were given into their charge they received into their schools, those of their neighbours who were inclined to be converted had a benediction pronounced on them by the laying on of hands, and from henceforward they joined in divine worship and in

we have seen it. The second was the Culdees continuing this simplicity down to the twelfth century, as shown in their opposition to or evasion of episcopal control. The third was the existence throughout Europe of a large body of ecclesiastics at war with the Romish hierarchy; and as these are known in ecclesiastical history as Scots, it follows that they were Culdees. We have already seen,

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the catechising classes. These families of catechumens settled round the station, and stood in classes under the superintendence of the *præpositi*. Those who were baptised were received into the interior of the settlement with their wives and children. Over the whole settlement (*plebs*) was the abbot, episcopus, or superintendent. If other communities formed round, the whole diocese (Sprengel) came under the direction of the cœnobium, so that either the abbot himself was its *episcopus* (abbot-bishop), or else he gave over into the hands of one of his *fratres presbyteri* as an '*episcopus*' the spiritual superintendence of the diocese, so that such an *episcopus* was under the authority of the abbot-presbyter. One can see that 'episcopus' among the Culdees represented no *gradus ordinis* (at least a higher rank than that of presbyter), but (like the *abbas*) only a function, or office."—Ebrard, Handbuch, 396-99.

See this of their doctrine more fully gone into in a series of papers by the same author in the Zeitschrift fur die Historische Theologie for 1863. In the second part, on the Religion and Theology of the Culdees, we find: "It must not be forgotten that the Culdees had been already engaged in a renowned contest with the Papal throne and the Papal Church; and in point of fact, the manner in which they constantly summon the Holy Scriptures as the only paramount authority to stand in judgment between the conflicting traditions of individual churches, and the way in which they hold fast the Bible as in itself distinct and self-expounding, superior to every interpretation grounded upon the opinion of the Papal throne, entitles us doubly to consider them as forming an evangelical Church. When Columba the younger proclaims to Pope Bonifacius, that whosoever teaches a doctrine differing from that taught by the apostle Paul, he shall be anathema, even although he be the Pope, *nullus enim ad injuriam Dei hominem honorare debet*, he has hold of the fundamental principle of the whole Reformation. The right of refusing obedience to the servant in order to obey the Master is here sharply and expressly declared; and it is certainly a remarkable coincidence that the first kindling of the Reformation in Wicliffe was connected with the last remains of the scattered Culdee Church."—P. 326.

These papers by Dr Ebrard contain an elaborate disquisition on the variations of the holding of Easter, already referred to (chap. viii.); and also an account, coming into much later times, of the prevalence of the Irish wandering ecclesiastics on the continent of Europe.

however, that a long period of darkness lies between the Columbite Church and the Culdees. Whether it conformed to the Catholic model or not, the practice of the older Church was very strict; that of the latter was, on the other hand, vague and loose. That the Culdees were bad Papists may be clear enough; but it must not be held to follow that on that account they were good Protestant Evangelicals.

At the time when St Margaret's sons were bringing the Culdees to Catholic unity, Scots ecclesiastics swarmed over the Continent. Besides the great establishments of Ratisbon and St Gall, there were countless religious houses in their hands.[1] It is no doubt true that they had practices of their own, were self-opinionative, and drew many testimonies of dissatisfaction from the more obedient members of the Church Catholic.[2] But the testimony and habits which provoked these attacks were not always of a kind that would excite the sympathy of the evangelical communities of the present day. They are chiefly directed against those whom they call the vagabond Scots bishops, who intrude into the provinces of their legitimate diocesan brethren after the fashion already referred to.[3] It was difficult to rescue their memory from the charges commonly made against the adherents of the old Church, as that they paid their devotions before pictures and images, and invoked the intercession of saints, keeping their material remains in reliquaries for the purpose of giving emphasis to their invocations. These Scots clerics, far from abjuring reliquaries, were known over the world for the indiscriminate rapacity with which they gathered bones, rags, and other articles offered

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[1] Of these wandering ecclesiastics, already referred to (chap. v.), an abundant account will be found in Lanigan's Ecclesiastical History of Ireland. That author gives his own country its own at least. In the 'Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum' of Thomas Dempster, they are all set down as natives of Scotland.

[2] For collective specimens of these criticisms, see Selden's Preface to the Decem Scriptores of Twysden, xiii. *et seq.*; and Reeves's Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore, 134.

[3] Chap. iv.

to them as sanctified. In these and some other matters, indeed, the annals of the early Scots saints had to be afterwards corrected, so as to give reliquaries and other institutions of the Church their proper influence.[1] Reference has been already made to the difficulties thrown on the path of the historical student, where in later transcripts or compilations the earlier hagiologies have been altered to adapt them to later codes of doctrine and practice. Of these innovations on early purity, the communities living in Scotland under the name of Culdees were probably guiltless, from the supineness that relieved them of spiritual enthusiasm and ministerial activity. But this supineness was not shared by those wandering Scots ecclesiastics who are supposed to have been their representatives abroad. Looking at what has just been said, and connecting it with the history of the old Columbite Church, it will be inferred that, whatever were the doctrines or the ecclesiastical discipline of these wandering Scoti or Scots, they did not come of the ordinary Scots folk who made the later history of the country. They were still in fact Irish. Some of them may, however, have been Albanian Scots or Highlanders. The consolidation of Scotland into a kingdom was gradually drawing away the Highlanders from connection with the parent population that had sent forth the Dalriadic colony, but down to the days of Queen Margaret there were still Scoti on either side of the Irish Channel.[2]

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[1] In the earliest biography of St Patrick, the well-known Confession, there is a deficiency in the article of relics filled up by the later lives of him, which tell us how, in one of his journeys to Rome, while the custodiers of the sacred relics were asleep, he (St Patrick) managed to pilfer a great many valuable articles, conspicuous among which were a piece of cloth stained with the Saviour's blood, and a lock of the Virgin Mother's hair. St Patrick was highly commended for this feat as a fair stroke of patriotic diplomacy in favour of his Irish Church.—Sept. Vita, Colgan, 164.

[2] See above the reference to the history of Marianus Scotus, which does not distinguish the two from each other (p. 207). In this chronicle Marianus gave currency to the story of the female pontiff, Pope Joan, and other things unwelcome to the Church of his day. Yet in the Scoto-Irish hagiology he is recorded as a saint. "The

When we find conditions in total contrast with the fiery zeal that influenced the Columbite missionaries, we would naturally attribute all share in these conditions to a people of a different race. The half-secularised Culdees, with their comfortable glebes and good farming, would fit in with the other characteristics of the Lowland population of the period. We have evidence, however, that a Celtic element is to be found in the Church in those districts where we would expect to find the Scandinavian element predominant in the population at large.

Of the Culdee establishments which continued to flourish and become great in the hierarchy of Scotland—as St Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane—we have no direct records exhibiting their condition in the dark period. There have lately, however, come to light some faint memorials, earlier than the Revival, of one of the more obscure of the Columbite institutions. They are contained in a book that belonged to the Monastery of Deer, in the district of Buchan in Aberdeenshire—the furthest point in Scotland both from Iona and from Ireland.[1] It was originally a book of services, containing the Gospel of St John, part of an office for the visitation of the sick, and a creed. These are in Latin; but the great value of the book is in some entries about the secular affairs of the brotherhood. These are in Celtic, and are declared by adepts in Celtic literature to belong to the eleventh and twelfth centuries. They contain the legend of the formation of the brotherhood. St Columba had seen the spot, and liked it. He demanded it of "Bede the Pict, the Maarmor of Buchan," for the Church. The Maarmor at first was obstinate; but the saint, drawing on his proper resources, struck the Maarmor's child with sickness, and he was glad to yield. In the Tosach as well as the Maarmor we have reference to a lay officer, supposed to be a Celtic institution. The names of benefactors are

Scottish authorities make St Marianus of Ratisbon a Scotsman from Dunkeld, but a more exact criticism has proved him to be an Irishman from Donegal."—Forbes, Kalendars, 391.

[1] The Book of Deer, edited for the Spalding Club, by John Stuart, LL.D., 1869.

claimed as Celtic, and traces are supposed to be found of the Scholac, and the more surely Celtic Ferleiginn. That the brotherhood themselves were Celts is clear, but this leaves a question whether they were at home in a Celtic district. At the present day there is no part of Britain more thoroughly Teutonic, or it might be said Scandinavian, in its type; and throughout written history it has remained unchanged, except that it was desolated in the war of independence, when the Comyns, who were supreme in Buchan, took the anti-national side.

The Celtic of the manuscript is West Highland or Irish Celtic, and it is probable that the brethren were of Irish descent.[1] Since the days of Columba down to the revival, the saints had gradually decreased; but still the few that appeared were Irish,—as Gervadius, so late in date as the year 934, whose legend says he came from Ireland —and St Duthac, coming down to the still later date of 1068, belonging to a noble family of the "Scoti." But even these are shadowy persons beside the distinct crowd of saints that followed Columba. Of these, indeed, his biographer Adamnan, who lived down to the year 704, may be counted as the last. The population which drew into it so much of the Scandinavian element does not appear to have been in itself prolific of saints, nor to have afforded the inducements that drew them from Ireland centuries earlier. It is indeed a fair question whether, taking Lowland Scotland as the district is now known, any real native of that district—in fact any Scotsman, according to the modern acceptation of the term—has ever reached the distinction of being enrolled in the Kalendar.[2]

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[1] It was supposed that the Book of Deer would settle the great Pictish question, by showing the Picts to have been Celts; but it would have then proved too much, since it would have identified them with the Scots or Irish Celts, and from them we know that they and their language were distinct. True, the legend speaks of "Bede the Pict;" but that was a story six hundred years old when it was written, and the whole has more conformity with the time of the Irish settlements than with anything Pictish. There is no reference, by the way, to the brotherhood of Deer in any of the ancient works about Columba.

[2] Perhaps the latest date in the 'Kalendars of Scottish Saints,' Gilbertus, Bishop of Caithness, who dates in 1245, is the one saint

It is clear that the Scotland of that age—taking Scotland as distinguished from Scotia in its original sense—had no claim to excess of religious zeal, whether its tendencies were to Romanist unity or Presbyterian purity.

In contrast with Scotland, Saxon England was at that period in a high state of sanctity, so far at least as the country was represented in the Court and the Church. She was strong in the ordinary class of clerical saints, with the mighty Dunstan at their head. But England was peculiarly favoured among nations in the admission to the calendar of two of her monarchs, the one succeeding the other—Edward the Martyr and Edward the Confessor. In western Europe Normandy only outran England in duty to the Church; and hence it was, according to the monkish annalists, that the Duke of Normandy became King of England. Though the birth of William was an offence to the Church, it only secured the greater devotion from him when it became his policy to cultivate its good opinion.

In secular history it is generally thought worthy of commemoration that a state remains undisturbed when all others around it are shaken by political convulsion. In the times we are dealing with, the Christian world at large was shaken by a climax of terror and fanaticism which seems to have left no trace in Scotland. It is known as the millennian panic. Whatever may be inferred about its indirect influence on after-times, it was in its day a calamity as distinct as a plague or pestilence, though it is peculiar among great calamities in having no other cause but the terrors that imagination and the excited reasoning of the divines and biblical critics of the day created. It is not to be confounded with the millennium doctrine of later days about the coming of the reign of peace. On the contrary, it was the period when Satan was to be let loose from his chains. And those who preached on the text authorising this conclusion, invested it with all the

whose biography has the closest resemblance to that of a Scotsman; but it might be difficult to prove that he is not of Irish Celtic descent, were it worth finally settling the question. "He was of the great family De Moravia, son of William the Lord of Duffus and Strabrok, who was possessed of vast estates in the north, the gift of Hugh Freskyn."—Forbes, Kalendars, 356.

terrors of the end of the world and the day of wrath.[1] The whole awful mystery was to be revealed on the close of one day—the last of the tenth century—and as that day approached, the frenzy hastened to its climax. It left behind it two material results. Men parted recklessly with their worldly means for pious purposes. Endowments of ecclesiastical establishments were not the direct object, for it would have been a mockery to establish well-beneficed abbeys and chaplaincies for a world that was no longer. But when the panic passed, much of the wealth abandoned went, by the desire of the thankful owners or otherwise, into the hands of the Church to be substantially employed. The other material result was an accumulation of sacred relics. Men in that hour of imminent danger frantically strove for the possession of some material remains of the departed saints, that they might participate in the exemption of such an object of reverence from the material infliction of the wrath to come. The supply responded to the demand; and brought many grotesque objects into an unseemly contact with the more serious duties of a Christian Church, in discovering for instance some of those eighteen heads of John the Baptist which have excited much irreverent criticism.

If this crisis left any contemporary mark in Scotland, I have not found traces of it. This negative testimony becomes the more distinct when we find the general revival of religion and ecclesiastical organisation brought to Scotland afterwards through the material intervention of England. There the influence of the revival was more distinct than in any part of Europe, except, perhaps, Normandy. It had a material influence on that great event, so momentous in England and so important even to Scotland in its secondary effects — the Norman Conquest. The author who has given more study to this event than

[1] The chief text was: "And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season."—Rev. xx. 2, 3.

any other, thus condenses the spirit of his investigations into the policy of Norman William and his adviser Lanfranc: "To lay his claim not only before Normandy but before all Christendom, and to clothe a wrongful aggression under the guise of a holy war—to gather round his standards comrades from wellnigh every western land; and in the end to set foot on English ground, not as an adventurer avenging his private quarrel, but as the champion of the Church marching forth with the approval and the blessing of the temporal and the spiritual chiefs of Christendom."[1]

It was the belief of the day that an incident due to the success of the relic-hunters, who continued to pursue their vocation after the crisis was over, was a material promoter of the Conquest. There is a well-known story of the monkish chroniclers, how William beguiled Harold in a moment of good-fellowship to take oath to help him to be king of England and "become his man." The oath supposed to have been lightly taken was seen to be bound by awful sanctions when William unveiled to his dupe a collection of powerful relics on which unseen the oath had been made. They represented so many spirits potent at the great judgment-seat, whose wrath would be incurred by the wickedness and contumely that made them attesters of a false oath. Whether the story be true or not, we have from it the more important truth that in the belief of the age, as it is rendered in the chronicles, such a trick, by bringing in the aid of the intercessors with the Almighty, might give the trickster a fundamental claim as the representative of religion.[2]

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[1] Freeman, Norman Conquest, iii. 272.

[2] Naturally there was some curiosity to see what the historian of the Conquest would make of this story. He leaves it at what it is worth on the testimony of the chroniclers with this comment: "It is not an English apologist of Harold, but a Norman admirer of William, who tells us how the Duke filled a chest with all the holiest relics of the saints of Normandy; how Harold swore on the chest, not knowing what he swore; how William then drew away the covering with which the holy things had been hidden, and bade Harold see how fearful was the oath which he had taken, and how awful was the vengeance which would light on him who failed to keep it. His

From its influence in England we are naturally brought to the extension of the great Revival to Scotland, where it left the Culdees as a tradition of a Church degenerate. For some time after they were doomed to extinction we hear of them, but it is chiefly in the record of their struggle for existence with the new system, which sought conformity with the Papal hierarchy as established in the rest of Europe. This contest went on jointly with efforts to recover for spiritual uses the lands that had been alienated. In several instances the fraternities were found easily convertible into canons regular of the Augustine rule. When bishoprics grew up among them, as in St Andrews and Dunkeld, they were found to be good material for conversion into chapters of secular canons, and filling prebendaries and other appendages of cathedral organisation. In these instances their abbot generally lost his rank; but when he was virtually a layman, he was glad to compound for the retention of a share of his rents. It was an adjustment similar to one we are familiar with in the present day, when a government department is reconstructed, and the old officers trained in its traditional routine are pensioned off, that the new system may be worked by new men. In some instances the brethren existing at the time of the revival were allowed a life-interest in their honours and emoluments, which passed into the hands of the remodelled institutions as they dropped off. In other instances they were tolerated on the condition that, though they remained in name Culdees, they should conform themselves to the restraints of the regulars, and with these the special name gradually died out with the change of practice. Through all the efforts to get rid of them, however, whether by coercion or diplomacy, the fraternities showed a tenacious vitality, which, in the ecclesiastical

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hand trembled and his flesh quivered when he laid his hand on the chest while still unknowing of all that was in it; how much more frightened was he when he knew by how awful a sentence he had unwittingly bound his soul! This may be history, or it may be legend; at any rate it is the honour of the Norman rather than that of the Englishman which is staked on its truth or falsehood."—Freeman, Norman Conquest, iii. 242.

records, protracts the traces of their existence, and even their activity, down to the fourteenth century.[1]

The division of Scotland into parishes appears to have been articulated out of the influence of the revival on the

[1] Dr Reeves gives us the following animated account of the contest between the two systems, as it was fought out at the headquarters of St Andrews: "We learn that, at some period anterior to 1107, the ecclesiastical community of Cill-Righmonaigh had become parted into two sections, and that each carried with it a portion of the spiritualities and temporalities, which we may reasonably conceive had been originally combined. One party was the Keledei, consisting of a prior and twelve brethren, who numerically represented the old foundation, and as clerical vicars performed divine service, having official residences, and enjoying certain estates as well as the minor dues of the sacerdotal office. With them also, as the clerical portion of the society, rested the election of the bishop, when a vacancy occurred in the see. The other party included the bishop, the eleemosynary establishment, and the representatives of the abbot and other greater officers now secularised, yet enjoying by prescription another portion of the estates and the greater ecclesiastical dues. The chief censure is directed against these; but it is to be taken with some limitation, because the bishop was one of them, and the hospital represented another.

"In 1144, the hospital, with its parsonage or impropriation, was transferred to the regular canons, and they were confirmed in the possession of two more of the parsonages which had already been assigned to them, the bishop retaining his own seventh, thus leaving three of these sinecures in the former condition. And matters continued so till 1156, for in that year Pope Adrian IV. only confirmed to the canons regular the hospital and their two-sevenths. But in that or one of the two following years, the old impropriators having probably dropped by death, resignation, or amotion, Bishop Robert granted to the canons all the portions, reserving only his own. Finally, in 1162-3, Bishop Arnold surrendered his seventh, and thus put them in possession of the whole. The seven portions were then consolidated, and went into a common fund. Thus, in the first instance, the regular canons seem to have been established on the reversion of the secularised property of the old foundation.

"There were now two rival ecclesiastical bodies in existence at St Andrews—one the old corporation of secular priests, who were completely thrown into the shade, and shorn of many of their privileges and possessions; and the other, that of the regular canons, who virtually represented the secularised portion of the old institution, and entered on the enjoyment of their estates. But this rivalry or coexistence was very distasteful to the chief authorities, both lay and ecclesiastical, as soon became manifest. Immediately upon the foundation of the latter house, King David, as he also did in the case of Loch-

old endowments. Strangers from the south—Norman and Saxon—came then crowding into Scotland; and as they received grants of land, following the practice at home, they dedicated a portion of it to the Church. The old church

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leven, made an ordinance that the prior and canons of St Andrews should receive into incorporation with them the Keledei of Kilrimont, who were to become canons, together with all their possessions and revenues; that is, provided they would consent to conform to canonical rule. But in case they should refuse, they were to have a life-interest in their possessions; and, according as they dropped, their places were to be filled up on the new foundation by regular canons, whose number was to equal that of the existing Keledei; and that all the farms, lands, and offerings of the Keledei should be transferred to the use of the canons of St Andrews in frank and quit almoigne. In 1147, Pope Eugenius III. decreed that thenceforward the places of the Keledei, according as they became vacant, should be filled with regular canons. But the Keledei were able to withstand the combined efforts of king, pope, and bishop; for we meet with a recurrence of this provision under successive pontiffs till 1248; and yet we find the Keledei holding their ground. Nay, in 1160, King Malcolm actually confirmed them in a portion of their possessions. In 1199 we find them engaged in a controversy with the prior of the other society, which terminated in a compromise by which the tithes of their own lands were secured to them, they at the same time quitting claim to all parochial fees and oblations. They were also vicars of the church of the Holy Trinity of Kilrimund, which was the parish church of St Andrews; and it was not till 1273 that they were debarred from the prescriptive right to take part in the election of a bishop. They met with like treatment in 1279, and again in 1297, when William Comyn, the provost of the Keledei, went to Rome, and lodged a protest against the election then made, on the ground of their exclusion; but Boniface VIII. decided against him. He appealed again in 1328, but with no better success. In 1309 the Keledei were still in possession of their lands in the Cursus Apri. In 1332, when William Bell was chosen bishop, they were absolutely excluded from taking any part in the election, and the claim does not appear to have been ever after revived. Neither does the name Keledei occur again in existing records, although the corporation still continued in the enjoyment of their privileges and possessions. In the succeeding centuries frequent mention is made of the institution under the names of the 'Præpositura ecclesiæ beatæ Mariæ civitatis Sancti Andreæ,' the 'Ecclesia beatæ Mariæ de Rupe,' and 'the Provostry of Kirkheugh;' and the society is said to have consisted of a provost and ten prebendaries. Their superior was variously styled 'Præpositus Sancti Andreæ,' 'Præpositus capellæ Sanctæ Mariæ,' 'Præpositus capellæ regiæ:' and the common seal bears the legend—S. CAPITVLI ECCLESIE SANCTAE MARIAE CAPELLAE DOMINI REGIS SCOTORUM. After the Reformation, the provostry

of the Culdees, which had been already established on the land, or the new church which the landlord endowed there, was territorially connected with his possessions, and these gradually resolved themselves into a parish, of which it was the church. But besides a specific endowment in land, it was one of the features of the revival to promulgate the principle of the old Jewish law, which gave the clergy a tenth of all produce; and thus the granting of tithes out of the estate or parish became prevalent, and from being prevalent as a gift, merged into a practice so general, that the Church at last claimed its enforcement as a right.[1]

The eminence and power of some of the Culdee fraternities presented in some places the materials from which bishoprics might be conveniently constructed and sup-

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became vested in the Crown; and in 1616 was annexed, together with the appendant benefices, to the see of St Andrews."—Culdees, 38-41.

[1] See Innes's Sketches of Early Scotch History, chap. i.: "Take as an instance, where we see the whole causes in operation, the parish of Ednam in the Merse. King Edgar, the eldest brother of David I., bestowed upon Thor, an Englishman, the land of Ednaham (*the home on the river Eden*) unsettled (*desertam*). Thor, who was called *longus*, a tall man, of his hands, with the king's assistance, but with his own money, cultivated and settled that desert. It became his manor, and there he erected a church—*ecclesiam a fundamentis fabricavi*, says Thor, in his charter. The king and Thor together endowed the church with the customary ploughgate of land, and dedicated it to their honoured patron St Cuthbert. The church of Ednam next obtained the tithes and dues of the manor; and then it became an object of desire to the monks of Coldingham. The kings of Scotland of that family were in an especial manner devoted to St Cuthbert, and nothing was to be refused that could obtain the donor a place in the *Liber Vitæ* of the convent. Accordingly, Thor, for the weal of King Edgar's soul, and the souls of Edgar's parents and brothers and sisters, and for the redemption of his own beloved brother, Lefwin, and for the weal of his own soul and body, gave to St Cuthbert and his monks of Coldingham the church of Ednaham and the ploughgate of land with which it was endowed by him and King Edgar. . . .

"In the beginning of the twelfth century, Wice bestowed on the monks of Kelso the church of his manor of Wicestun (Wiston) with its two chapels—namely, that of the 'town' of Robert, brother of Lambin, and the chapel of the 'town' of John, stepson of Baldwin. A third chapel sprang up afterwards within the bounds of this manor of old Wice, which was situated on the land of Simon Loccard."

ported. Dunkeld, as we have seen, was so important as to afford an office worthy the acceptance of royalty. Succeeding in some measure to the position of Iona, it became a sort of metropolitan abbacy in Pictland, and thus easily merged into the head of a diocese. We have seen that King Constantine in his old age became abbot of the fraternity of Culdees in St Andrews. He had then, probably, a more luxurious, and certainly an easier, life than any one at that time calling himself King of the Scots could hope for. His rank gave dignity to the wealthy institution, and prepared it for becoming the seat of a bishopric.

King Alexander resolved to adjust this bishopric with great exactness to the Catholic system prevalent over the rest of Europe, and sought assistance from England in carrying out this project. He found himself thus involved in disputes distracting and inexplicable; but before we enter on them it is right to keep in view, for the avoiding of erroneous inferences, that the relation to each other of the crowns of England and Scotland was at that time very cordial. In the practical adaptation of the revival by the reconstruction of old religious establishments and the founding of new, the example of England was implicitly followed, and no models farther off were sought.[1] The State followed English precedent as eagerly as the Church. The staff of officers surrounding the throne, the administration of justice, the architectural styles, were all, as we

[1] "Of the Scottish sees, all save three or four were founded or restored by St David; and their cathedral constitutions were formally copied from English models. Thus the chapter of Glasgow took that of Salisbury for its guide. Dunkeld copied from the same type, venerable in its associations with the name of St Osmond, whose Use of Sarum obtained generally throughout Scotland. Elgin or Moray sent to Lincoln for its pattern, and transmitted it with certain modifications to Aberdeen and to Caithness. So it was also with the monasteries. Canterbury was the mother of Dunfermline; Durham, of Coldingham; St Oswald, at Northill, near Pontefract, was the parent of Scone, and, through that house, of St Andrews and Holyrood; Melrose and Dundrennan were daughters of Rievaulx, in the North Riding; Dryburgh was the offspring of Alnwick; Paisley, of Wenlock."—Article on Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals, by Joseph Robertson, Quarterly Review, June 1849, p. 117.

shall see afterwards, adjusting themselves to the English practice. Then as to the personal relations of the sovereigns—King Henry, as we have seen, was married to a daughter of Queen Margaret, and he gave his own daughter Sibilla to Alexander of Scotland as his wife.

She is called an illegitimate daughter, but this did not justify—as such a disposal a century or two later might—the inference that she could only appropriately be the wife of a person in a grade below that of her father. The difference in degree that would have made her so, was, in fact, one of the triumphs which the Church had as yet not achieved either in England or Scotland. Before we estimate the significance of an imputation of illegitimacy for centuries yet before us, there are some influential conditions to be considered. The charge was usually taken up by the Church; and as the historians of the period and for generations later were churchmen, it passed onwards into established history. At the time, however, there was one law of the State and another law of the Church in the matter of wedlock. The law of the Church has in the end triumphed, or it might more fittingly be said that its social object has received the general assent of civilised and Christian mankind—the principle of that object being the permanent union together of one man and one woman, and the proclaiming of the union by solemnities that should fix it in the knowledge of the community to which the married couple belong, as a fact not liable to be doubted. But at this time the struggle was still active. The Church would acknowledge no marriage and no legitimate offspring where her ceremonies had not sealed the union. How far the denunciation of the Church was effective depended on the state of its influence on the spot. The career of Norman William stirred the whole question to its utmost depths. But for his mighty destinies, his birth would have passed unnoticed, like that of many a chief or smaller monarch among the communities of Scandinavian origin. But the designation of "Bastard" stuck to his name almost like a war-cry. It was cast on him by the churchmen as a reproach, and it was accepted on the other side in a spirit of defiance. In

Normandy itself the old secular spirit of the Norsemen was so strong that it kept the dukedom to an infant of seven years old as the heir of Duke Robert; and the infant in after-life was wise enough, in the employment of his great secular power, to propitiate the Church.

We have seen that a suspicion of ecclesiastical illegitimacy hung, yet hung but lightly, on the memory of some of the early kings, and among them the great Malcolm, the husband of the Saxon princess Margaret. If it has drawn more attention in the instance of the new queen, the wife of Alexander, it has also given opportunity for observing that it had no reference to the great question of feudal superiority. It was a question not between state and state, but between Church and State, and the acceptance of the new queen as a royal alliance only shows the limit of power yet reached by the Church in Scotland.

Resuming the progress of the remodelling of the Church of Scotland on the English system, we find that King Alexander desired to confer the bishopric of St Andrews on his mother's confessor and biographer, Turgot, a monk of Durham. For his consecration he looked to the ecclesiastics of that district, his own neighbours. There was a bishop of Durham and a primate of the north at York. These both held authority in that great district of contest between the Humber and the Tweed, which had belonged neither to Scotland nor to England, and was as yet hardly consolidated into the Anglo-Norman kingdom. The King of the Scots generally had possessions or claims connected with it, and, ecclesiastically, it might be considered the offspring of the Scots Church, for St Cuthbert's monastery of Lindisfarne had been its original ecclesiastical centre, and that, as we have seen, was the creation of a missionary from Iona. St Cuthbert himself had been a monk of Melrose, over which the authority of the King of Scots was at least as firmly settled as that of the King of England in York or Durham.

Any spiritual assistance received from such a quarter looked like a requital of old services, and could not naturally be interpreted into a foundation of supremacy either clerical or territorial. Of the latter there does not

seem to have been any dread; but from the active state of the Popedom at that time there was considerable risk that any great endowment placed on the Catholic standard might belong rather to the Bishop of Rome than to the King of Scots or the national Church, and the claim that must lead to such a conclusion was met with promptitude and vigour. The Archbishop of Canterbury dared his brother of York to consecrate any bishop in Scotland. That bishop required consecration himself, indeed, and should go to Canterbury for it. The bishop there claimed to be the head and representative of religion over all Britain. Pope Gregory had conferred that right on his predecessor, Augustine, who, by the traditions of the Church, was a bishop as well as a missionary, and had obtained the supremacy in Britain from the only source whence it could be communicated—from the representative of St Peter.

It was not the policy of King Henry to back this assumption. In fact, while the Court of Rome liked to have as few metropolitans as possible to deal with, most temporal monarchs desired to have at least two in their dominions, that each, in seeking his own aggrandisement, might prevent the other from being too strong. Both in England and Scotland the monarchs were finally successful in this policy. In the mean time, however, the pretensions of Canterbury were a troublesome impediment to Alexander's projects. In the difficulties of the case it was proposed at one time that the Bishop of Durham, along with two Scots bishops, or a bishop from Scotland and one from the Norse diocese of Orkney, should make the three bishops necessary for Catholic consecration; but it might very well be questioned whether two assistants could in this manner be found whose own title would bear scrutiny according to the apostolic system. In the end it appears that the Archbishop of York presided at the consecration, with a reservation of all questions. Turgot does not appear to have found himself comfortable in the dignity with which it was so difficult to get him legitimately invested. He proposed, it is said, to go to Rome for a solution of all difficulties; but if

he so intended, he died in 1115, before beginning his journey.

Five years passed before the king again undertook the difficult business of getting a bishop for his favourite diocese of St Andrews. He held communication with the Archbishop of Canterbury, proposing to advance to the dignity a distinguished monk of Canterbury named Eadmer, celebrated as a chronicler of contemporary events, and especially for his affectionate tribute to the memory of his patron, Archbishop Anselm. King Alexander might have had suspicions had he known how great a state affair was made in England of the request to send him a monk who would make a suitable bishop. Archbishop Ralph wrote to King Henry explaining that the King of Scots, with the consent of the clergy and people of his kingdom, had sent ambassadors earnestly desiring counsel on the adjustment of the pastoral relations of the church of St Andrews. He proposes to send over Eadmer, but desires to be fortified by the royal approval. This is given in the briefest terms. He is told that he may send the monk the King of Scots asks for, and give him freely to be dealt with by the customs of the country he is going to. The archbishop had, no doubt, his special reasons for bringing the matter under royal notice. We can only see now that he was thus making preparation for giving great importance to any questions that might arise out of the negotiation. He sent Eadmer northwards with a recommendatory letter to the King of Scots, which said nothing to him about King Henry having been consulted, and, indeed, buried all practical details under a mass of ecclesiastical eloquence down to the end, for which a sting was reserved in the recommendation that, whenever the election was completed, Eadmer should be sent to Canterbury for consecration.

Eadmer himself provides us with a pretty ample account of the affair.[1] It may be almost questioned whether we are fortunate in receiving these details from one so closely

[1] Eadmeri Monachi Cantuariensis Historiæ Novorum sive sui Sæculi.

interested in the negotiation about the Scots bishopric, since they are, in a great measure, the querulous personal explanations of a man disappointed through his own blunders, and thus tend somewhat to obscure the larger questions at issue. If the monk of Canterbury was chosen for the purpose of propitiating the archbishop, to all appearance the perplexed king could not have made a more unfortunate choice. He found that he had brought over a devotee of the British primacy of St Augustine's successor, who, indeed, boasted that for the whole kingdom of Scotland he would not give up his position as a monk of Canterbury. In the end Eadmer returned to his cell. Something seems to have whispered to him, however, that he had missed a great opportunity. He offered to return to the bishopric, explaining, with a good deal of phraseology, that he had been mistaken in his notions of duty as a bishop in Scotland. He was backed by his archbishop, who busied himself somewhat on his behalf, saying that, having been elected to the see, though not consecrated, what was done could not be recalled, and no other person could fill his bishopric. Another, however, was appointed to it in the year 1124—a certain Englishman named Robert, prior of the new fraternity of canons regular at Scone.

King Alexander did not live to see the difficulty of his consecration overcome. The matter stood over until the year 1128, when the Archbishop of York presided at the ceremony. It was an express condition that all claims of the archbishopric of York and rights of the bishopric of St Andrews should be reserved.[1] Eadmer, in his lamentations over his own perplexities, lets in a little light on the secret of this reservation. He makes it visible that his hopes of a Canterbury consecration were considerably elevated by finding King Alexander, and the Scots clergy with him, disinclined to a consecration from York. In fact, that primate had thrown out the view that consecration from him must carry with it ecclesiastical dependence on him, so that the see of St Andrews would stand to that

[1] "Salva querela Eboracensis Ecclesiæ et justita Ecclesiæ Sancti Andreæ."

of York in the position of suffragan to metropolitan. No precedent could be pleaded for this, nor was it directly urged on the side of York in the shape of a demand that the new bishop should come thither for consecration. The archbishop acted as persons in office have done ever since, and do now, when they grasp at power for their office which they profess not to want for themselves. They will not urge claims, but they cannot abandon anything that can possibly be claimed, lest they do prejudice to the office and the position of their successors. Hence, while the king and the clergy merely desired that spiritual ceremony which would canonically connect the new bishop with the Catholic Church, the Archbishop of York was loath to abandon any claim of supremacy that might be founded on the service done. Eadmer, in his wailings, mentions that on this matter he had got the views of a certain Nicholas, who must have been a man of importance, since he offered to adjust the difficulty at the Court of Rome, and get Eadmer consecrated by the Pope himself. Whatever reliance this offer may be worthy of, some remarks given in name of this Nicholas are curious and important, even should they never have been uttered by him, but imagined or invented by Eadmer. He observes that York, seeking a metropolitan presidency over St Andrews, would be equivalent to a claim on the part of a prelate of England of primacy in another kingdom—a thing unheard of. Had the questions about the feudal supremacy of England been then part of the current politics of the day, it would have rendered such a supremacy by no means preposterous; it certainly would have in some measure influenced the dispute.

It will be seen from this narrative that King Alexander laboured hard in the endowment and Catholic revival of the Scots Church, for which his younger brother chiefly gets credit. The chroniclers give us a characteristic episode in his personal history connected with one of his endowments. Being with his train of attendants beset by a storm in the Firth of Forth, he was glad to seek shelter on the small island called Inchcolm, near Queensferry. Here he found, serving in a cell dedicated to St Columba,

a hermit who lived on the milk of a cow and the shell-fish cast on the beach. The king had to live three days on this moderate fare, and, in expression of his thankfulness, he founded on the island a monastery of canons regular, dedicated to St Columba. With the assistance of further benefactions the comely structure was afterwards raised, of which the ruins may yet be seen in a more complete condition than those of many of the more illustrious of the ecclesiastical edifices of Scotland.

CHAPTER XIII.

NARRATIVE TO THE TREATY OF FALAISE.

ACCESSION OF KING DAVID—THE CONDITION OF HIS KINGDOM—THE OUTLYING DISTRICTS — GENEALOGICAL INFLUENCES — CONNECTION OF THE SCOTS AND ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY—KING STEPHEN AND MATILDA—NORMAN TYRANNY IN ENGLAND—CASTLES AND FOREST-CLEARINGS—EFFECT OF WITNESSING THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND FROM THE SCOTS SIDE—NO NORMAN CASTLES IN SCOTLAND—INVASION OF ENGLAND—THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD—ITS HISTORICAL CHARACTER AS AFFECTING THE RELATIONS OF THE NORMANS WITH THE OTHER RACES—KING DAVID'S SERVICES TO THE CHURCH —FOUNDATION OF RELIGIOUS HOUSES—PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL — THE SANCTITY ATTRIBUTED TO HIM—OTHER OPINIONS HELD ABOUT HIS ECCLESIASTICAL MUNIFICENCE—HIS DEATH—HIS SUCCESSOR, MALCOLM IV.—CESSION AND ROUNDING OFF OF TERRITORY — RAID INTO ENGLAND—CAPTURE OF MALCOLM — TREATY OF FALAISE.

On Alexander's death in the year 1124, he was succeeded by his younger brother David, the third son of the Saxon princess St Margaret, who was Queen of the Scots.

Since the year 1108 David had been Earl or Lord of the Manor of Huntingdon in England, and this, which made the King of Scots an affluent English nobleman, with estates in the very heart of the dominions of the Norman kings, had a powerful influence on the subsequent fate of Scotland. This acquisition was the result of his marriage with Matilda, the heiress of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland. The territory between the Tweed and the Humber had now been feudally attached to the English Crown, but it was not so firmly incorporated with the rest of the country as to render it desirable that it should be under the immediate authority of the prince

who ruled in Cumbria, and was likely to become king of the Scots. It is not quite clear whether the manor of Huntingdon was a portion of Earl Waltheof's estates assigned to David, or was given to him as compensation for Northumberland. It is of more consequence to know that he frequented the English court among the other great nobles there assembled.

There were, no doubt, many attractions for him there It is when we find such an influence acting in the more potent shape it assumed in Paris that we can see how much the destinies of nations must have been affected by the sovereigns of small states clustering round great luxurious capitals. Industry and wealth were then growing in Scotland, but the country had hardly yet a court, though the influx of Norman grandees setting in was likely soon to make one. The existing remains of buildings of the period in the two countries reveal to us the vast distance between the two kings in matter of state. We have still substantial testimony to the magnificence of the palace-castles built by the Anglo-Norman kings in London, Westminster, Oxford, and other places. There was nothing in Scotland, or for generations to come, to rival the White Tower or the Keep of Windsor.

While he yet lingered about the English court, David's power at home was again endangered by the troublesome Maarmor of Ross, who marched through the country as far as Strickathrow, in Forfarshire, on the south side of the Grampians. The Constable of Scotland marched at the head of the royal troops. The name of this office occurs for the first time; it seems to have been newly imported from England, and it was held by a descendant of one of the southern strangers who had come to Scotland with St Margaret and the Aetheling. The Moray men were driven back to their own territory, and so hard pressed there that they gave up their Maarmor, Malcolm MacHeth; and so, as the story is given in the common histories, the rebellion was quenched by the apprehension of the chief traitor. David seems to have made a fairer estimate of his enemy's position than posterity, for he put him merely under restraint, as a vanquished man. He

tried to deal with the Maarmor's territory as a feudal forfeiture, and portioned it out in gifts to persons who were to hold them as Crown vassals. Several of these were Norman strangers, and it was perhaps considered an ingenious policy to give the combative and aggressive adventurers a lot in a distant dependency, where they would have enough of occupation in holding their own. It was a policy likely to please the south, where the Norman pressure was beginning to be severely felt. To the north it cannot have been expected to give satisfaction; it is, indeed, probable that some previous attempt to establish these strangers there was the cause of MacHeth's rising.

We have now come to a period when the progress of feudal usages has made genealogy, and the personal positions arising out of it, of more importance as a key to the destinies of nations than it has heretofore been. We have seen that the chief power in a district—call it throne, crown, or by any other name—often fell to that relation of the preceding holder who was strongest to take and keep it, and no complicated political organisation was disturbed by such a result. In the multitudinous dovetailing of the feudal system, however, many rights were affected by a change of lords. There were rights above, and rights below, and rights all around, and the effect of these was to bring by a sort of pressure the heir indicated by the established system of descent into his proper place. There were other forces at work, but this was the greatest; and, as we shall find, the liberty and prosperity of a nation might hang on the question, Who was the person that, by the recognised doctrine of succession, is nearest heir to the last ruler?

We have next to look at some critical events, partly dependent on genealogical conditions, partly on other political forces. We have seen that the sister of David of Scotland was the wife of Henry of England. They had a daughter, Matilda, known as the Empress Maud when she was the wife and widow of the Emperor Henry V. She was the only legitimate child of King Henry, and, according to the later rules of hereditary succession, was beyond any question heiress of the English throne. The

rule had not yet, however, worked itself so clear of influence from the personal prowess and governing capacity of the heir to a throne, as to accept at once of a female sovereign. In many parts of Europe, and especially where the custom called the Salique law prevailed, women were entirely excluded from holding fiefs, as being unfit for the military service, which was the consideration rendered for the holding. With the joint progress of civilisation and technical feudality, however, there came conditions in which an heiress was often more acceptable to certain persons concerned than an heir, and especially a collateral heir. He was probably a man in full manhood, prepared to make the most of the succession and hold his right against all comers. An heiress, on the other hand, was a positive prize to the feudal superior. He had the "casualty" of her marriage, when he gave his consent to it. If he found such a policy worth his while, he might attach her and her domain to his own family; if not, he could make a good bargain with the husband, who was to give military service for her fief.

Such considerations influenced the disposal of subordinate fiefs. They did not apply to a sovereignty, yet the spirit of the feudal system was uniformity, and whatever practice prevailed in one grade pressed for extension to others. In later times, and where a strong constitution has been established, the supreme sovereignty is precisely the succession among all others as to which it is of least moment whether it fall to a masculine or to a feminine heir. In the twelfth century, however, and indeed for ages to come, the laws of hereditary descent had not been so clearly ascertained, but that, in the disposing of the great prizes, much depended on the strong hand; and a king had to hold his own by courage and policy, however good his title.

Henry was very anxious that his daughter should succeed to his crown. In the year 1127 he took oaths of allegiance from all the persons nearest the throne, and from the great ecclesiastical and feudatory dignitaries, to stand by her as queen on her father's death. The particulars of the swearing-in are curious. David, King of Scotland.

had to swear as Earl of Huntingdon, and he was allowed precedence over all the others who came forward. This compliment was doubtless paid to him because of his rank as a foreign sovereign; peerage practice had not existed long enough to resolve itself into laws of internal precedence independently of external conditions. There was a competition for the next oath; it lay between Stephen of Blois and Robert of Gloucester. Stephen was the grandson of the Conqueror by his daughter Adela; Robert was the illegitimate son of Henry and the half-brother of Matilda. The decision was for Stephen; but although he had precedence by court etiquette, it might not of necessity have followed that the other must be behind him in any more serious competition. The Church, as we have seen in other instances, had not yet done its work so effectually as to place an insuperable barrier between children born in wedlock celebrated by a priest according to the canon law, and the children of the same father by some other connection. In this instance, however, as it happened, the precedence at the swearing-in for the heiress Matilda alighted on that one of the two, so anxious each to be before the other in swearing allegiance, who was to take the inheritance to himself.

Oaths were at that time coming rapidly in vogue as a feature in feudal usage. They became very abundant and almost entirely useless. The feudal oath had in its original constitution a preservative against the exaction of unreasonable sacrifices. Whenever it came to the test of practical difficulties, it was found to have two sides. The vassal swore fealty, but this inferred protection by the lord paramount, and when that was wanting the vassal's oath was naught. The romantic, or, as some would call it, the servile notion that allegiance was due from subject to sovereign by divine right, and that it was to be all the more fervently offered as a religious obligation when the sovereign was dethroned and exiled, had not entered into the philosophy of that age. This was an invention of the clergy of the Tudor and Stewart dynasties, and was partly founded on the spirit of the Christian religion, which places devotion to the Deity beyond the influences of temporal

conditions; and partly on notions which the Roman Empire had adopted from the East, and put very awkwardly in practice. Such notions were unknown to the twelfth and some later centuries; and nothing would have more astonished the parties to such oaths on either side than the hard names, such as traitor, perjurer, and the like, which have been wasted upon the persons who had to change their policy from a change in the conditions by which they were surrounded.

It is well known in English history that Stephen became king, or, as it is usually said, "usurped the throne." His accession was followed by a crisis both for England and Scotland. We know that after a time the Saxon race, through its native vigour, overcame the influences of the Norman Conquest, as in the individual man a healthy constitution works off the influence of a wound or a casual disease. At the period of Henry and Stephen the assimilation had not yet come, or even begun. The Conquest, as a subjugation not merely to a monarch but to a caste, had settled down upon the country, and was oppressing the people grievously. There was a protection in the Conqueror's strong hand and his stern administration of justice, but now the throne was weaker, and the great barons were coming nearer to a rivalry with their sovereign. The alliance with the Saxon royal family had not as yet told on their influence—in fact, they had gained additional local power from a disputed succession. Thus the Saxon, whether a member of the old gentry or a mere churl, had a master at hand. The topography of England still attests the power of these lords, in the strong Norman castles with which they covered the country. These buildings in strength as far excelled the strongholds of previous races, as the bastioned fortress of the European engineer excels the hill-fort or stockade of any Oriental tribe. The aim of the older strongholds was defence against invasion, but the new fortresses were decidedly aggressive. Instead of seeking the hill-top or the wide swamp, where the people of the land might take refuge, the castle was planted in the heart of the fruitful territory of the new lord, that he might rule all around. Secure within its strong walls was the

luxurious mansion where he lived at his ease and gave hospitality to his equals, and within the same impregnable barrier were the strong dungeons in which he wrought his tyranny.

The Saxon Chronicle is remarkable for the dry unimpassioned distinctness with which it tells the events of that stirring age, neither exulting with the conquering Norman, nor bemoaning the fate of the subdued Saxon. At one point, however, the narrator, as if unable longer to subdue his indignant spirit, lets it colour his statement of fact with bitter and eloquent invective. This is when he describes, as a feature of the times, "the castle works," which, when completed, were "filled with devils and evil men," who dragged into them peasant men and women supposed to possess property, "and hanged them up by the feet, and smoked them with foul smoke. They hanged them by the thumbs or by the head, and hung fires on their feet; they put knotted strings about their heads, and writhed them so that it went to the brain." And after other forms of torture, told with like distinctness, the chronicler, afraid as it were to trust himself in longer dealing with such a topic, concludes: "I neither can nor may tell all the wounds or all the tortures which they inflicted on wretched men in this land; and that lasted the nineteen years when Stephen was king, and ever it was worse and worse." Men in those times died of starvation; those once rich were seen begging their bread. "Some fled out of the land," doubtless to Scotland, where their descendants would do battle against Norman aggression when it afterwards crossed the border.[1]

The dweller in Fife and the Lothians would learn the new and strange shapes of Norman tyranny, from the

[1] Saxon Chronicle, 1137. The recent historians of England have heretofore left castle-building to the topographical antiquary, as a matter of mere local interest beneath the dignity of history, like the building of mansion-houses more or less costly in the present day. In Freeman's 'History of the Norman Conquest,' however, the progress of feudal fortresses is duly recorded with the other features of the aggressive policy of the strangers.

families which had to seek a distant home when the clearings were made for the new forests, or perhaps from some poacher within the sacred precincts, who had to flee before the doom of death or mutilation. The Normans had here struck out a new path in the direction of tyrannous self-indulgence. They were mighty hunters from their king downwards, devoted to the chase with a fierce ardour which brooked no restraint, either from personal prudence or from justice and mercy between man and man. The Roman law has no traces of prerogative privileges for hunting or field-sports, nor would it be easy to find any in the known customs of ancient nations. For all that, there doubtless may have been many instances in which the strong who cared to indulge in such pastimes had monopolised the enjoyment, and driven the weak out of their way.

But it was for the Normans, with their other organisations, to organise exclusive privileges of sport, so as to make them the tyranny of class over class. First came the monarch himself, who held with jealous ferocity the lion's share, desolating districts of country for his own special enjoyment. A royal forest is well described by the English lawyer Manwood as "a certain territory or circuit of woody grounds and pastures, known in its bounds, and privileged for the peaceable being and abiding of wild beasts and fowls of forest, chase, and warren, to be under the king's protection for his princely delight." The Conqueror, not finding enough of land so disposable for his princely delight, cleared "the New Forest," and other districts, by the strong hand. In the gentle but solemn words of the Saxon Chronicle, "he planted a great preserve for deer, and he laid down laws therewith, that whoever should slay hart or hind should be blinded. He forbade the harts and also the boars to be killed. As greatly did he love the tall deer as if he were their father. He also ordained concerning the hares that they should go free. His great men bewailed it, and the poor men murmured thereat; but he was so obdurate that he recked not of the hatred of them all; but they must wholly follow the king's will, if they would live

or have land or property, or even his peace. Alas that any man should be so proud, so raise himself up, and account himself above all men! May the Almighty God show mercy to his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins!"[1]

The odiousness of the forest prerogatives is marked by the zealous efforts afterwards made to restrict them by the Charters of the Forest, so often passed and so often infringed, along with the Great Charter. The time had not yet come, however, when the prerogatives of the Norman monarch waxed so great as to drive the nobles to make, in some measure, common cause with the people in laying restraints on the power of the crown. The tyrannies of the sovereign were repeated by the barons, of whom he was but the chief, and the more freely and amply when the strong hand of their first leader had dropped. Hence every Norman castle was the centre of terror and tyranny, and every year was widening the difference in condition between the country which had, and the country which had not, this element of oppression.

It is a very significant fact that we have no remnant of a Norman castle in Scotland. This is rendered more distinct by our having many noble specimens of ecclesiastical buildings of the same age and style of architecture. It does not follow that there never were strongholds of that type in Scotland, but the probabilities are against there ever having been any; and there was something in the temper of the people that might have made such an innovation unsafe. The hold of the Normans on Scotland was as yet but that of visitors, and of visitors not welcome at all hands. Though very popular at court, they were denounced by the people and their old leaders. There was a frequent cry to send forth "the strangers," or "the French;" and this demand, indeed, threatened to break up the dynasty founded by Malcolm and Margaret. It was felt that the Norman power was pressing dangerously on the frontiers. There was a great fortress at Bamborough,

[1] Saxon Chronicle, 1087.

another at Alnwick, another at Carlisle. Over all the motley tribes by which Scotland was then peopled there seems to have passed a spirit of alarm mixed with animosity. It penetrated even to the distant regions of Moray, but it was most vigorous and combative in that border-land of Saxon and Norse race, which, close on the frontiers of Norman aggression, was yet protected from its absolute infliction by being within the boundary of Scotland.

Thus arose a power which the King of Scots could not have created, but which might be available for his objects. Stephen seems to have felt that there was danger in it, and to have thought policy a better resource against it than force. In fact, at the time of Stephen's coronation, David, at the head of an army, had marched nearly up to the gates of Durham through a people who rather welcomed him as their protector than stood against him as their enemy. Then Stephen brought a formidable force, and the two kings for some time faced each other. They came to an agreement in a curious shape, which has been explained by the supposition that, whatever he might give or take, David would not admit the title of Stephen. The English fiefs, apparently with additions to them, were conferred on Henry, the son of the King of Scots, and the question even of the family's claim to Northumberland was left open.

At length that hostility to the aggressive Normans, which had spread so far and sunk so deep, took practical shape in the memorable invasion which was stopped by the Battle of the Standard in 1138. This affair thoroughly alarmed the Norman party throughout all England. It was not the usual plundering raid or foray, but an invasion in which, as the Saxon Chronicle says, the King of Scots "thought he would win this land." We are fortunate in having the story of this invasion told to us by one who was present and able to describe what he saw—Ailred, abbot of Rievaulx, in Yorkshire. He was a wonderful Latinist for his age, and a devotee of study and the pen, insomuch that he refused a bishopric which his eminence as a scholar and author had brought in his way,

preferring to follow his favourite pursuits in the retirement of his abbey.[1]

What we see is, a country with many wealthy ecclesiastical establishments and powerful baronies, into which there drifts a huge countless host of men—a few disciplined soldiers among them, but the great body a wild diversified horde, such as we may suppose to have been commanded by Attila or Genseric. There are among them not only the Scots and the wild Picts of Galloway, but it is said men from that distant Orkney over which the King of Scots had no control.[2] All this motley host assembled round him, although his position as a belligerent was, that he was fighting for the province of Northumberland, of which his son was heir by inheritance. As he marches on in the midst of them, he is rather borne along by the current, than the commander of an army. If fear and hatred of the Norman aggressors was the leading idea that united elements so discordant, there is little doubt that a zest for plunder had the more powerful influence in keeping the host together.

The monkish chroniclers record some touches of chivalry in the Scots king. He was even persuaded by Archbishop Turston of York to stop his march until King Stephen should return from settling his troublesome affairs in Normandy. There was reason in the request, since Stephen might possibly concede the demand of the King of Scots; and he agreed to wait, but would certainly not have been long able to restrain his army. The monk

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[1] Descriptio viri venerabilis Ethelredi, Abbatis Rievallensis, de Bello inter Regem Scotiæ et Barones Angliæ apud Standardum juxta Alvertoniam. Simeon of Durham touches on the affair; and with more minuteness of detail than Ailred, but without the same lifelike spirit, it is given by Richard of Hexham—Historia piæ memoriæ Ricardi, Prioris Hagulstadensis Ecclesiæ, de Gestis Regis Stephani, et de Bello Standardi. All the earlier authorities on this war will be found brought together in the collection of Annals of Hexham, printed for the Surtees Society.

[2] "Rex Scottorum innumerabilem coegit exercitum—non solum eos qui ejus subjacebant imperio, sed et de insulariis et Orcadensibus non parvam multitudinem accersiens."—Ailred of Rievaulx in Twisden, D. S. i. 338.

of Hexham has to tell that, though his abbey stood in the very track of the wild torrent, it received an effectual warrant of safety from the leaders of the troop, insomuch that it became a place of refuge for all comers. The Picts, he says, were going to attack the place when their companions drove them back, killing two of them; and one or two of the Picts, having actually plundered an oratory near at hand which belonged to the abbey, went raging mad, and perished miserably. The respect paid to this religious house was attributed to the influence of its patron saints, chief among whom was St Andrew, the national saint of Scotland.

When Stephen came he broke into the Scots border while David's army continued pillaging in England. But Stephen had troubles in the south to which he had to turn quickly, leaving the country to defend itself as the great host advanced southward in the direction of York. Archbishop Turston sent to all the churches and religious houses in his diocese, urging the immediate employment of every influence that religion could wield, and especially the turning to use of the relics of saints. The Norman barons gathered into a group, among whom we find William of Albemarle, Walter of Ghent, with De Moubrays, De Percies, De Coucies, Nevilles, and Ferrers. Two Norman knights, with names afterwards familiar in history, were selected to reason with King David, because they held lands of him as well as of the English king. They were Robert de Bruce and Bernard de Baliol, both men whose descendants became well known in Scotland. Their mission was ineffective, and they returned to their comrades, withdrawing allegiance from King David, and leaving their Scots estates to be forfeited, if need be. Two characteristic appeals to the King of Scots are noted by the chroniclers. Bruce, before renouncing his feudal allegiance, cried shame on him for leading that ruffianly band of mixed savages against the gentle Norman chivalry who had befriended him; it was like Chatham arraigning the Government for employing tomahawking Indians in the American war. The other appeal was by Malis of Strathearn, who was

scornful about the trust laid on the mail-clad men in the Scots army: he wore none, yet would he advance further against the enemy than those who cased themselves in iron.

The soul of the Norman combination was a venerable warrior, Walter of Espec. He is described as noble by race, but nobler in his Christian virtues; prudent in council and fond of peace, but terrible in war: a man of a goodly and commanding presence, large made, with coal-black hair, great observing eyes, and a voice like a trumpet.

At Northallerton the Normans assembled, and there they set up their renowned standard. It was a great machine, like a vessel with a tall mast. From this were hung various relics and sacred banners, and at the top of all was the pix with the consecrated host. When we read of the small band of Normans gathered round this palladium, not without anxiety about their forlorn position, yet with high hope and determined courage awaiting the tumultuous onslaught, the whole picture is as like as it can be to the scene at some distant station in India during the great Mutiny in 1858, when the little garrison of Europeans is prepared to hold out against all odds until succour comes from afar.

Abbot Ailred gives us, somewhat after the fashion of Livy and Tacitus, a speech delivered by Espec from the standard. Such pieces of rhetoric are ever to be looked on with suspicion, from which the point and eloquence of this specimen will not relieve it; but there are few instances where an exhortation is more likely to have been delivered, and to have been heard by the person that records it. Whoever composed it, its spirit is significant to a high degree. It is thoroughly and exclusively Norman, with all the Norman's high spirit and aspirations, and all his contempt of the rest of mankind. Everything is addressed to them—there is no word for the Saxon, save a few touches of contumely. It is but a small band, truly, that the orator addresses; but who make it up? Are they not the one mighty warlike race whom the Deity has invested with the prescriptive right of conquest?

Small was the band of their illustrious ancestors that wrested province after province from the mighty kingdom of France. This country, on which Julius Cæsar wasted his energies in vain, was it not taken and subjugated by them with scarce a check? Had they not been victorious in Apulia, Sicily, and Calabria? and these Scots now threatening them, had not their king, Malcolm, been attacked and subdued by the great Conqueror?[1] Then if the mail-clad Normans stand firm, these naked savages, countless though their numbers be, with no other defence than small leather shields, and no better weapons than slender lances, may rush against the iron wall in vain. Then follow the terrible consequences of defeat, worked up with a character of the enemy as monsters of lust and cruelty, and descriptions of special barbarities committed by them—descriptions minute and horrible enough, for there seems to have been no kind of atrocity of which the Norman barons and churchmen were not prepared to deem this host to be capable.

When the great host came down on the compact little Norman phalanx, we are told that the Picts of Galloway gave great trouble by demanding and obtaining the front as their place. Ailred professes to tell how the host was divided. The Cumbrians and men of Teviotdale were under Prince Henry, for whose courage and prudence he has high eulogiums. Elsewhere were the men of Lothian and the Isles, with the "Lavernani," which has been rendered Highlanders. The king, it is said, led "the Scots" proper, with some English and French, or Normans, who of course had holdings in Scotland. No leader could have handled with effect an army thus composed. Indeed, it resembled in its elements those great French hosts which were beaten at Cressy and Agincourt, with this difference, that the confusion and discordance in the French army were caused by levies of serfs who had no heart in the contest, while the hosts that followed the

[1] It is on the authority of this speech that the Conqueror is supposed to have penetrated to Abernethy, on the south shore of the Firth of Tay, *usque ad Abernathi*. See above, chap. xi.

Scots king, nowever motley and chaotic an army they made, were in the field at their own free will.

The solid body of Norman chivalry stood firm against one charge after another. Nothing is to be made of such a conflict, but that one side stood firm, and that the other, ever rushing on and driven back, fell gradually into more and more confusion. This was brought to a climax by a report that the King of Scots was killed. The attacks by degrees became more and more hopeless, and were avenged with much slaughter. At length the king drew off such forces as he could keep in order. In the confused mass scattered about, the prince was supposed to be lost, but he afterwards joined his father.

The King of Scots acted rather as a baffled than a beaten general. He kept his unwieldy army on the English side of the border, doing an infinity of mischief, and by way of occupation set them to the siege of Werk Castle. There was then in England a papal legate, the Bishop of Ostia, who tried to make peace between the two kings, and busied himself energetically in helping to make the Scots army less terrible to the people around until an arrangement could be made. Stephen, owing to his other difficulties, had to take the position of the weaker party. At the treaty of Durham in 1139, he gave up Northumbria to Prince Henry, retaining only the fortresses of Newcastle and Durham.

King David was a pious prince, and it is said that he suffered severe tortures of conscience for the sins, and especially the profanations, of which his army of invasion had been guilty; and it is not unnatural that he should have done so. The rest of his reign was a quiet one, and gave him time for reflection. He cannot have felt quite secure in the north, since the independent rights of a Maarmor of Ross were still so much of an accredited reality that they tempted an impostor to claim the representation. He was a man named Wimund, a monk of Furness, and had ability and courage sufficient to keep up a protracted contest, which ended miserably for him. David was with his niece Matilda, during her short triumph, in 1141, and he accompanied and helped her in her flight.

He afterwards conferred knighthood on her son Henry. In the year 1152, he lost his own son of the same name, —one of the many princes who, dropping away before beginning to govern, have left golden opinions behind them. The prince had been married to an English lady of an influential house, Ada, the daughter of the Earl of Warenne and Surrey, and by her he left three sons—Malcolm, William, and David.

King David died in 1153 at Carlisle, so that he ended his days in a fortress which he had virtually taken from England.

In his long reign—it lasted for twenty-nine years—he did so much to complete that ecclesiastical revival which was begun by St Margaret and pursued by her children, that his name is often credited with the merit of the whole. Perhaps he was stirred to exertion in this direction by the mischief which he knew had been done to religion and civilisation by the wild troop he headed in the invasion of England. On account, it must be supposed, of the many religious establishments connected with his name, he is sometimes called Saint David, but he was never canonised; and as a regular process of canonisation had been established before his day, he could not appear in the calendar like those saints of earlier times who had been voted into it by acclamation.

The names of the religious foundations put into shape and adjusted to Catholic unity during his reign, if they were not actually founded by him, make a preponderance in the roll of the ecclesiastical establishment of Scotland before the Reformation. St Margaret and her husband founded the Abbey of Dunfermline. Their son Edgar made the Priory of Coldingham, near Berwick, a house which became powerful in its numerous dependencies, and was enriched both from England and Scotland. Alexander, as we have seen, got his bishopric of St Andrews, after many difficulties, put so far into shape that there was little for his successor to do. David began the establishment of the Glasgow bishopric while he was yet Prince of Cumbria. There was a difficulty with the Archbishop of York about consecration, of the same kind as we have

seen in the instance of St Andrews, and it was somewhat complicated, by the see of Glasgow, as covering the old kingdom of Strathclyde, stretching southwards far beyond its later boundary. Both for ecclesiastical and political purposes, the boundaries of England and Scotland were becoming adjusted by degrees, and it would tend to remove difficulties about the see of Glasgow that in 1133 a bishop was consecrated at Carlisle who had spiritual rule over the portion of Strathclyde or Cumbria that was becoming English.

As the Catholic revival made progress, it became easy, when a bishop was elected, to find three others of undoubted apostolic titles, according to the Catholic system, to consecrate him without going out of Scotland, and so all disputes with the English hierarchy came to an end. The other bishoprics adjusted during David's reign were Dunkeld, Moray, Aberdeen, Ross, Caithness, Brechin, Dunblane, and Galloway. Among the religious houses for regulars, which in the same manner go back to his reign, are Holyrood in Edinburgh, Melrose, Jedburgh, Kelso, Dryburgh, Newbattle in Lothian, and Kinloss in Moray.[1]

[1] How King David's services to the Church were esteemed in later times, we have a notice in Bellenden's Chronicle, written in the early part of the sixteenth century, and several years before the Reformation :—

"Sindry prudent men na thing apprisis the gret liberalite of King David toward the kirk ; for he dotat the kirk sa richely with the landis pertenand to the croun, that his successouris micht not sustene thair riall estait, efter him, sa weil as thay did afore : and for that caus, he hes bene the deith of mony nobil princis in this realm, gevand thame, sum time, occasion to bring gret housis to nocht, to conques landis to sustene the croun ; sum time invading the cuntre with continewal stentis and importabil exactionis on the pepil; and sum time constranis thame, as disparit princes, to invaid Ingland with battal, takand na sollicitude quhat cum of thair life ; and sum time prentand evill money, aganis the common weil. Al thir mischevis hes followit sen syne in this realm, becaus the croun wes left indegent, throw ampliation of gret rentis to the kirk. Howbeit, King David did the samin, as he belevit, for the best ; for the pepil war sa simple in thay dayis, that thay traistit fermely, na man micht have sa singulare favoure of God, as he that gaif maist riches and landis to the kirk. Thairfore, the wise prince, King James the First, quhen he com to Davidis sepulture at Dunfermeling, said, 'He was ane soir sanct for the crown :'

David was succeeded by his grandson, called Malcolm IV. It is an expressive testimony to the firmness with which a hereditary throne was now established, that he was not quite twelve years old when he became king. It would be interesting to know how the boy's kingdom was governed for him, and how business was transacted in his name; but these secrets are not revealed to us. His reign lasted a little more than twelve years, from the spring of 1153 to the winter of 1165. It is not one of the reigns that leave any broad mark on history. It was disturbed by difficulties with the provinces not yet perfectly absorbed under the rule of the King of Scots; but these difficulties were far less serious than those which his warlike predecessors had to meet. The pretender to the Maarmorate of Ross married a daughter of Somerled of Argyle, and that family, mixing up the claims of the northern potentate with their own, became troublesome on the west coast. The house of Somerled, now established on the west coast, has a history of its own, which perhaps can best be told further on, when conclusive events give a good opportunity for looking back upon the vicissitudes of the Danish and Norse principalities setting themselves down here and there on the margins of the territories ruled by the King of Scots. Henry II., the son of the Empress Maud, was now King of England. He was Malcolm's cousin-german, but he was not a man who, on the ground of such a connection, would be inclined to give up anything he could hold.

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as he wald mene, that King David left the kirk ouir riche, and the crown ouir pure."—Bellenden, lib. xii. ch. 17. Though Bellenden's Chronicle professes to be a translation of Boece's History, this passage is his own. It lays a heavy charge of unintended mischief against King David, and every other governor liberal in endowments to ecclesiastics. Impoverished by gifts to the Church, his successors oppressed and pillaged the nobles, who in return took vengeance on them; oppressive taxes were levied; unnecessary and calamitous wars were made on England; the coinage was debased. Such were the consequences of alienating the royal domains to the Church. Doubtless these calamities did happen; but if the poverty of the crown were the cause of them, that poverty would probably have been none the less had King David's endowments not been made. The feudal monarchs did not keep the rents or produce of estates long in their own hands: by something like a natural law of adjustment, these went elsewhere.

Northumberland, and Cumbria south of the Solway, now leaned towards the crown of England rather than that of Scotland; and at a meeting of the cousins at Chester in 1157, it was agreed that Malcolm should give up any claim to those possessions. [1] He was at the same time solemnly reinvested in the honour and earldom of Huntingdon—a possession of a very different kind, which a politic English king, observing the tendency of the feudal system, would like to see in the hands of a king of Scotland. When it is added, that young Malcolm was personally attached to his great cousin, and followed him in his Continental wars, all is said that seems to give a special character to his reign. He got much praise from the ecclesiastical annalists for his devotion and spiritual-mindedness, and left behind him a reputation for asceticism which Lord Hailes rudely dispersed by the discovery of an awkward genealogical fact.

On his death in 1165, Malcolm was succeeded by his younger brother William, who is known by the special title of William the Lion. How he came so to be called it were rash to pronounce. The chronicles written in the

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[1] Much perplexity has been caused by the chroniclers mentioning "Lothian" as among the English possessions for which the King of Scotland did homage, and which Malcolm agreed to give up (see Hailes's Annals, i. 121, and Remarks on the History of Scotland). If King Malcolm gave up Lothian, history is silent as to how he got it back again, and ruled it insomuch that, some eighty years afterwards, we shall find it as counted within the ancient marches of Scotland. The old name of Leeds, Loydes, and in Latin, Loidis, is apt to be confounded with the old name of Lothian. We have seen already how Malcolm Canmore was spoken of as having gone out of Scotland and tarried in Lothian, and that this has been corrected into Leeds. Had the King of Scots an estate there?

After discussing the formal title of the King of England, Madox tells us that "the kingdom of Scotland was also called *Terra Regis Scotiæ*. The Sheriff of Yorkshire returned to the Barons of the Exchequer that William de Sumerville, one of the king's debtors, resided at Loeneis, within the land or dominion of the King of Scotland. Willelmus de Sumervil debet xx marcas argenti. Sed manet in terra Regis Scotiæ in Loeneis."—Hist. of the Exchequer, i. 3. If this imports, as Gilbert Stewart (Observations, 192) thinks it does, that the King of Scotland held the domain of Leeds in Yorkshire, it will account for a great deal of the confusion about homage for and yielding up of Lothian.

days when heraldry flourished, said it was because he was the first king to blazon the achievement of Scotland—on a shield *or*, a lion rampant *gules*, armed, and langued *azure*, within a double tressure, flowered and counter-flowered.[1] Early in his reign he followed his cousin Henry in his foreign wars, and in doing so he was naturally enough suspected of helping himself, by the influence of personal favour and friendship, to some of those miscellaneous territorial acquisitions, which it had become now an invete-

[1] George Chalmers (Caledonia, i. 761) says,—"William the Lion is said to be the first Scottish king who assumed the lion rampant for the national badge. Fable carries back the origin of this armorial bearing to a grant of Charlemagne. History acknowledges her ignorance of this far-fetched derivation by her silence. Archæology at length comes forward in support of her two sisters, genealogy and history: William, she insists, was the son of Earl Henry, who was the son of Maud, who was the daughter of Waltheof, the Earl of Huntingdon and Northumberland. Now Waltheof had a lion rampant for his arms, which was also the arms of Northumberland and of Huntingdon. Earl Henry equally carried the same arms, as the representative of Waltheof in both those earldoms. William enjoyed his father's rights. How much he risked and lost in prosecuting his claims on Northumberland we have already seen. From the foregoing intimations we may infer that it was by those descents the lion came into the armorial bearings of the Scottish kings, and that the lion rampant was the badge of Northumberland and of Huntingdon before the king of beasts was adopted into the escutcheon of North Britain."

But heraldry as a science has made progress since this was said, however much it may have been neglected as an art; in other words, the principles which gave it vitality in its active days have been examined as interesting historical phenomena, even while the practice of heraldry has got into neglect or anarchy. It is likely enough, then, that the accomplished gentleman who has had of late years the chief responsibility in the official direction of the adaptation of the science in Scotland, might find these elaborate suggestions of Chalmers to be sad trifling. In fact, it may be questioned whether the gift by Charlemagne is not in a certain sense a sounder theory than his own. Charlemagne doubtless would not have known a tressure if he had seen it, or been able to say why it should differ from a bordure; but it is likely that King William and his Northumbrian ancestry were equally ignorant. The theory of ancient heraldry, however, was, that the achievements on coats armorial, as certified by colleges of heralds, were franked as badges over all the Holy Roman Empire. Thus Charlemagne appointing the Scots blazon was nothing more absurd than the incorporations, fictioned to have been made by the early kings of England, of the cities that could not produce charters.

rate practice for the kings of the Scots to aim at, either by force or policy. Henry seems to have taken no hints, but to have resolved to keep what was now pretty completely absorbed into the dominions of the King of England. William afterwards, when attending the court at England, demanded restitution of Northumberland. This was refused. In an unlucky moment for himself, and for others too, he followed the example of his predecessors, and invaded the disputed dominions. It was the old story of waste and cruelty, coming out in tiresome uniformity of detail, until it becomes enlivened by an incident as unexpected as it was momentous.

The Yorkshire barons assembled in a small body against the invaders, as forty years earlier they had gathered round their standard. On this occasion, though they were but four hundred, yet being all mounted men in full armour, they determined to press upon the invaders, who, shy of meeting them, kept moving about in several plundering parties, with a tendency northwards. The barons having made a night-march from Newcastle northwards, found that the morning of the 13th of July dawned on them with heavy mists, which rendered their further march dangerous, as it might lead them unexpectedly on the enemy, either in force or in possession of some stronghold. When they discussed the propriety of returning, one of their number, Bernard de Baliol, exhorted them onwards, and inspired them with his own spirit. Seeing partially through the mist the towers of Alnwick, they saw also a small party of mounted cavaliers tilting in a meadow. Of these the most conspicuous, seeing their approach, spurred his horse and dashed forward, as if to challenge a passage at arms with any comer: it seems uncertain whether he knew the body to be enemies or supposed them to be part of the Scots army. He was unhorsed and taken, and the Yorkshire barons, to their amazement, found that they were in possession of the King of Scots, seized in open war within English ground. He was taken instantly to Northampton, where Henry was, and his captors were charged with unknightly treatment of their royal prisoner, by tying his legs beneath his

horse's belly.[1] The value of such an acquisition was almost incalculable. It was found to have been prophesied by Merlin, and it was made out that it occurred on that same day when Henry expiated his great crime by his penance at the tomb of Thomas à Becket. England even was not a safe enough place of custody for a prisoner so valuable, and he was removed to Falaise in Normandy, while the fortunate Henry might bethink himself how to turn his good fortune to greatest account. The King of Scots was accompanied in his captivity by a body of followers so distinguished that they might be termed the flower of the Scots nobility. Some were possibly captured along with him, but others get credit from the English annals for voluntary surrender, by way of penalty for the scandal of having let their king be taken out of the midst of his army.

William had no claims on the generosity of his cousin, for not only had the captive tried to wrench away a portion of the dominions which might now be counted part of England, but he was in league with Henry's rebellious son and all his host of enemies. To all these the capture of the King of Scots was a blow; and in fact it reinstated Henry in his power, and probably saved his crown for him.

The time was passing by when captives of this sort were put to death. A commercial spirit was superseding the vengeful, and the question came to be how the most could be made in the way of ransom. The admission of a complete feudal superiority over the kingdom of Scotland was the price at which Henry resolved to rate the liberation of his captive; and the selection, as a piece of policy, was perhaps a sound one. The matter was arranged in December 1174, by what was called the Treaty of Falaise.

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[1] Roger of Hoveden is the authority for this. The narrative of the affair which has met with most acceptance is in the De Vita et Gestis Regum Henrice II. et Ricardi I., attributed to Benedict, abbot of Peterborough, though now pretty clearly shown to have been written by some other person. See Duffus Hardy's Descriptive Catalogue, ii. 493. William of Newburgh, who was about forty years old when the affair occurred, gives an account of it which tallies pretty well with the others.

The documents in which it was rendered bear marks of the highest skill in the science of drawing such obligations tightly and unequivocally.

The obligation taken was for absolute homage for Scotland—homage as absolute as had been given for other estates held by the King of Scotland from the crown of England, and as absolute as the homage paid by any other vassals of England. The condition of superior and vassal was, of course, to be hereditary; and to take a practical security for its being so to the next generation, the Prince of Scotland, William's brother, joined in giving the homage, and it was paid to the Prince of England, saving the father's title. The domination was made specific as to the subjects of the two crowns. If a felon fled from England into Scotland, he was to be given up absolutely to the English authorities. If a felon fled from Scotland into England, he had the option of appealing to the English courts. It was agreed that, as a security for these terms, five Scots strongholds were to be garrisoned by English troops at the expense of the King of Scots—these were Edinburgh, Stirling, Berwick, Jedburgh, and Roxburgh. William was to return to Scotland when these were thoroughly occupied by English troops. There were twenty of the Scots nobles held as hostages—almost all of them, by the way, with Norman names; and these could only return home by each giving up his son or next heir as a hostage.[1]

[1] See the terms of the Treaty of Falaise in the Fœdera (Record edition), i. 30. Versions of it, as preserved in religious houses, will be found in Sir Francis Palgrave's Documents and Records illustrative of the History of Scotland.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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